JULY 25c

THIS PRINTING: OVER 2,500,000 COPIES

Coronet

E. TEACHERS COLLEG
ARY, ONEONTA, N. Y.

Amazing
Medical Discovery
Gives You

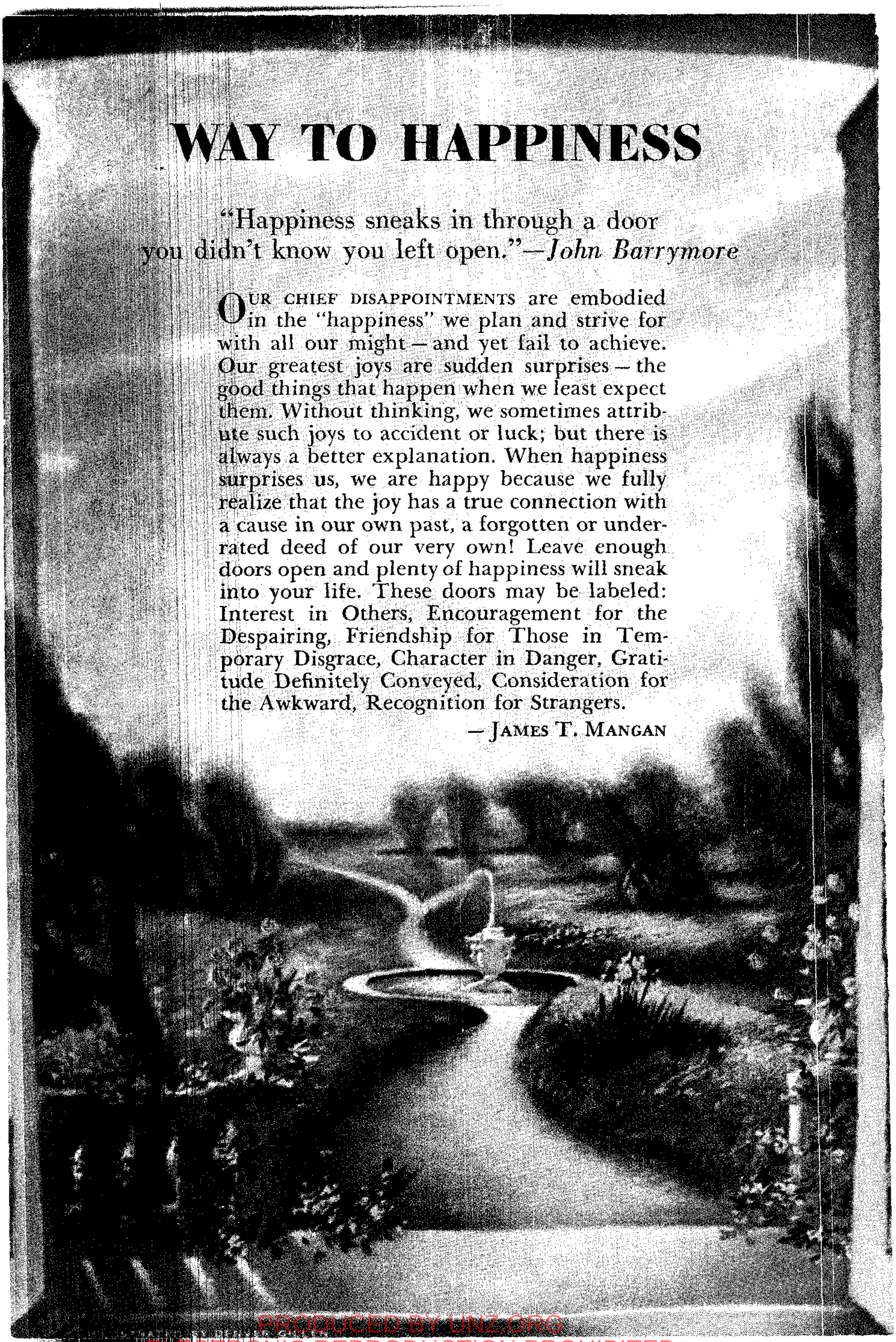
MORE YEARS OF YOUTH!

WAY TO HAPPINESS

"Happiness sneaks in through a door you didn't know you left open."—*John Barrymore*

OUR CHIEF DISAPPOINTMENTS are embodied in the "happiness" we plan and strive for with all our might – and yet fail to achieve. Our greatest joys are sudden surprises – the good things that happen when we least expect them. Without thinking, we sometimes attribute such joys to accident or luck; but there is always a better explanation. When happiness surprises us, we are happy because we fully realize that the joy has a true connection with a cause in our own past, a forgotten or underrated deed of our very own! Leave enough doors open and plenty of happiness will sneak into your life. These doors may be labeled: Interest in Others, Encouragement for the Despairing, Friendship for Those in Temporary Disgrace, Character in Danger, Gratitude Definitely Conveyed, Consideration for the Awkward, Recognition for Strangers.

— JAMES T. MANGAN



Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

You want to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth, of course. You *can* — if you follow dentists' advice: fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage — you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

For no other dentifrice has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation — promote healthier gums.

So use Ipana for *double* protection — to help keep your whole mouth wholesome.

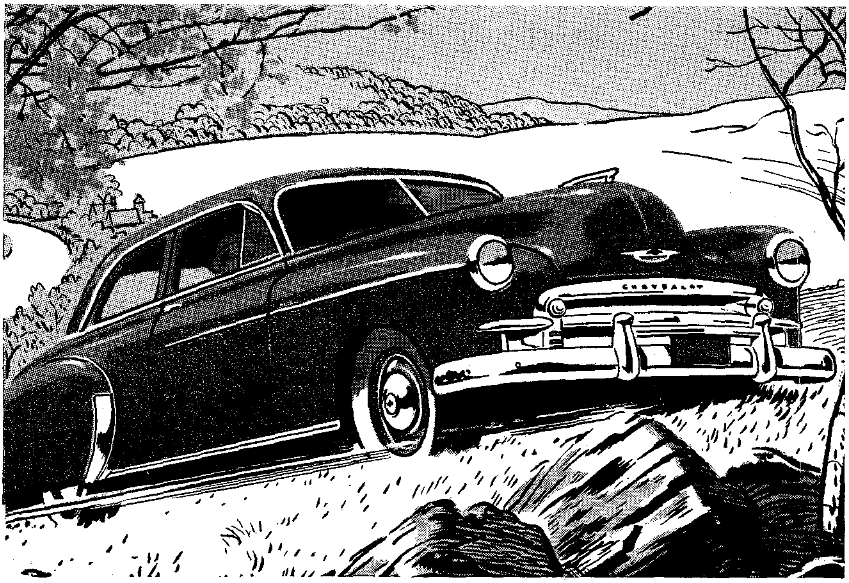
IPANA

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



The Styleline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan

FIRST... and Finest...
at Lowest Cost...

with feature after feature found elsewhere only in costlier cars . . .

NEW STYLE-STAR BODIES BY FISHER ● NEW TWO-TONE FISHER INTERIORS ● CENTER-POINT STEERING AND UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION RIDE ● CURVED WINDSHIELD WITH PANORAMIC VISIBILITY ● LONGEST, HEAVIEST LOW-PRICED CAR ● EXTRA-ECONOMICAL TO OWN, OPERATE AND MAINTAIN.

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation,* DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

Coronet

Contents for July, 1950 VOL. 28, No. 3, WHOLE No. 165

Articles

The Fisherman of Clover Harbor. ELIZABETH LOVEGROVE 21
What Is a Man Worth? 25
The Clue of the Onyx Ring .... EUGENE PAWLEY 26
No More Big Depressions! .... SUMNER H. SLICHTER 28
More Years of Youth! .... ANNE FROMER 32
Los Angeles Likes "Strictly Personal" . . GERALD DUNCAN 38
The Green Goddess That Kills........ CONSTANCE COOK 41
Those Sulky Women .... JEAN BURKE 53
Showmanship vs. Salesmanship........ JOHN MCNAMARA 57
Your Biggest Bargain in Vacations
NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE 58
More Love, Less Sex.......... MARYNIA FARNHAM, M.D. 62
You Can Change the World. FATHER JAMES KELLER, M.M. 67
New Foods to Sharpen America's Taste
GEORGE WEINSTEIN 68
Miracle in My Classroom .... RUTH MOULTON 72
War Without Death.... LT. COL. DAVID B. PARKER, USA 93
Saved for Destiny .... RICHARD ARMFIELD 99
Gray-Haired Angel of Philadelphia...... CAROL HUGHES 100
Houston, Texas: Fortune's Favorite.......... DON HINGA 104
John Crosby: Gadfly of Radio...... DICKSON HARTWELL 110
The Floating Man Who Cheated Death.... HENRY LEE 152
"Good Days Are Made!" .... ELIS GRAY 158

Pictorial Features

Coronet Recommends 6
Divers in Diapers 8
Maestro of Tanglewood 10
It's a Cat's Life 12
Coronet's Family Shopper 14
Tall Timber.......... 45
Aquaplay.......... 77
High Society .... CHARLES ROBBINS 117

Departments

Grin and Share It.......... 75
Big Money Quiz.......... A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 109
Silver Linings 115
Just for Sport.......... 156
Tribute to a Lady 165

Condensed Book

Innocents at Home .... BOB CONSIDINE 133

Cover

Moonlight Magic .... WESLEY SNYDER

Publisher:
DAVID A. SMART

Editor:
GORDON CARROLL

Editorial Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Associate Editors:
JOHN BARKHAM
OLGA DAVIDSON
LAWRENCE ELLIOTT
JAMES FOLINSBEE
BERNARD L. GLASER
CAROL HUGHES
BEN KARTMAN
R. B. LUNDAHL
RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.
LYNN MOEHLENBROCK
BEN NELSON
CHARLES ROBBINS

Roving Editor:
JOHN G. SCHNEIDER

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Art Director:
GEORGE SAMERJAN

Advertising Manager:
ROBERT F. BUGGELN

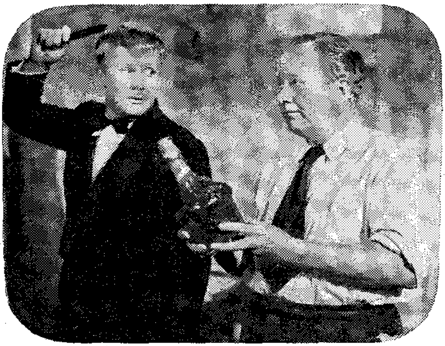
David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Cir. Dir.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. of Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. and Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Publication & General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription Offices, Boulder, Colorado. Advertising Offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Copyright: Coronet is copyrighted 1950 by Esquire, Inc., under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited.

Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

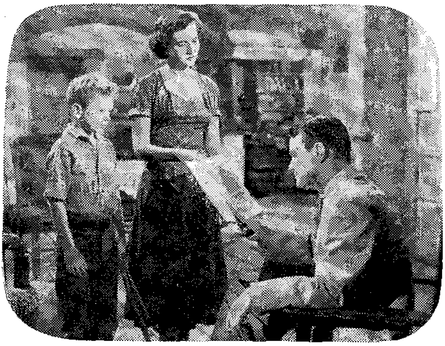
Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. All undeliverable copies should be returned to above address. Entered as 2nd class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

Coronet Recommends . . .



"THE BIG HANGOVER"

BECAUSE of M-G-M's tasteful handling of a veteran's peculiar allergy. During the war, David Maldon (*Van Johnson*) almost drowned in a monastery when German bombs loosed thousands of gallons of brandy. As a result, even a whiff of spirits makes him reel. What happens when he joins a shady law firm, resolves to expose them, and falls for the boss' daughter makes this a very funny movie with thought-provoking undertones.



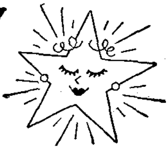
"THE CAPTURE"

BECAUSE this is the strange, dramatic story of a man's efforts to justify his shooting of a payroll robber. Lin Vanner is not sure Sam Tevlin actually was the thief, and when he meets Sam's widow he knows he must find the truth or never rest. The truth leads him to the edge of doom. Niven Busch's taut story and the believable performances of Lew Ayres and Teresa Wright make this R-K-O-Radio drama one of the year's best.

"THE BIG LIFT"

BECAUSE this story is as real as a war-ravaged continent, as modern as jet propulsion. With Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas in top roles, 20th Century-Fox has told of the Berlin Airlift, of the men and machines that fashioned a democratic triumph. Stark photography and backgrounds help tell the Berlin story, and the men of the U. S. Air Force play themselves in the magnificent effort to feed a starving city.

Beautiful as a star... *and as silent!*



The G-E Wink
ONLY
$3.95*

This is the Wink . . . the new star in General Electric's family of alarm clocks!

Note the smooth-flowing lines and the easy-to-read dial on this modern ivory-plastic case. New shatterproof crystal. Dark green hands contrast beautifully with dial. Polished brass sweep-second hand. Pleasant alarm signal.

The *Wink*, like other General Electric Clocks, gives you these advantages: 1. *No winding.* 2. *Quiet.* 3. *Dependable.* 4. *Accurate.*

See the *Wink* and other attractive G-E Clocks today. They're *so low-priced* you can have one for every room. General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

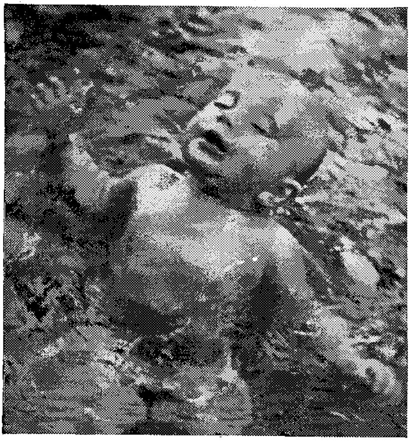
*Plus applicable taxes. Prices subject to change without notice.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Crystal has taught more than 7,000 children to swim. Confidence comes first.

After breath-control has been learned, co-ordination of arms and legs follows.



When neophyte puddlers learn to hold their heads up, they are ready to swim.

Adult onlookers who cannot navigate are amazed at Crystal's aquatic circus.

Divers in Diapers

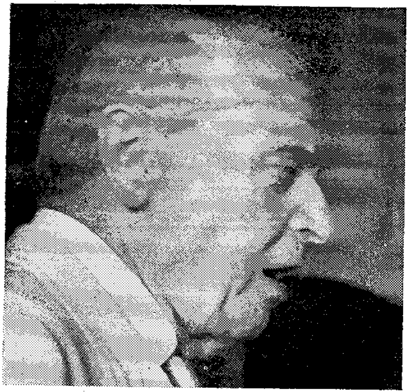
THE PHONE in Crystal Scarborough's home rang and a woman asked, "What do I do now, Crystal? I'm home from the hospital with the baby."

The answer was, "Put her in a bathinette and pour water over her head."

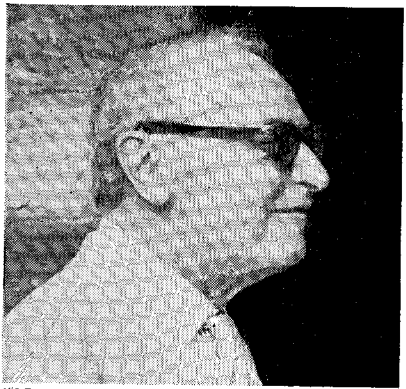
In this way does swimming teacher Scarborough introduce her infant-pupil to aquatic life. In a few months Crystal will have her in a pool, and before she's learned to walk, the baby will be cavorting like a mermaid.

"Children are hard to teach," Crystal says, "but I've never had a failure."

ACHIEVE THE NEW
EXOTIC EYE MAKE-UP
WITH
Maybelline
PREFERRED BY REALLY SMART
WOMEN THE WORLD OVER —
EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL • MASCARA
Maybelline
Maybelline



"Composers know what composers suffer."



"Musical art is an expression of life."

"Creative musicians bring the world joy."

MAESTRO OF TANGLEWOOD

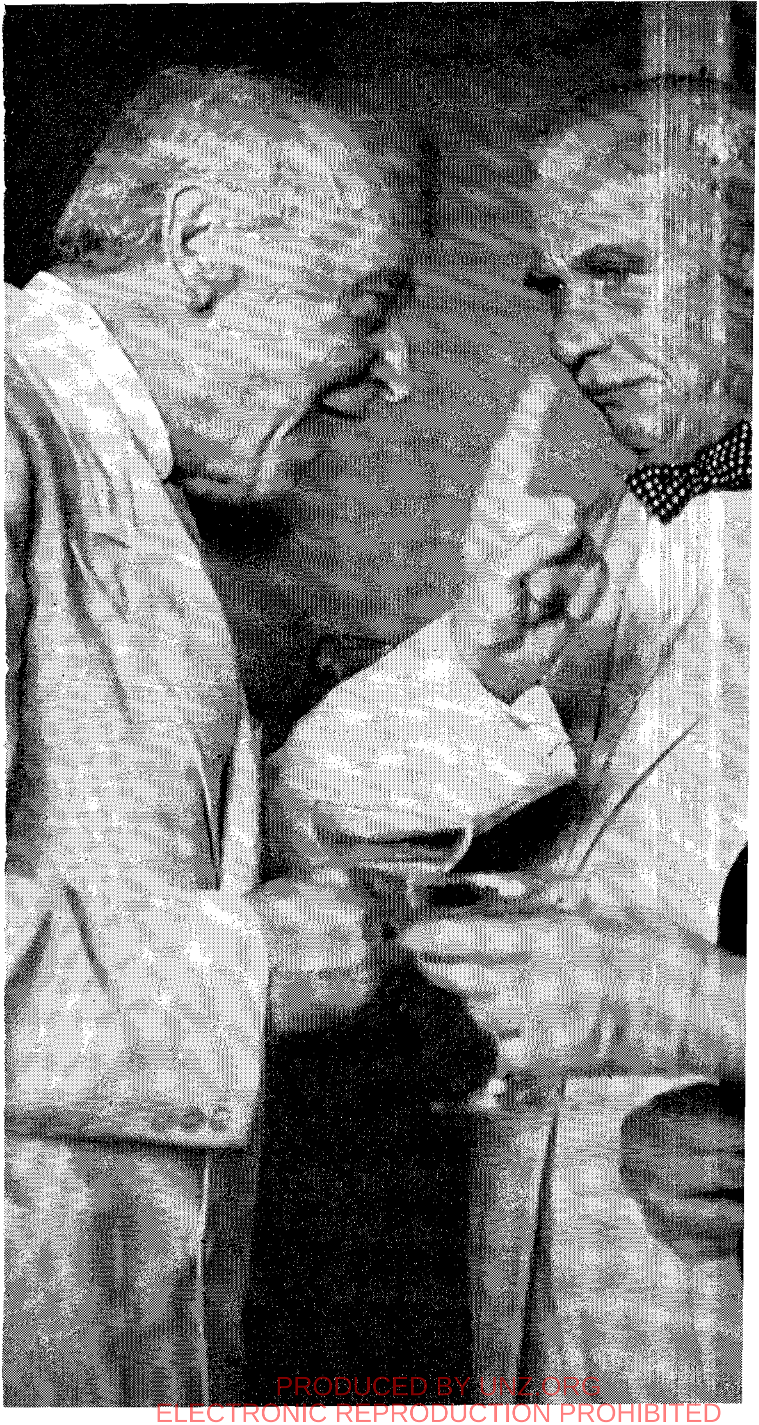
When Dr. Serge Koussevitzky was the finest bass-fiddle virtuoso in Russia, ranking conductors avoided the work of modern composers. Convinced that this was stifling musical progress, Koussevitzky abandoned his bull fiddle and organized a symphony orchestra. Up and down the Volga it toured in a chartered side-wheeler, bringing modern music to Russians who never before had heard an orchestra.

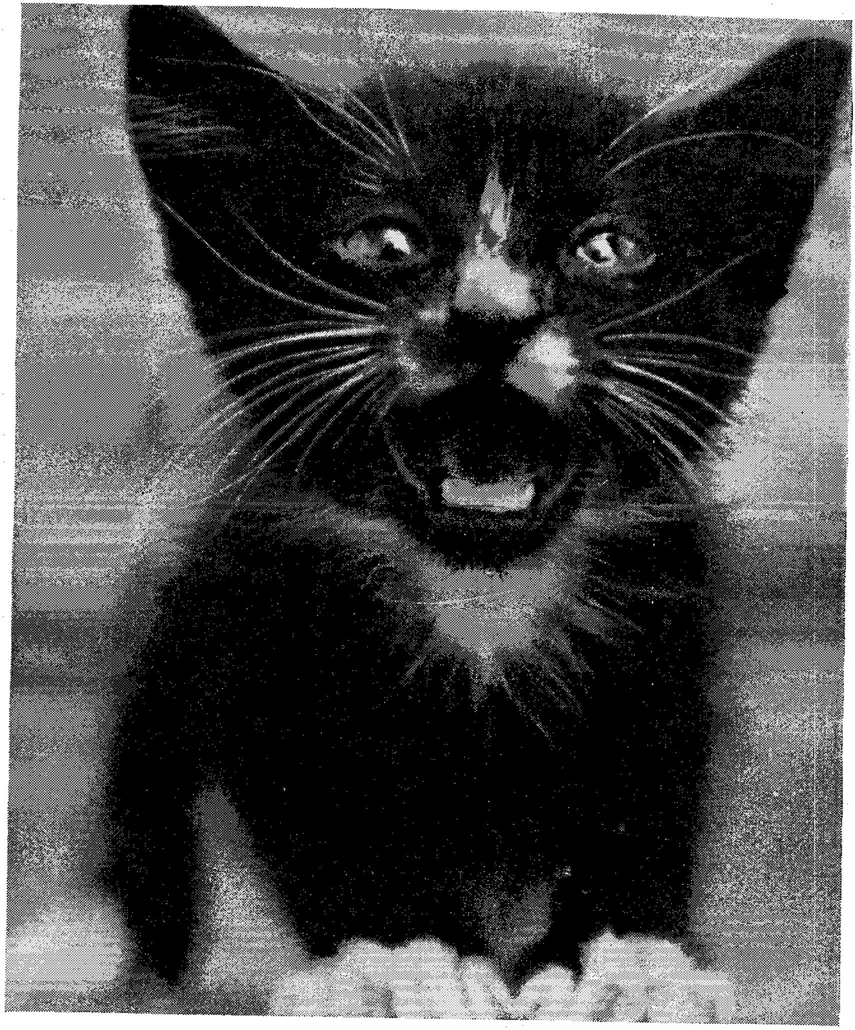
In 1924, he became conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—and stayed until his retirement a year ago. His performances of modern music sometimes shocked staid Bostonians, but they always came back for more.

Unlike those conductors who have vocally championed American music—and rarely played it—Koussevitzky has conducted scores of native compositions. Aaron Copland, whose brilliant music was first popularized by Koussevitzky, once said: "The way every ten-year-old boy used to dream of being President, now every 20-year-old composer dreams of being played by Koussevitzky."

Sixteen years ago, Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony established a music colony at Tanglewood, Mass. It soon became a cultural center without exact parallel in U.S. history. The annual festival became a high point of the musical year. Boys in T-shirts and girls in slacks contribute to the cacophony that is miraculously blended into sonorous Wagner or the inspired music of some young American.

And always the Maestro is on hand to defend American music in voluble French, Russian, and English. Visitors to Tanglewood, trying to please him, call it an American Salzburg. Angrily he snaps, "Why a Salzburg? Why not a Tanglewood, U.S.A.?"

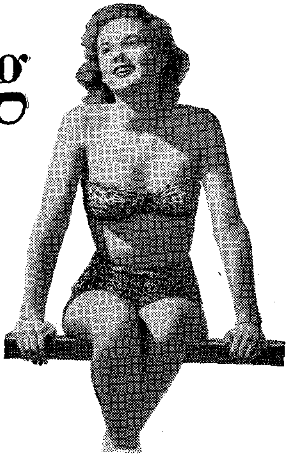




IT'S A CAT'S LIFE

If it's love at first sight when you see a mewing kitten, you're in good company. Lord Chesterfield left a life pension to his cats. Teddy Roosevelt's favorite, "Slippers," had full run of the White House. And Mohammed himself inspired the veneration with which Moslems still regard felines. Rather than disturb his cat, he cut the sleeve off the gown on which it was sleeping.

Why Tampax is ideal for beach and bathing



It is a marvel of discretion

It has no outside bulk whatever

It frees you from worry in
bathing suits wet or dry

Women and girls galore are now going in swimming *any time they want to*—with their sanitary-protection needs on the "off days" cared for very discreetly by Tampax. Nobody can ever suspect the situation—not by *any* chance—with Tampax!

This modern Tampax discards belts, pins, external pads and all outside bulk whatever. It is worn internally and absorbs internally. Dainty applicators make insertion easy and the hands need never touch the Tampax. When in place it is invisible. It cannot even be felt!

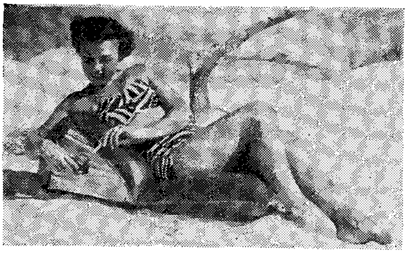
Without external bulk, there can be no bulges and edge-lines. No chafing. No odor. Made entirely of cotton, highly absorbent and very compressed, Tampax was invented by a doctor for all-year-round use by women. Millions of them use Tampax every month.

Have Tampax handy for "next time." Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply will slip into your purse. Or get the economy box which holds 4 months' supply (average). Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

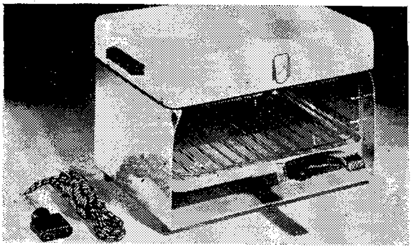
Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
Regular
TAMPAX
FOR MORE ABSORBENCY SUPER TAMPAX
FOR WANING DAYS JUNIOR TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY
Accepted For Advertising by the Journal of The American Medical Association
TAMPAX

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

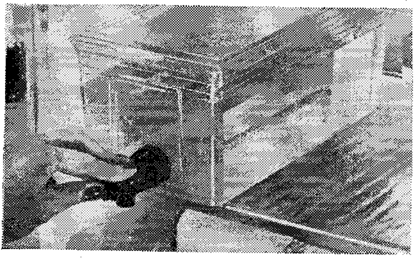
Coronet's Family Shopper



AN INFLATABLE lounge chair means luxury on the beach. Easy to blow up, it has a pocket for cigarettes, suntan oil, and tissues. The flexible back rest adjusts to any position (item 73).



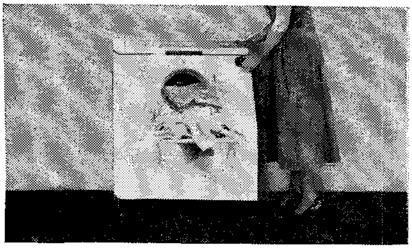
THIS INFRARED BROILER cooks a steak between two cellophane sheets 30 to 60 per cent faster than ordinary cooking units. Adjustable for heat and speed, it keeps kitchen cool (item 75).



AN ICEBOX OASIS is what you'll call this cold-drink container with a convenient spigot. Kids and grownups can fill their glasses by turning a handle, and without juggling bottles (item 77).

Caesar
SALAD DRESSING

TOSS A CAESAR SALAD in your own home, and sample the taste treat of West Coast gourmets. The dressing, croutons, and cheese are attractively packed, make dinner a success (item74).



WEIGH LAUNDRY on the door of this new washing machine, then set the dial for the proper amount of water. The machine automatically uses the right quantity for the load (item 76).

PROTECT YOUR RECORDS

A FEW DROPS of this liquid, rubbed on your long-playing records, will treat them to a staticless future. It keeps dust from collecting, ends crackling noises, and prolongs record life (item 78).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Awake or asleep–FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!

FILM dulls your smile
FILM spoils your breath
FILM speeds tooth decay!

Pepsodent removes FILM–helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent. *Don't let decay start in your mouth!* Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

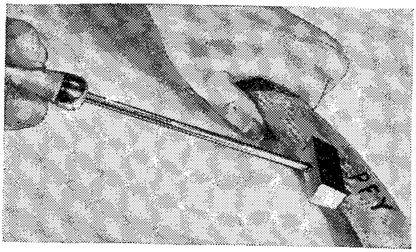
YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

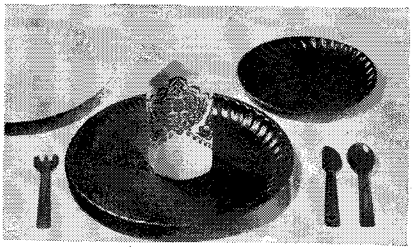
CONTAINS IRIUM
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE · CONTAINS IRIUM

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

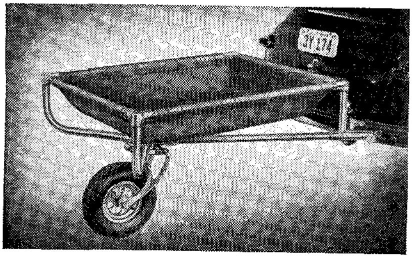
Coronet's Family Shopper



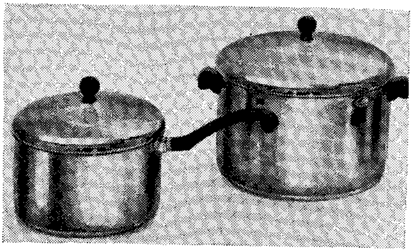
BRAND YOUR INITIALS on garden tools, leather goods, books or baseballs, and foil modern-day rustlers. Individually cast in bronze, with a polished brass rod and wood handle (item 79).



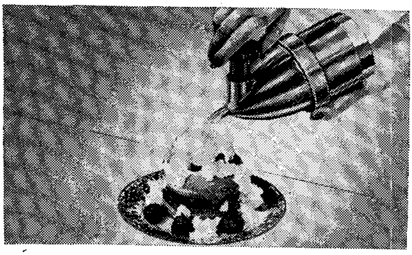
DISHWASHING disappears with these plastic-coated paper plates. In gay colors, the smooth, shiny surface won't soak up grease or oil. Perfect for barbecues, hot foods, steaks (item 81).



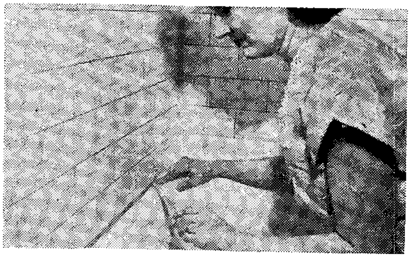
THIS CAR TRAILER can be folded and stored in a closet or the back of the car when not in use. It takes only five minutes to set up, weighs just 50 pounds, but carries up to 400 pounds (item 83).



ALUMINUM-CLAD stainless-steel pots and pans minimize sticking and scorching, clean easily. For waterless or regular cooking, they function on any stove, have nonslip handles (item 80).



WHIPPED CREAM when you want it, made in a miniature machine like those in soda fountains, makes desserts fun. A tiny capsule does the whipping. Keeps in refrigerator a week (item 82).

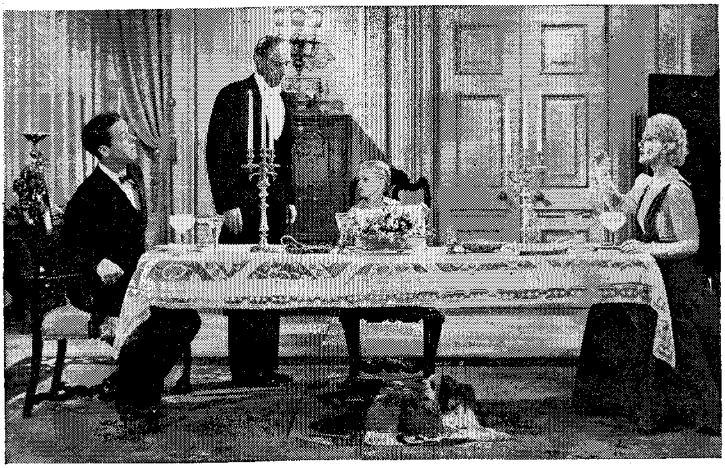


SEAL AND COVER cracks between bathtub and wall with this easy-to-apply vinyl stripping. It keeps steam or water from entering cracks and ruining walls, is permanent and waterproof (item 84).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Ideal is first Again...

with the *newest* and *best* in 16mm sound motion pictures . . . for your club, home, business or organization showing.



BLONDIE HAS SERVANT TROUBLE—Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Larry Simms

TEXAS—William Holden, Claire Trevor, Glenn Ford

OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS—Edith Fellows, Dorothy Peterson, Ronald Sinclair, The Little Peppers

CATTLE THIEF—Ken Maynard

RETURN OF RUSTY—Ted Donaldson, John Litel

LOUISIANA HAYRIDE—Judy Canova, Ross Hunter

GO WEST YOUNG LADY—Penny Singleton, Glenn Ford, Ann Miller, Bob Willis and his Texas Playboys

START CHEERING—Jimmy Durante, Gertrude Niesen, Broderick Crawford, Three Stooges, Johnny Green, Louis Prima and bands

FUGITIVE SHERIFF—Ken Maynard

CATTLE RAIDERS—Charles Starrett, Sons of the Pioneers

OVERLAND WITH KIT CARSON (serial)—"Wild Bill" Elliot, Bobby Clark

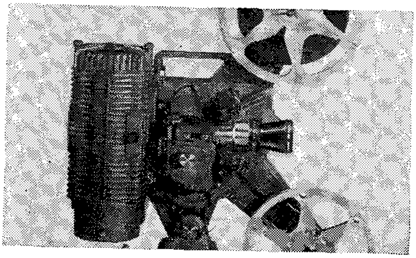
For complete descriptions and amazingly low rental prices on the films of your choice, write *today* . . . giving make and model of your projector . . . to

(For 16mm projector users in U.S. and Hawaiian Islands only).

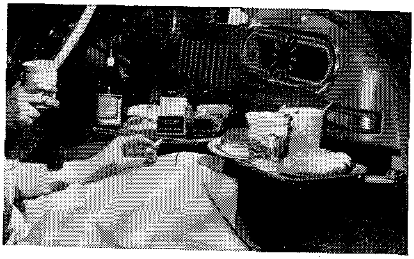
al
tures CORPORATION

Dept. C-107, 65 E. South Water St.
Chicago 1, Illinois

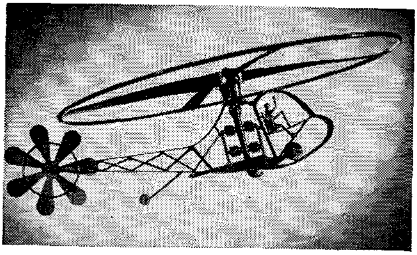
Coronet's Family Shopper



WITH THIS LENS, easily attached to your movie projector, you can get a 30″ by 40″ image at a distance of only 12 feet. Makes it simple to show home movies in small rooms (item 85).

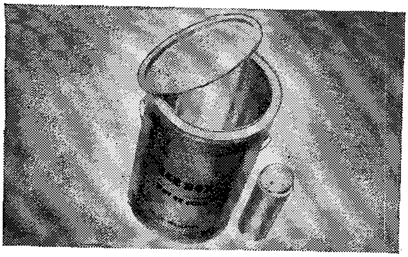


THIS HANDY TRAY fits under the dashboard when not in use, holds quick lunches when swung into place. It's a traveling desk, lunch counter, play surface, and dressing table (item 87).

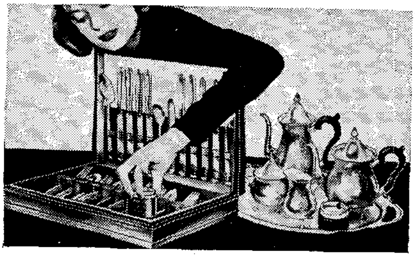


A PLASTIC TOY designed to study flight characteristics of helicopters will amaze large and small fry. It gets its momentum in the same way as a spinning top, and it really flies (item 89).

MORE CLOTHES than you can cram in your suitcase for that long-awaited vacation? Hang them in this lightweight carrier, unfold it at the hotel, and it's a closet garment bag (item 86).



KEEP COLD FOODS COLD, or hot foods hot, in this portable insulated box. The removable cylinder can be filled with ice, or with liquid, hot or cold. Holds casseroles, sandwiches (item 88).



AN UNCOVERED JAR of these crystals in a drawer or silver chest will keep precious silver from tarnishing. The crystals have no odor, are harmless, eliminate tedious polishing (item 90).

For answers to shopping queries—prices and where to buy—send 3 cents in stamps and return address to *Coronet's Family Shopper*, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Grand 'n' Glorious Salad

SURE TO GO OVER WITH A BANG!

ANN PAGE A&P's Finest
ANN PAGE MAYONNAISE
ANN PAGE SALAD DRESSING
Replacement or Refund of Money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If Not As Advertised Therein

ANN PAGE Fine Foods Needn't Be Expensive!

Want to dress your salads to perfection? Serve them with Ann Page Salad Dressing or Mayonnaise . . . rich, smooth, creamy . . . the salad dressing mildly tart, the mayonnaise delicate in flavor!

Like all Ann Page Foods these delicious dressings are made in A&P's own modern Ann Page food kitchens and sold to you in A&P stores. Thus unnecessary in-between expenses are eliminated. The savings made in this way are shared with you!

ANN PAGE FOODS

A&P

ONE OF *A&P's Finest* BRANDS

CELEBRATION SALAD

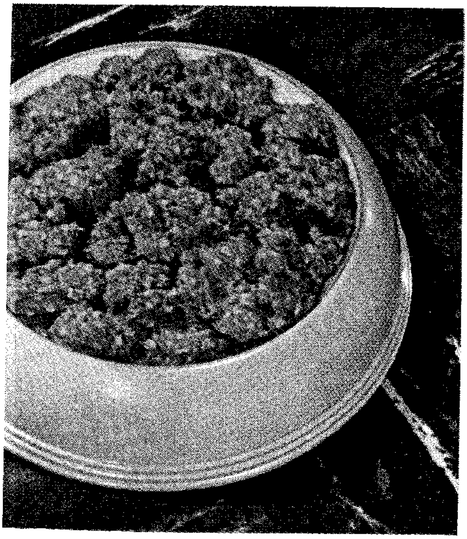
Less than 17¢* a serving thanks to Ann Page

12 cooked potatoes, diced
8 hard-cooked eggs • 1 tbsp. salt
2 bunches scallions, or 2 onions, chopped
¼ tsp. Ann Page Pepper
2 tbsps. each, chopped pimiento, Ann Page Prepared Mustard
½ cup Ann Page French Dressing
1 cup Ann Page Salad Dressing or Ann Page Mayonnaise
8-12 slices luncheon meat or bologna
Salad greens • 1 tomato

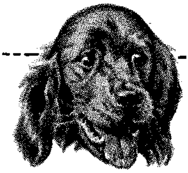
Reserve 2 hard-cooked eggs for garnish. Chop 6 eggs. Combine above except meat, tomato, and salad greens while potatoes are warm. Chill several hours or overnight. Garnish with sliced eggs, cornucopias made of meat, scooped-out tomato filled with dressing, chickory and parsley. 8-12 servings.

**Cost based on prices at A&P Super Markets at press time, for 12 servings.*

Feed your dog as well as you feed yourself



Swift's Pard gives your dog as much nourishment as you get in this hearty, nutritious roast beef dinner!



Your best friend's best food!

Pard
man's best friend
SWIFT'S DOG FOOD

GENERATION-TESTED. In Swift's own research kennels, 11 consecutive generations of happy, healthy dogs have been raised exclusively on Pard and water.

GENERATION-PROVED. Since 1932, *more* dogs in *more* homes have eaten *more* Pard than any other quality canned dog food. Join the millions—feed PARD!

From the research laboratories of Swift & Company

Look how these dinners compare!

		ROAST BEEF DINNER	PARD (1 CAN)
Protein	(gms.)	25.0	52.8
Carbohydrate	(gms.)	35.6	45.7
Fat	(gms.)	30.1	14.7
Iron	(mgs.)	4.91	22.7
Calcium	(gms.)	0.09	2.0
Phosphorus	(gms.)	0.36	1.59
Vitamin A	(units)	401.0	550.0
Thiamine	(mgs.)	0.31	1.41
Riboflavin	(mgs.)	0.29	1.86
Niacin	(mgs.)	7.26	18.2

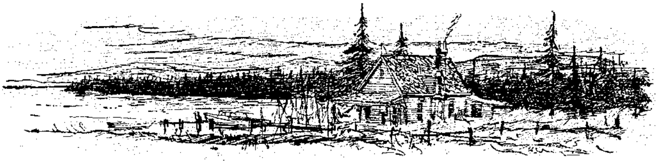
Energy:
Roast beef dinner: 17.4% of daily caloric needs for average man
Pard (1 can): 100% of daily caloric needs for 20-lb. dog

Vol. 28, No. 3 July, 1950

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

The isherman of Clover Harbor

by ELIZABETH LOVEGROVE



CLOVER HARBOR is not a true harbor, for it does not belong to the sea. It is a wide bay on a vast lake just north of the Canadian border, where for many years we have had our summer home. From the crests of the low-swept hills that hold it in their embrace, the bay is like a rippling shield, opening at the top into the immense fresh-water sea of which it is a modest part.

It was named by a man called Nathan—a fisherman, and the harbor's first known settler. Much of Nathan's life will forever be a mystery. I can tell you only of the Nathan we knew, and of the miracle (how he would smile at that word) that he gave my husband, Bob, and me.

At the harbor's inner tip, sheltered by hills, stands Nathan's house. The sandy road that leads to our cottage winds past his door and along the shore through birch and pine. The first time I saw Nathan, he was sitting in an old canvas-backed chair outside his door, patiently whittling a float for the fishnets drying on frames in the sun.

When my husband stopped the car, Nathan came over. "You the young folks want to look at the point cottage?" he inquired.

There was a hint of the old country in his voice. His hands were gnarled, and his hair was as silver as the weathered boards of his simple house. It was impossible, even then, to guess his age, but the lines in his face were already deep and permanent, like etchings in leather.

My husband nodded.

"Been expecting you," said Nathan, and without further introduction he climbed into the back seat.

"Follow this little road," he directed. "And drive slow. It's twisty."

That was more than 15 years ago. We fell in love with the cottage—a log house set back from the shore—and we became Nathan's summer neighbors. At first we thought of the old man as mildly eccentric, but soon we realized that although he seemed set in his ways, we had found a true friend.

He proved it that first winter, when a tremendous blizzard blanketed the country. We were naturally worried about our cottage. Then, ten days later, we got a scrawled postal card: "Shoveled your roof. All fine. Nathan."

Each spring, we—and eventually our twins, Bob and Jane—would find Nathan waiting at the door when we arrived the end of May. We had long since entrusted our keys to him, leaving everything in his care. He wouldn't accept a cent of payment. "A neighbor's a neighbor," he said.

To say that Bob and Jane loved Nathan would be untrue. They worshiped him. He had them both swimming before they were four years old. He taught them to tie sea knots, to fish, to handle a boat, and more of woods lore than all their nature books put together.

I remember particularly one day after the children had started school. We went berrying in the hills and found Nathan in one of the deep clover meadows that abounded in the region. He was cutting the fragrant blossoms with a scythe. The twins immediately wanted to join.

"I'll let you take turns holding the handle," he said, "but only if you'll promise to be careful. That's God's flowers you're cutting."

They looked at him in amazement, and I smiled. With just a word he could magically capture their imagination.

"Why, Nathan?" they demanded.

"Well," he plucked a bloom—one of millions—and held it out as though it were a rare gem. "See, in here"—he parted the blossom tenderly—"the bees find honey. That's God's food, you know. Then here"—he touched the leaves—"God stores food for horses and cows and sheep. And down here"—he knelt and parted the plants, revealing the rich soil—"the clover roots are little machines that manufacture good things for the earth."

"Gosh!" the twins breathed in wonder.

"Yep. Clover's like that. It can tell you a lot of things . . . If you listen, that is . . ."

I OFTEN TRIED to discover Nathan's life story. Fifteen summers gave me only these meager facts. He had been born in Nova Scotia, and had run away to sea as a boy. Finally he had left the sea and settled at Clover Harbor in the days when the nearest railroad was 50 miles away. He had never left it.

Of course, there were stories. Some thought Nathan had loved a girl who had married another while he was at sea. Others wondered if Nathan had not, in his adventurous youth, done some violent thing he was trying to escape. But apparently, in the vast solitudes of Clover Harbor before roads and automobiles had come, he had made peace with himself, and tales did not disturb him.

Two things no one knew. One was Nathan's last name; the other was his age. But what everyone did know was that Nathan was a patron saint to Clover Harbor.

One autumn, when we were reluctantly packing to return to the city, Nathan came down from the children's rooms with an armload of their clothes. "They'll be too small next year, I reckon," he said.

I nodded, surprised.

"Then I'll take them, if you like," he said calmly.

I learned later that the clothes had been mysteriously delivered to the hard-up Allard family, some 30 miles away. How Nathan discovered their plight, I don't know. He never mentioned it again, but always after that the summer's discards were left in his care. He never used anything himself. His outfits consisted of an old pair of "iron" pants, boots, an assortment of red shirts, and a mackinaw when the weather was raw.

He was always busy. Before dawn, you could hear his boat, chugging down the harbor. When someone was sick, Nathan knew, and he considered it nothing to ride all night through a winter storm to summon a doctor for the sick McAllister child. And more than once, when the spring run of fish was on, Nathan quietly divided his catch with a stricken family.

"I've plenty more than I need," he would say.

Then came that never-to-be-forgotten July day when Nathan saved our family from disaster. Bob was in the city, and the children and I were alone. The bay was like slick yellow glass that sultry day, and after lunch young Bob and Jane decided to go canoeing. I thought nothing of it, for they were almost 14 and had been out many times by themselves.

The heat had given me a headache, and I slept for an hour. Then I awoke suddenly, with a strange feeling of alarm. As thunder split the sky, I ran onto the porch. In seconds, the sky was blotted out, and rain and wind tore like claws at the earth. My heart leaped in panic. The twins!

Frantically I dashed to the boathouse. The canoe was not in sight. My body went icy with fear.

Somehow, I don't know how, I found myself in our dory which was straining at the dock. Again and again I yanked the starting cord of the motor. Nothing happened.

My wet hair clung to my face and I began to cry helplessly. The wind was rising, and I saw with horror that it was blowing outward—through the bay to the open water beyond. If only the twins had stayed near shore! But beyond the gateways of the bay . . .

Nathan! My mind clutched at his name. His power boat was the one remaining hope. I drove with icy calm, crashing ahead through flying branches, hardly able to see the road in the blinding rain.

Frantically I pounded at his door. Then, in disbelief, I ran down to his dock. The power boat was gone, and I remembered him speaking of crossing to Blueberry Bay that morning.

I cannot describe the feeling that swept over me—the empty horror of complete helplessness. Then I prayed, silently. I just *felt* a prayer that the storm would miraculously end, that the children would miraculously be saved.

Somehow, I got back to the cottage, and moved, almost unconsciously, toward the dock. And there I stood, waiting.

It might have been ten minutes. It might have been half an hour. Then I saw the boat. It was Nathan. The children were at his side, waving at me.

I could not talk about it until we were all back at the cottage. Nathan was sunk deep in his chair, his hands hanging listlessly. In the flickering firelight, the age in his rugged face had suddenly flooded to the surface.

"Nathan," I asked. "How did you know where to find them?"

"I was up in the meadows cutting clover," he said. "I saw them start out. Now where would a couple of darn-fool kids in a canoe be in a storm, except plumb in the middle of the harbor?"

"But," I persisted, "how did you know the storm was coming? It was so sudden. You must have started out for them before there was even a cloud in the sky."

"The clover told me," he said simply. "Suddenly, the bees left the clover." He smiled. "And when God's flowers stop giving nectar—well, the bees know it's a warning."

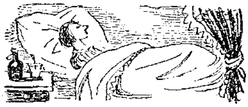
He looked at the twins. "Mark me," he added, "when there's trouble afoot, God tells you. But you must listen, for His words are sometimes almost too faint to hear."

A FEW DAYS LATER, Nathan died. A fisherman found him in his old canvas-backed chair on the dock, apparently asleep. A torn net was laid across his knees, the mending shuttle was still in his hand.

Nathan's grave lies in the clover meadow he loved. Above it a simple white cross bears these words:

NATHAN
Died, July 9, 1949
A fisherman of
Clover Harbor

That is all it says. No one knew any more. In Nathan's house there were no papers, no will of any kind. There was only a worn Bible with the first page cut away. What that page once contained, I imagine only the clover really knows.



The Rev. Superlative Smith

A PROMINENT Southern pastor by the name of Smith tells the following story on himself. Some years ago, he was seriously ill for a long time, and numerous friends and parishioners called continually to ask about his condition.

The day he took a decided turn for the better, the old church janitor thought that the people of the town would like to know the glad news. So he took out the box of letters to the bulletin board on the church lawn, and after much laborious effort stood back to admire his announcement: "God is good—Smith is better!" —MRS. AUGUSTA O. MORGAN

What Is a Man Worth?

THREE BROTHERS left the farm to work in the city. All got jobs in the same company, starting at the same pay. Five years later, one was receiving $200 a month, the second $300, and the third $500.

Their father decided to visit his sons' employer to learn why they were paid on what appeared to be an unfair basis.

"I will let them explain for themselves," said the boss as he pressed a button on his desk. Jim, the lowest-paid, answered.

"I understand the *Oceanic* has just docked," said the employer. "Please go down there and get an inventory of her cargo."

Three minutes later Jim was back. "She carries a cargo of 2,000 seal skins," he reported. "I got the information over the phone."

"Thank you, Jim," said the boss. Then he pressed the button again, and Frank, the $300 man, reported.

"Frank, I wish you would go down to the dock and get an inventory of the *Oceanic's* cargo."

An hour later Frank was back with a list showing that the vessel carried 2,000 seal skins, 500 beaver and 1,100 mink pelts.

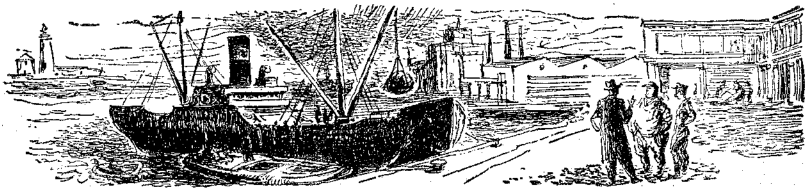
The employer pressed the button a third time and George, the $500 man, came in. He was given the same instructions.

George did not return for three hours, but his father and the boss were waiting for him.

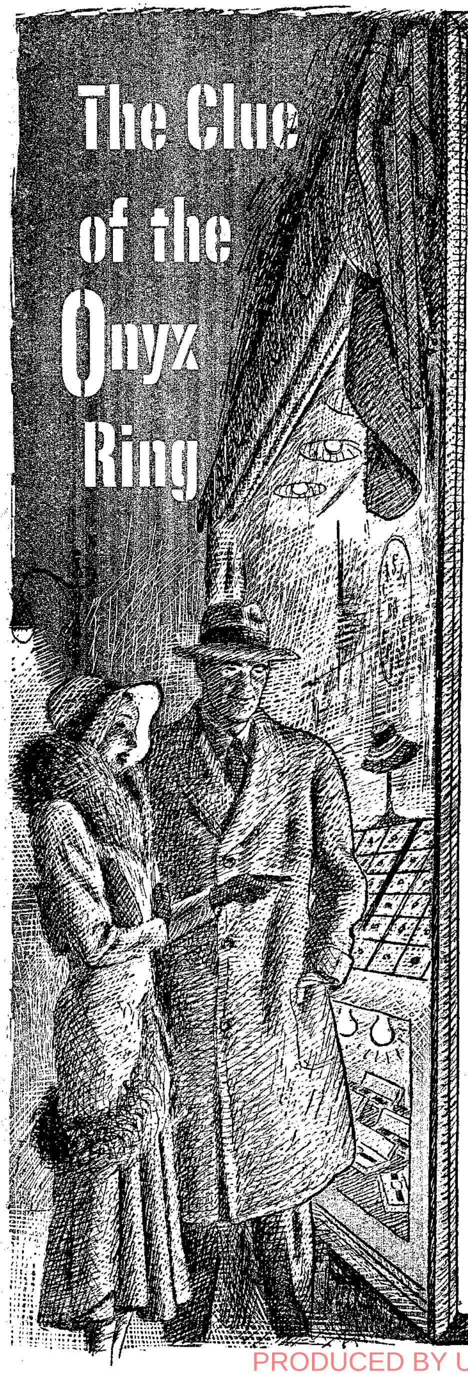
"The *Oceanic* carries 2,000 seal skins," he began. "They were offered at $5 each and I took a tentative option on them, subject to your approval. I got a bid of $7 for them from a prospect in St. Louis, and promised to wire him in the morning. I also found 500 beaver, which we normally don't handle, but since I had had an inquiry for some, I bought them and sold them at a $700 profit. There were 1,100 fine mink pelts, but as you always handle the mink, I took no action on them."

"That is fine," said the boss.

When George had gone, the employer smiled. "You probably noticed," he told the father, "that Jim did not do what he was told to do. Frank did only what he was told to do. But George did more than he was told to do—and in such a way that it will make a profit for the firm!"



The Clue of the Onyx Ring



by EUGENE PAWLEY

GLEAMING WITH dark fascination, the black onyx ring shone in the window of the jeweler in Providence, Rhode Island. A fair-haired girl clung to the arm of her escort and stared at it longingly.

"I love it," Mary Ann said. "I'd rather have it than a diamond, Gordon. Please!"

Gordon Newcomb was 27 years old then, his fiancée 25. It was 1931 and a terrible depression was paralyzing the country. Perhaps Mary Ann was merely thinking of money saved when she asked for the onyx instead of a diamond. Certainly she seemed delighted, once Gordon had given in to her whim. "It's going to bring us luck," she told him confidently.

She always wore it and, as time went by, it became a memento of the romantic days before their marriage. For, even though outwardly they seemed blessed, affection languished in the Newcombs' Providence home. Neither the steady improvement of his oil business, nor the arrival of two lovely daughters—first Kathleen and then little Christine—was able to restore the spirit of the early years.

One day, the growing Kathleen begged to be allowed to wear the ring, but her mother said: "It will be yours to keep, dear, when I die. You can't wear it now, but remember what I have said. Someday it will be yours."

Then calamity visited the home. With an air of melancholy, Gordon Newcomb broke unhappy news to his daughters.

"Sometimes it happens that grownups aren't able to live together," he explained. "They quarrel and disagree, just like children." He smiled sadly. "I'm afraid it's been that way with your mother and me. Last night after you were in bed—" he hesitated a moment—"last night we had a very bad quarrel, and your mother left."

The children stared at him. "You mean," stammered Kathleen, "she's gone for good?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I only know she told me she was never coming back."

For a week the children were inconsolable despite their father's efforts to comfort them. Finally, he reached into his pocket and brought out the onyx ring.

"I almost forgot," Newcomb said. "Your mother left this with me for you, Kathleen."

Their tears momentarily forgotten, both children admired the ring. Then a strange thing happened. Kathleen moaned and rushed from the room.

"Well!" said Newcomb, and started for the hall. But Kathleen's door was locked, and all his pleading was not enough to make her open it. Finally he decided that sight of the ring had brought her mother's loss home to her as no words had been able to do.

He had asked a relative to come in and care for the children. To all questions, he calmly replied: "She went away. It's better so."

Matters continued this way for a month—until September 12, 1945—when Newcomb was escorted to Providence police headquarters and questioned by Chief Inspector Thomas F. Rattigan about his wife's disappearance.

"But I don't have the faintest idea where she is," he said. "She told me she couldn't live with me any longer."

"We have reason to believe she's dead," said Rattigan shortly.

"Dead?" Newcomb echoed. "What makes you think that?"

The Inspector took something from his pocket and laid it on the table. "This ring," he said.

"Why, that's her onyx ring!" Newcomb exclaimed. "She left it for Kathleen!"

"Your daughter brought it here," Rattigan replied. "She told us her mother once said, 'It will be yours to keep when I die.' She's sure her mother wouldn't have let it go—unless she were dead."

"But those are just words!" Newcomb objected.

"Maybe," the Inspector said. "Maybe you can help us find out whether they *were* just words." He leaned back carelessly in his chair. "You don't happen to know where her body is, do you?"

Newcomb stared at him and then at the onyx ring. For hours, he protested his innocence. Then, at midnight, he broke.

"We had another fight," he said. "I choked her and buried her in a garage I own at Cranston."

Under the floor of the garage, they found the body of Mary Ann. Newcomb was indicted for murder. As he was being led from the courtroom, a guard heard him mutter: "That black onyx ring!"

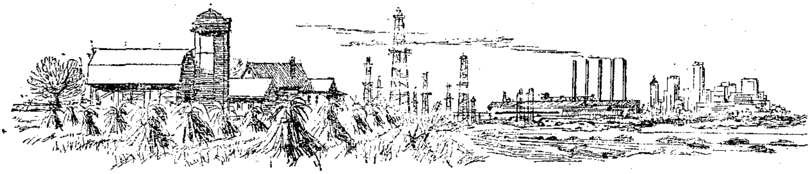
ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN TODHUNTER

A Noted Economist Says:

NO MORE BIG DEPRESSIONS!

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

(Lamont University Professor of Economics, Harvard University)



A distinguished professor sees a happy and prosperous future ahead for America

AMERICA HAS ALWAYS been a land where everyone had a right to criticize economic and social conditions, and where plenty of people have taken advantage of this freedom. Although many of the faultfinders have been poorly informed about the conditions they discussed and have proposed remedies that were worse than the disease, the critics have helped bring about many reforms. They have also kept us from being too complacent and self-satisfied.

But criticism has not been balanced by attempts to point out the *good points* in American institutions. As a result, many people have been led to overlook the impressive accomplishments of our imagination and industry. Furthermore, they have been led to believe that America's economic institutions are outclassed and outmoded, unable to stand comparison with the economies of certain other countries.

It would be enlightening, I think, if we could launch a world-wide experiment. First, we would suddenly wipe out all barriers to free movement anywhere. Americans could migrate to Russia, Russians to England, Britons to South America, and so forth.

What would happen? I predict that our shores would be flooded with peoples from every part of the globe. I doubt whether many Americans would go elsewhere. And I am sure no Socialist or semi-Socialist nation would be embarrassed by mass invasions of immigrants crashing its borders.

Why? The answer lies in the very economy of the U. S.—that unsurpassed productive and creative power which is currently the target of so much abuse.

Our economy possesses seven vital points of superiority, points bolstered by unassailable facts and statistics. These points represent the real wealth of the nation, aside from the priceless natural resources with which the U. S. is blessed:

1. Our economy is, first, the most

productive in the world. Only six per cent of the world's population live in the U. S., yet this small fraction produces 40 per cent of the world's goods! And because of their productivity, American workers enjoy more leisure than workers in most other countries—for the 40-hour week is prevalent here. Finally, this production is accomplished almost without the use of child labor—a situation responsible for the large numbers of educated Americans, of whom almost half finish high school before going to work.

2. Our economy, furthermore, is characterized by wide distribution of income. The share of income going to the top one-fifth of the families has fallen from more than 53 per cent in 1935-36 to 47 per cent in 1948. Seventy years ago, property owners received one-fourth of our national income. By 1948, that share had been shaved to one-seventh.

3. Perhaps no nation in the world sets aside a larger part of its income to help people who are needy or unable to work. And the development of this welfare program is one of the strongest features of the American economy. In 1949 alone, nearly nine billion dollars was distributed in the form of pensions, old-age assistance, unemployment compensation, aid to the blind and to dependent children, and sick benefits. These payments were nearly as large as *all* the dividend payments of *all* U. S. corporations!

Today, federal pensions protect some three of five jobs in the U. S.; seven of ten are covered by unemployment compensation. About 13,000 employers offer private pension plans, while more than 20 million people enjoy a variety of sickness and benefit plans.

4. Opportunity—that is a vital ingredient in the American economy. It is not true that "the days of great opportunity are over." On the contrary, the number of new jobs has been increasing.

Back in 1880, for instance, there were some 45 jobs for every 100 persons over ten years old. By 1947, that number had increased to 51. The number of business concerns is growing. Aside from farming, the number of new business enterprises established has grown from 3.1 million in 1929—the Great Pre-Depression Year when business was booming—to four million in 1950.

Critics of American economy will ask, "But what *kind* of jobs—ditch-digging?" Far from it. Between 1910 and 1940, the proportion of common laborers dropped from 36 per cent to less than 26 per cent. At the same time, jobs requiring professional and technical educations have mushroomed faster than the working population.

For many years to come, people with professional and technical training will be more in demand than laborers. The reasons: a) as incomes rise, more people can afford the services of doctors, dentists, artists, architects, actors, musicians, and teachers; b) industry is inspiring the greater use of research technicians to meet the competition of research-equipped business rivals.

5. The most important characteristic of our economy is freedom. Industry today offers Mr. and Mrs. America far more freedom than they could hope to enjoy under a planned economy. A wide variety of products, coupled with a large

number of competing merchants supplying them, permits the consumer a freedom of choice unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Thousands of enterprises are constantly trying to attract business by discovering new articles to satisfy the consumers' latent desires. No planned economy would ever be willing to carry on such an extensive search for purchasers' unexpressed preferences.

Workers, too, enjoy more freedom under the American economy than under any other. The very fact that there are millions of different employers is a safeguard to workers, assuring them a variety of labor policies and experimentation in carrying them out. Then, too, the growth of unions has increased this freedom. Unions now cover about two of three workers in manufacturing, and four of five in mining, transportation and construction.

6. The economy is rapidly improving its methods of production. In 1948, we produced $1,556 for every person. But in 1900—when the average work-week was about 60 hours—output per person was less than half as much!

The rapid rise in productivity may be expected to continue. The American economy has a tremendous capacity for experimentation, because it has millions of business enterprises—four million outside of agriculture and another six million in agriculture. This means that there are ten million places where a new idea may start.

7. Our American economy is adaptable to new times and new methods. It has unlimited capacity for change. Consider a few such recent changes: workmen's compensation laws adopted by all states, establishment of the Federal Reserve System, initiation of unemployment compensation in all states, inauguration of a federal system of old-age pensions, confirmation of the right of workers to organize unions and pursue collective bargaining, standardization of the 40-hour week, and enforcement of minimum wages in most branches of interstate commerce.

ALTHOUGH THE BUGABOO of depression remains the principal fault of our economy, great strides have been made to eliminate its causes. Actually, one major reason for slumps is the great freedom extended individuals as well as business concerns. During much of our history, the economy has attempted to grow too fast. This comes about because people go into debt in order to buy goods. Going into debt stimulates production and employment, true enough, but it also sows seeds for a depression. And when payments on old debts are more than the number of new debts contracted each year, demand drops and unemployment grows.

In recent years, however, so much progress has been achieved in making our economy depression-proof that it is safe to predict that a catastrophe such as occurred in 1929 could not take place today. Short-term debts, which in 1929 amounted to about 40 per cent of the national income, will never again be permitted to reach such proportions. Also, banks will never again be permitted to fail as they did between 1930 and 1933.

In these seven points are the strength, vitality and endurance of the American capitalist system. And, with their expansion and development, a happy and prosperous future appears assured.

What, exactly, can the American people look forward to? For one thing, output will increase faster than ever—possibly by as much as three per cent per man-hour each year. Also, the working week will become shorter. In another generation, the 30-hour week will be generally adopted, outside of agriculture. If output increases while the work-week drops, our production per capita will soar to about $3,000 a year—or more than 80 per cent above the present level!

The U. S. by 1980 will be a nation of two-car families—driving some 70 million cars. The family swimming pool, likewise, will become more popular, with possibly ten million constructed within the next 20 years.

Here is one safe prediction: we shall never adopt a planned economy with a high proportion of decisions centralized in a small group. Government intervention in economic affairs will grow, but the people themselves are not likely ever to demand that government impose a sweeping economic plan on the country. There are just too many Americans with ideas of their own about what to make and how to make it.

This prospect that the American people will not tolerate a high degree of central planning is encouraging. It indicates that the economy of our country will continue to be the most productive, the most adaptable, and the most progressive in the world.

Super-Psychology

When I was a youngster, there was a pile of small stones in our back yard. My mother, seeing they were in the way of our play, asked us to move them. Even offers of ten cents a wagonload brought no results. One day she quietly set up a target in the adjoining vacant lot. In two weeks the stones were gone. —Catherine Stevens

It's wonderful what a colored ribbon can do. A college-club president who wanted a big turnout at the club's annual dinner sent a personal letter to all members, asking each to serve on the reception committee. Enclosed was a scarlet ribbon marked "Reception Committee." Result? Nearly all of the 800 members turned up promptly, each wearing a scarlet ribbon on his lapel! —Buster Rothman, *Rotarian*

A woman in a rural Ontario district where the going is heavy on the party telephone lines tried repeatedly to get the line the other morning, but two of her neighbors had apparently established a monopoly. Then out of desperation came inspiration, and picking up the receiver again she cried, "I can smell your beans burning!"

"Oh—" screamed both the talkers, and got off the line in a hurry. —*Maclean's*

MORE YEARS OF YOUTH!

by ANNE FROMER

From the laboratory of a young doctor in Montreal comes a potent new weapon in science's war on premature old age

REVOLUTIONARY CURES are impending in the field of medicine. Man's ancient quest for longer years of healthy living seems to be nearing its goal. Quietly and without publicity, a young doctor has announced a discovery, hailed by top medical authorities, to overcome the degenerative diseases that take a devastating toll among people in the prime of life.

Equally amazing, this new secret to prolonging youth and lengthening life will permit doctors to detour around the familiar cause-and-effect theory of specific ailments, such as heart trouble, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, arthritis, rheumatism, and diabetes. Instead of treating a disease with one of the thousands of drugs now available, it may be possible to bypass such medicines and use, instead, combinations of a few basic body chemicals.

What is this discovery? No single elixir, it is simply proof that there exists within the body a delicate balance between two groups of chemicals, mainly hormones, secreted by certain glands. As long as these opposing chemicals are in balance, you remain healthy. When the balance is upset in one way or another, you are subject to various diseases which shorten life and bring on premature old age.

The young doctor responsible for this discovery is a Canadian, Hans Selye, 42-year-old director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal. Come into his laboratory in a skyscraper on the mountain overlooking Canada's largest city, and you will see how this Vienna-born scientist and his 40 assistants have evolved and tested a revolutionary medical theory.

In the past decade and a half, 17,000 animals—mostly albino rats—have developed diseases similar to those affecting man while under a chemical unbalance in their bodies. In Selye's laboratory, you will see how, when subjected to continued stress and tension, they have prematurely aged. Then you will see others, once similarly afflicted—"old people" as animals go—now restored to good health.

For Selye has artificially created the degenerative diseases associated with today's high-pressure living—the diseases that hasten old age and death. Then, when the animals are disease-ridden and senile, he has brought them back to health by injections that restore the chemical balance. As a result, men and women in clinics throughout North America are today benefiting from treatments which have developed out of Selye's research.

A recent case is that of a man suffering from an extreme form of hardening of the arteries (periarteritis nodosa). He had high blood pressure, intermittent fever, and was wasting away. Doctors removed a bit of tissue from his arteries, examined it microscopically, and saw it was rapidly becoming compressed and brittle. There was no cure—except death. Although the patient was only 43, the disease had brought on the conditions of old age. Physically, in a few weeks he had become an old man.

At this very time, Selye had just announced results of experiments on this same disease with laboratory animals. He had created the same changes in the arteries of rats, through a chemical unbalance. He removed a sample of artery tissue, found it hardened.

Then, as the animal began to waste away toward senility and death, he injected balancing chemicals. In five days the animal was running around, spry as a "youth." Again the tissue was examined. This time it was normal.

A Big Step Forward

In the past few decades, medicine has scored great victories over such deadly diseases as pneumonia, tuberculosis, diphtheria, and childbirth fever. As a result, the life expectancy in the United States has risen from 58.2 years in 1925 to 67.2 today.

However, these victories have not been entirely one-sided. With more people living a longer span of life, there has come a corresponding increase in the degenerative diseases. For this reason, Dr. Selye's discovery may well be the decisive step in turning these earlier victories of medicine into a total triumph.

A recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science heard how the Selye experiments were then duplicated on the 43-year-old man. The disease simply vanished. His blood pressure and temperature returned to normal, and when tissue from the arteries was again examined it was found to resemble a healthy one. The meeting heard the cure referred to as a "miracle."

WHAT ARE THE CHEMICALS which brought this about? Dr. Selye reveals that his discovery involves four balancing substances, and that these are divided into two groups. They are:

Group one: LAP (Lyophilized anterior pituitary substance); and DCA (Desoxycortisterone acetate).

Group two: ACTH (Adreno cortico

tropic hormone); and cortisone. These two groups oppose each other, much as acid and alkali do in ordinary chemistry. When total supplies of group one secreted by your body are equivalent to total supplies in group two, the body's hormone chemistry is in balance and you are healthy. On the other hand, when the supplies are out of balance, certain diseases result.

An overbalance of LAP and DCA will produce one group of diseases, while an overbalance of ACTH or cortisone will produce others. The type of disease therefore indicates to the experienced observer the nature of the unbalance, and is the clue to the chemical injections needed to restore equilibrium.

In the case described above, Selye's experiments had shown that this form of hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure indicated an excess of DCA. The doctors counteracted by injections of cortisone, and the patient recovered.

The two hormones, ACTH and cortisone, have been much in the headlines during recent months. Until now, however, their use has been based mostly on hunch. The Selye findings explain why these hormones act as they do, and indicate how variations of these treatments can be extended to many other diseases.

In the wake of Selye's laboratory experiments, Dr. G. A. Perera of New York's Presbyterian Hospital offered additional confirmation with humans. He took five elderly patients suffering from hypertension. First he gave them DCA and saw their blood pressure shoot even higher. When he gave them cortisone, it came down.

Dr. Selye had also learned how excessive DCA affected not only the larger blood vessels but brought on complications affecting many other organs. Then he showed how a balanced glandular chemistry could correct this.

Not long afterward, Dr. George W. Thorn of the Harvard Medical School took three patients suffering from a rare lingering disease of the blood vessels (Lupus erythematosus). All three were suffering, as is usual with this disease, from ailments of kidneys, heart, and spleen, with a decrease in the white blood cells as well as rupture of the blood vessels of the skin.

After five days of treatment with ACTH, the skin cleared up. In another two weeks, nearly all the other symptoms had disappeared.

REMARKABLE AS such recoveries are, even more amazing is the fact that Selye's discovery means that a fundamental cause has now been found for a whole galaxy of diseases. His work cuts across the various specialties of medicine. At last, for example, there is a common corridor between asthma and gout; between allergy and certain kidney disorders; between rheumatic fever and hardening of the arteries. All are the products of an upset in the body's chemical balance. That is why doctors may now be able to by-pass thousands of drugs and use combinations of a mere handful of basic bodily chemicals.

Ridding mankind of these diseases does not mean that old age can be indefinitely postponed. Aging is a normal process—a decline and lessening of activity which comes with advancing years. Dr. Selye's discovery does not alter this fact. But what it does do is hold back those degenerative diseases that make people old while they could be robust and healthy.

Often the diseases that shorten life begin in the very young. Here was a 19-year-old girl stricken with acute rheumatic fever. X rays showed her heart was terribly enlarged; her pulse was abnormal; she was totally invalided. Even if she could recover, the doctors knew she would carry with her an enlarged heart, certain to cause premature death.

But under treatment with cortisone injections, she made a complete recovery. Her heart is normal in size, she has resumed her education, and takes part in all the regular activities of a girl her age.

The linking of many diseases under a universal system of treatment is creating a medical revolution. Leading authorities are agreed that Selye's research will profoundly change methods of treatment in many fields. The *U. S. Journal of Clinical Endocrinology* recently declared: "The importance of Selye's work is now well established." Said *Medical Hygiene* of Geneva, Switzerland: "Much of the work being done by doctors throughout the world on hormones is based on the research originally done by Dr. Selye." And *Press Medical* of Paris added: "The theoretical basis of all recent discoveries with ACTH . . . can be found in its entirety in the discoveries of Selye and his school in Montreal."

Such accolades in a profession which is slow to acclaim heroes has made Hans Selye, MD., Ph.D., D. Sc., F.R.S. (C), one of the most honored men in medicine. In addition to being director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine in Montreal, he is expert consultant to the U. S. Surgeon-General, a fellow, honorary member, or member of 33 medical and scientific organizations throughout the world, the holder of two scientific awards, the author of a six-volume encyclopedia of endocrinology, and of 368 scientific papers.

The work that led to his discovery of bodily chemical balance began 15 years ago when Selye, who had come to McGill University after medical training in Europe and at Johns Hopkins, found that the experiments he was doing had suddenly come to an end.

At that time he had been trying to isolate a female sex hormone. He thought he had succeeded, and in-

Still in the Lab

MOST OF MODERN medicine's sensational discoveries have come from the laboratory. And often it seemed that many years would have to elapse before these laboratory discoveries could be shared by doctors and patients throughout the country. However, they have found their way into everyday use with amazing quickness.

Dr. Selye's discovery of bodily chemical balance also originated in the laboratory. Hence, at the moment, treatments based upon his findings are available only to a limited number of patients. But as with other recent advances in medicine, it is expected that his revolutionary concept will soon be converted into practical therapeutic procedure.

jected some of the extract into laboratory rats. All developed the same symptoms: gastro-intestinal ulcers, enlargement of the adrenal glands, and increased activity of the lymph glands.

To find out whether this was the result of his extract, he injected other rats with substances: drugs, bits of tissue, and the like. To his surprise, exactly the same reaction took place.

Selye's first thought was that this proved the uselessness of his extract. Then he suddenly stopped thinking about the hormone and began to wonder about another remarkable fact. When subjected to stress and tensions, all the animals reacted exactly the same way, no matter what the injection. Noise, bright lights, heat, cold, exertion, annoyance, worry—all produced the same reaction. Selye coined a phrase to describe it: "Alarm reaction."

In 1936, he published a brief paper in the British science magazine, *Nature*. Although, as is now known, that paper heralded a new concept of medicine and launched research that is still shaking the citadels of established science, fellow doctors said his term "alarm reaction" was "hilarious."

Unabashed, he continued to probe into the phenomenon. At length, in 1946, he announced that the alarm reaction was only part of the body's effort to throw up defenses against hostile outside forces. This larger reaction he called the "general adaptation syndrome."

It consists of three parts: one, the alarm reaction; two, a phase of resistance in which the defenses are manned—blood pressure is up, the entire body is tense as a coiled spring; and three, when the body is tired from being on the alert too long, the stage of exhaustion comes. In its acute form this state may result in shock; in its final form, senility and death.

But what were the mechanics by which this reaction was brought about? By removing various organs from thousands of rats, it was shown that, essentially, two glands were involved: the pituitary and the adrenal. Without them, the alarm reaction and general adaptation syndrome could not occur.

Further research showed that the adaptation syndrome—the body's attempt to raise defenses against stress—produced these four main chemicals: LAP and DCA, cortisone and ACTH. Furthermore, a youthful, healthy body produced them in balanced proportions. Disease developed only when the balance was upset.

If the balance is tipped towards an excess of group one, you may get arthritis, rheumatic fever, heart or circulatory diseases, kidney disorders or allergies. If it tips the other way, you may contract diabetes or gout.

How the chemical balance works in practice is shown by the typical case of a 52-year-old man who had had rheumatoid arthritis for 15 years. He had been totally incapacitated for more than a year, and was now barely able to feed himself.

Drs. Edward W. Boland and Nathan E. Headly of the University of Southern California's School of Medicine gave him cortisone injections, and after three days he got up and walked for 300 feet. On the fourth day, 75 per cent of his stiffness had disappeared. On the fifth day, he developed a zest for living, and paced the hospital corridor.

But when cortisone was discontinued, the chemical unbalance began returning. As is now known, the glands continued to secrete an excess of LAP and DCA. And without adequate ACTH or cortisone to offset them, the disease came back within 48 hours.

SELYE'S EXPERIMENTS over the years have forced him to modify some of his original views. When he first became aware of the importance of stress in touching off degenerative diseases, he contended that the only answer was to "take it easy." Get away from upsetting worries, strain, and overwork, he argued. Trying to practice as he preached, he sought to cushion himself against outside stress.

Today, his office has deep carpets, noiseless revolving bookshelves, a phone bell that whispers. But even with all the labor-saving devices he can install, and 40 assistants, Selye still confessed to this interviewer: "You will have to excuse me for an hour or so. I have only three minutes to grab a sandwich and get to my next lecture . . ."

Two years ago he completed his encyclopedia on endocrinology, dedicating it humorously "to my wife, the motion-picture industry, and the *New Yorker* magazine, without whose refreshing influence the boredom of this venture could not have been endured." He has just finished a new medical book on stress. The first edition is 10,000 copies, a remarkably large printing for a technical work.

Dr. Selye now concedes that you cannot get entirely away from the stress of a busy life. So, instead, he advises that you "roll with the punch"—take stress and strain as easily as you can, and save yourself wherever possible.

Meanwhile, Hans Selye, and the research workers and physicians who are following the trail he has blazed, are bringing closer the day when the balancing chemicals will be available to your own doctor in your own community. Perhaps as soon as two years from now, the essential drugs and the experience to use them wisely will be available for general practice. Then you can look forward to a new safeguard against the "stress" diseases, which cut youth short and bring on premature old age in this bustling modern world.

The Shavian Touch

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW some years ago was addressing a meeting of Socialists in London, and expressed his disgust of the slums and the huge cars that blocked the roads.

"How can such luxuries exist while a single slum remains?" he asked. "At this moment there is one of them outside this very building."

He paused, then perhaps seeing the light of battle in the eyes of his audience, added: "Before you break it up, I ought to tell you that it belongs to me."

—BELFAST *Telegraph*

THE MIRROR
5¢

LOS ANGELES LIKES "STRICTLY PERSONAL"

by **GERALD DUNCAN**

A classified-ad column supplies lively reading and brings lonely people together

"Lonely widow, 32, attractive, new home, Cadillac, wishes to meet attractive man. Box B-22, Mirror." That ad appeared one afternoon in the "Strictly Personal" column of the *Mirror*, the new and precocious Los Angeles tabloid. Next morning, waiting for the widow at the *Mirror* office, were 432 letters, three telegrams, and 12 portraits from men.

When the widow saw the response, she said: "Cancel the ad. If there are any more replies, do anything you want with them—only don't save them for me. I'll never get through this bunch."

Today in a locked steel cabinet are hundreds of replies to that single ad. The *Mirror* doesn't know what to do with them, and gallantly refrains from delivering them to the widow, who doubtless is lonely no longer.

A restaurant owner at Bakersfield, 112 miles north of Los Angeles, framed this ad: "Man, 34, must be married in 30 days to inherit legacy. If int., send name and phone no. Box J-14."

Man, 34, received more than 100 letters. His was a strictly business proposition—predicated on the belated discovery that his grandmother had left him her $30,000 estate, on condition that he marry before he reached 35. However, he thought he might as well try to get happiness, too. So he called on many of the writers.

One woman wanted to interest him in her 18-year-old daughter. Another said she would marry anybody for a new car. A third was a lion tamer, who felt her profession equipped her to be a perfect wife.

Man, 34, finally selected a lady who did not want a car, had no daughter or feline pets.

The idea for the "Strictly Personal" ads germinated in the brain of boyish Bob Kozek, classified advertising manager of the *Mirror*. "There are so many lonely people here," he explained recently, "I just thought this might be a way of getting them together."

In March, 1949, five months after the *Mirror* had made its debut in Los Angeles, the "Strictly Personal" columns made *their* debut, along with conventional classified content. In less than a year the paper's classified ads helped to boost the advertising to more than 7,500,000 lines.

THE MIRROR HAS A LION by the tail—and hopes it won't get away. So far, it has merely given people something to talk about from coast to coast. Steve Allen, radio commentator on KNX, the CBS outlet in Los Angeles, frequently reads *Mirror* classifieds on a midnight program. Phil Hanna, financial columnist of the Chicago *Daily News*, carries clippings to read aloud at luncheons—finds them far superior to the usual run of luncheon-table jokes.

J. Edward Murray, managing editor, was apprehensive when the ads were first printed. So he went to William E. Simpson, District Attorney of Los Angeles County, to find out how the prosecutor felt about the ads. Simpson said O.K.—so long as the *Mirror* "policed" its columns.

The executives tried. They censored as well as they could, insisted that each advertiser appear in person, with proper identification. Now there's a mail-order division for those living at distances, with no personal appearance required. However, a confidential identification form must be filled in and attached to each order.

A male lonely heart in the coastal town of Eureka, California, close to the Oregon border, took advantage of the new department to write: "HUSBAND FOR SALE! Bachelor, age 49, will marry any wealthy lady for a home and good position. Write Ralph, Box J-13."

Ralph, a bellhop, explained his position reasonably enough. "You see," he said, "I don't make enough money on this job to support a poor girl. So naturally I'm looking for a wealthy one."

A couple in Hermosa Beach tried to help a friend with: "BRILLIANT BLIND & DEAF MAN would like to meet lonely woman, age 40, with business ability. He is good-natured, humorous and answers when letters are printed in the palm of his hand. Box J-96, Mirror."

He had several replies.

This ad brought a shower of letters: "SMALL Brunette, trim lines, convertible top, blue foglights, standard equipment, low mileage, original teeth, well-kept exterior and interior, needs new owner with garage to provide new paint job, new upholstery. G-36."

And dozens replied to: "YOUNG man with two heads would like to meet young lady with two heads, interested in sharing four-way cold tablet. Box K-26."

Sometimes, to its wonder and delight, the *Mirror* gets sincere letters of appreciation, such as the one that followed this ad: "GERMAN-AMERICAN, 50, 5′4″, slender; good homemaker. No smoke or drink. Clean, honest, good dresser; no dependents. Wishes to make acquaintance of refined, one-woman man. Box J-42."

It was the woman's second advertisement. To the first, similarly phrased, she had many answers but not the right one. To the second, she received dozens of letters after one insertion.

"It is a welcome procedure," she said, "that the *Mirror* is accepting these personal ads to help the uncountable lonely persons who are feeling to belong nowhere, to be unuseful and are becoming despondent with increasing age."

The editorial department, traditional foe of the advertising setup on any newspaper, has been forced to recognize the news value of the personals. Four months after inauguration of the "Strictly Personal" section, the *Mirror* decided to match it editorially with an equally brash column by "Jane Palmer"—a 1950 Dorothy Dix sort of thing, with about the same relationship to the original as a modern French bathing suit has to an 1890 model.

A sample item is this one:

Dear Mrs. Palmer:

I just accepted an invitation to a party! This may not sound like startling news, but I have never been to a boy and girl party in my life. I am 14, and all my girl friends are going steady and know practically everything about parties.

The one thing that is worrying me most is that I suppose they will probably want to play Post Office and other games like that. But I don't know how. Will you please send me the rules? The reason I didn't ask anyone around here is because they all think I know how.

Miss S., Los Angeles.

To which appeared this answer:

Post Office is really very simple. It's a kissing game, you know. The players are given code names or numbers, and the one whose turn it is to be postmaster doesn't know who has what name or number. If it's your turn, you call out a name or number, saying you have a letter for that boy. He has to go into the post office to receive his letter—which isn't a letter at all, but a kiss—just one kiss.

So don't worry any more. It's the easiest game in the world for a beginner to pick up. I'm sure you'll have a lovely time, even if they decide to play something else.

Strictly personal, of course.

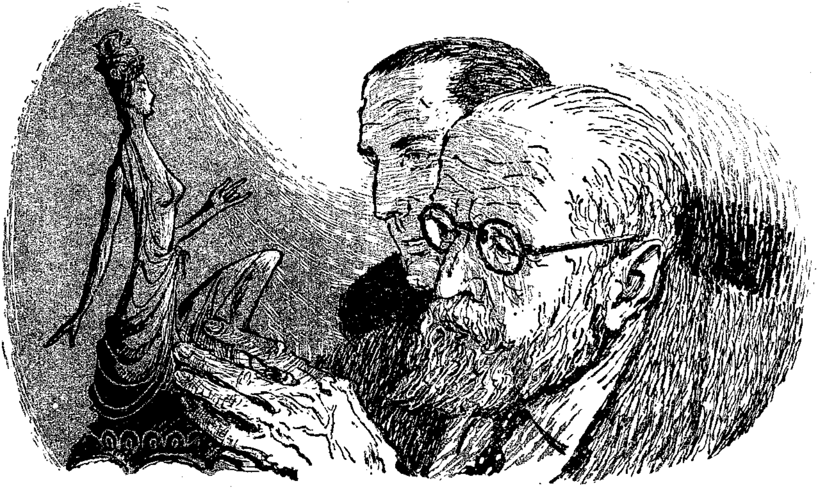
Strictly Business

"PERHAPS YOU KNOW why I am here," said the young man.

"I could guess," replied the businessman. "You've been at our house a good deal lately. Does it concern my daughter?"

"Not this time," sighed the courteous caller. "It's more important than that, sir. It's about a new insurance policy our company has now for executives."

—*Christian Science Monitor*



THE GREEN GODDESS THAT KILLS

by CONSTANCE COOK

Many have succumbed to the fatal charm of an innocent-looking statuette

IN THE VAULTS of a bank in Marseilles, France, lies a strange and ominous deposit. It is a stone statuette of a woman, about a foot in height and greenish in color. Elegantly thin, she wears a flowing, robe-like garment, and a quaint high cap. Her Oriental face is typically enigmatic.

This innocent-looking work of art both charms and kills. Its present owner, Monsieur Leclerc, a former aviation officer in the French Army, has been advised to destroy it and, indeed, has good reason to do so, because it almost destroyed him. So far, however, he has refused to part with it.

It was early in 1946 that this Oriental figurine first found its way to Leclerc, a collector of curios. He was approached by a shopkeeper of the town, on the outskirts of which he has an estate.

"I have an interesting object," the shopkeeper said modestly, "a Chinese statuette, which perhaps you would like to add to your collection. One of my brother's acquaintances, a soldier, left it with me to sell."

Although no authority on Chinese art, Leclerc thought the statuette probably was worth 9,000 francs (then about $75), and his offer was accepted. Later, when he showed his purchase to a retired professor of archaeology who lived near-by, the archaeologist studied the statuette and said: "You have a bargain. Clearly this is old—11th or 12th century, I should judge—and in excellent condition."

"But who is she?" asked Leclerc

impatiently. "She is so lifelike—"

The professor ran his hands over the green stone. "She is a goddess," he replied slowly. "Which one, I do not know. They worshiped many lesser divinities in those days. One, I remember, was called the Mistress of Pleasant Places. Perhaps this is she . . ."

While obtaining this ambiguous information, Leclerc became aware of some ambiguous reactions in himself. Whenever he spoke of the statuette, the word "she" came to his tongue. He also found it hard to keep from touching the figurine. Evidently the archaeologist felt a similar compulsion, for he, too, liked to fondle the piece.

Her husband's peculiar attachment to the green goddess did not escape Madame Leclerc's attention. It was preposterous, she told herself, to regard a thing of stone as a rival, and yet, as time went on, she fell into the habit of doing so. Meanwhile, the Mistress of Pleasant Places—if such it was—was turning the Leclerc home into an unpleasant place; the atmosphere became charged with bitterness, likely to break out in sudden, meaningless quarrels.

For some weeks the archaeologist was a frequent caller, but with him, too, Leclerc soon took to quarreling, and after one particularly unpleasant scene he discontinued his visits. Not long afterwards he fell ill of a malady which the local doctor was unable to diagnose. News of his death touched off an explosion between the Leclercs.

"It was the statuette that did it!" Mme. Leclerc declared. "I wish you had never brought the evil thing into this house."

"Stop talking mystical nonsense!" he retorted. "If it killed him, why has it not affected us? Do you think it selects its victims?"

As it turned out, the words were ironically prophetic. A robust man, Leclerc began to suffer mysterious pains and developed a fever. He concealed his symptoms as long as he could, but a day came when he was unable to leave his bed.

Mme. Leclerc first called a doctor and then, when he had gone, she summoned a spiritualist medium. While the ex-aviator lay groaning upstairs, his wife led her visitor to the curio room and showed him the Chinese statuette. After she had told her story, he asserted that her suspicions were well-founded. The statuette's emanations were evil. Undoubtedly, the green goddess had caused the archaeologist's death and her husband's illness; moreover, unless it were broken to bits, it would spread suffering over the countryside.

Mme. Leclerc believed every word, but how could she carry out the work of destruction? Her husband kept asking for the thing. In the circumstances, it seemed best to await developments and meanwhile keep the statuette away from him by saying that she would rather die than touch it.

THE DEVELOPMENTS occurred soon enough. Thanks either to the doctor, the medium, or Mme. Leclerc herself, word of the evil statuette spread and an item about it was printed in the local paper. Alert journalists in Paris heard the story, and a delegation of them arrived at the Leclerc home.

One of the visitors came prepared with the materials of a scoop. In his pocket was an ad which had appeared in his own paper after Paris had been liberated by the Allies. It read:

> A Reward Will Be Paid To Anyone Returning, Or Giving Information Leading To The Return, of a 13th Century Chinese Statuette, Greenish In Color and Approximately 30 Centimeters in Height. It Is A Rare Object Of Art, Known As "The Goddess Of The Seven Joys."
>
> *Warning!*
>
> This Statuette Is Coated With Sulphide Of Arsenic! The Finder Is Advised Not To Handle It Except While Wearing Gloves!

It was easy to establish that Leclerc's curio and the work of art described in the ad were the same. The journalist had his scoop.

Before the war, the Goddess of The Seven Joys had graced the curio collection of a Parisian recluse named Gravelet. He had acquired it in 1936, in an antique shop in the town of Genes. He had lived in the Far East, where he had obtained knowledge both of Oriental art and of the subtle workings of the Oriental mind.

Subjecting the goddess to a thorough examination, Gravelet found out her fatal secret; but the discovery merely stimulated his curiosity.

Why, he asked himself, had the statuette been coated with arsenic, one of the deadliest of poisons? Whom had it been designed to kill? Gravelet spared no pains in trying to answer these questions, but the most he was able to produce was a theory which, although satisfying to him, still remains to be proved.

He attributed the making of the statuette to one of a number of secret societies which flourished in China for hundreds of years and whose offshoots Westerners have come to know as "Tongs." The most likely suspect was the notorious "White Lotus Society."

Starting out as a group of monks, dedicated to the austerities of religion, this fabulous organization went underground in the 13th Century when the Tartars invaded China. Its career was intermittently stormy up to its emergence, at the beginning of the present century, as the nucleus of the Boxers, whose rebellion helped to bring about the fall of the Manchu Dynasty.

Gravelet convinced himself that the goddess had been a White Lotus secret weapon. It dated significantly (physical evidence proved this much) from the 13th Century, and therefore, he reasoned, had been made to plague the conquering Tartars. No doubt they had been tricked into taking it as loot, after which it probably had been passed among them like a secret disease, contagious and deadly.

All this speculative detective work was confirmed at last—as far as Gravelet was concerned—by one climactic discovery. Through a series of investigations that would have done credit to Sherlock Holmes, he finally learned how the statuette had reached Europe. A priest named Don Felippe had been the unconscious carrier of the personified plague.

Stationed formerly at Canton, China, Don Felippe had been involved in negotiations aimed at bettering the relationship between Christian and Buddhist sects. With one organization in particular, a branch of the White Lotus known as the Sect of Celestial Wisdom, he had had many dealings. This sect had given him, as a farewell gift, the Goddess of The Seven Joys. He had brought the statuette back to France, and there he soon died.

Gravelet vowed that never again would the statuette destroy a human life. But he failed to reckon with world events. When the Nazis reached Paris in June, 1940, he had to flee, taking only his more negotiable treasures, such as jewels. The statuette was left behind.

When he returned after the Liberation, his collection had been rifled by unknown hands. Perhaps the Germans had done it. If so, the same secret justice which the Tartars had suffered centuries ago was probably being meted out to them. But there also was a possibility that the goddess was circulating among unsuspecting people in France, and this thought not only led Gravelet to insert his ad in the paper but preyed intolerably on his mind.

He became ill and, after a while, died. Despite all his knowledge, all the elaborate precautions he had taken to avoid contamination, the Goddess of The Seven Joys had finally killed him, too.

Meanwhile, his murderess was wandering about indifferently. It has been learned that she was sold to the brother of Leclerc's shopkeeper by an anonymous German soldier, who may or may not have been the original thief.

In any case, Leclerc, the last of her owners, fared better than Don Felippe and M. Gravelet. After a long illness, he finally recovered, physically at least. But spiritually the situation is less encouraging. For his stubborn defense of the goddess despite overwhelming evidence of her guilt, his reluctance to entrust her to the Marseilles bank, and finally, his insistence on asserting his own rights of ownership over those of the Gravelet estate, all suggest that, while he may have survived her poison, he is still suffering from her charm.

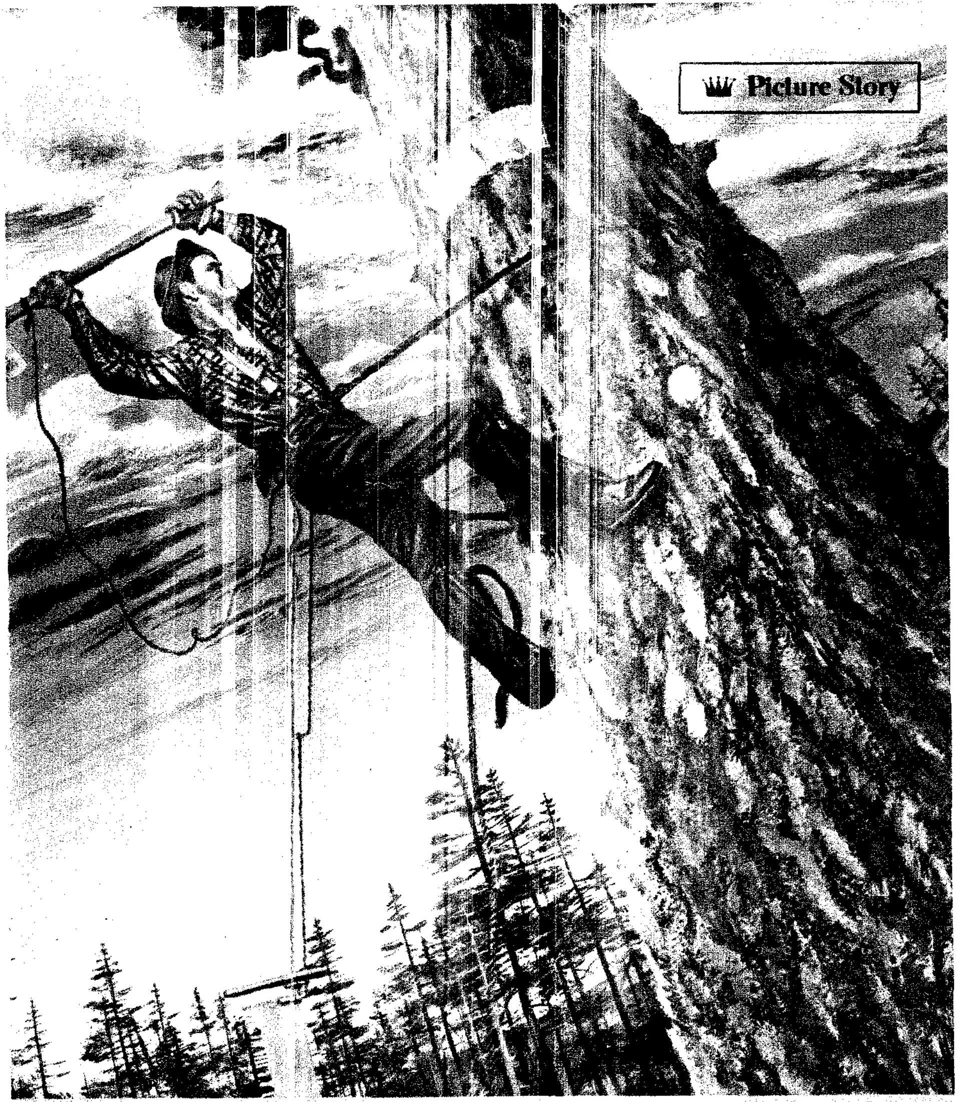
Beach Briefs

These days, when a woman has nothing to wear, she either stays home or goes to the beach. —Rod Brasfield

The only time a girl won't go to great lengths to please a fellow is when she buys a bathing suit. —Jo Ann Colnes

I always take two pairs of sunglasses to the beach—one to wear and the other for someone to step on. —Herb Shriner

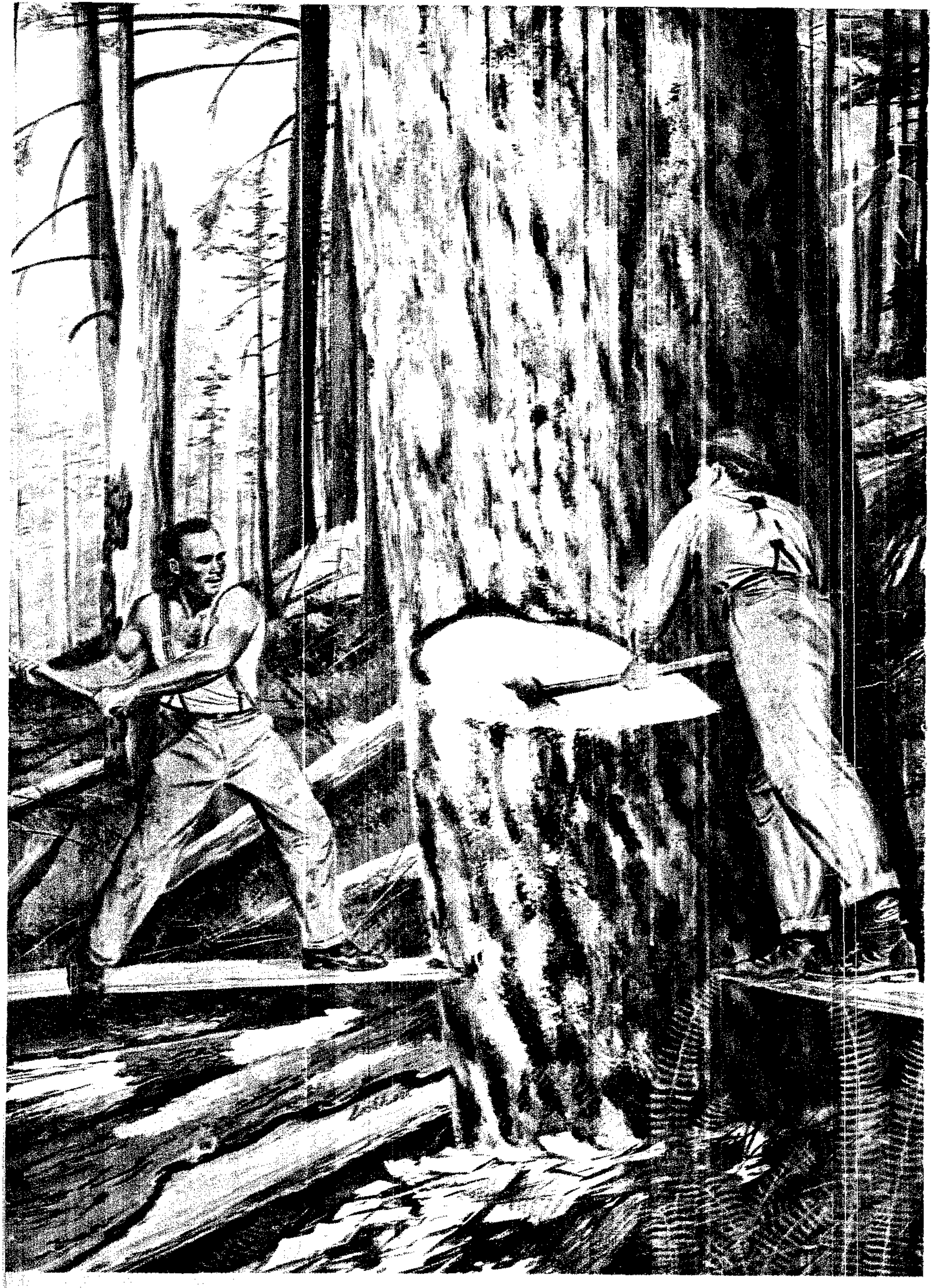
The new French bathing suits are so sensational, Henry Morgan says, that when one was delivered to a friend of his it came wrapped in a summons. —Irving Hoffman



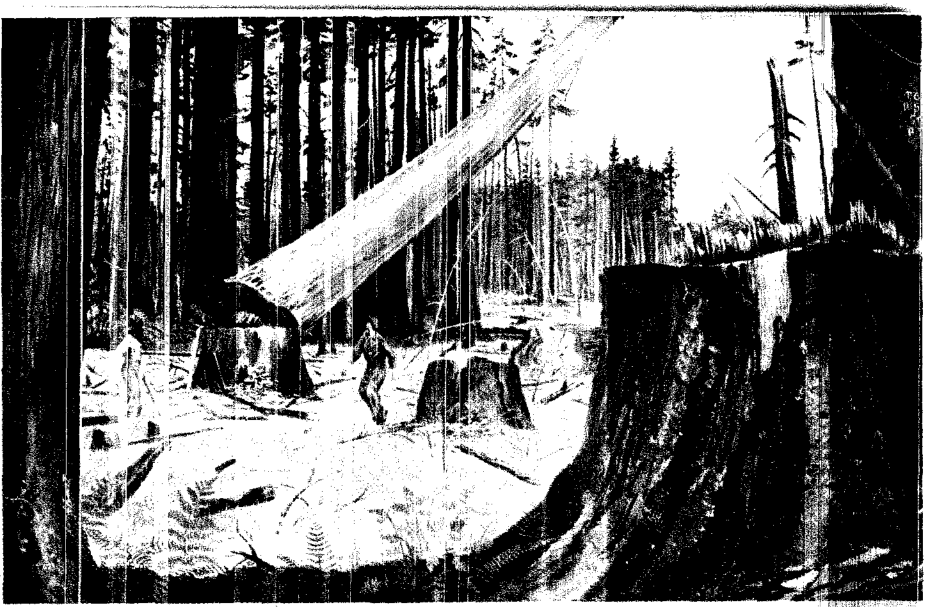
Picture Story

Tall Timber

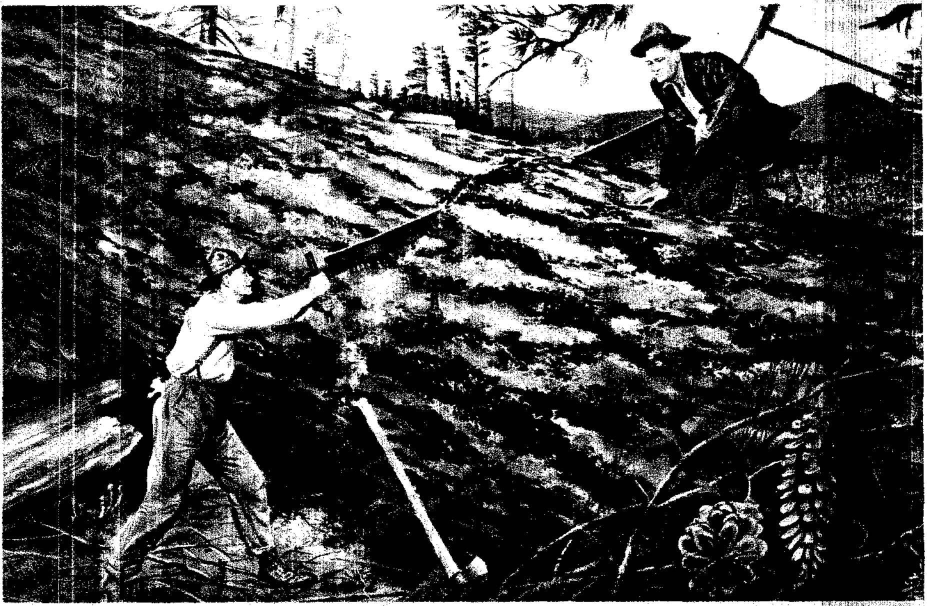
IN THE WILDERNESS of the Pacific Northwest, trees reach 200 to 300 feet toward the sky. Harvesting these living giants is a multimillion-dollar business. Now, in colorful paintings, artist James Lockhart has captured the drama of the Big Tree country—and its legendary men



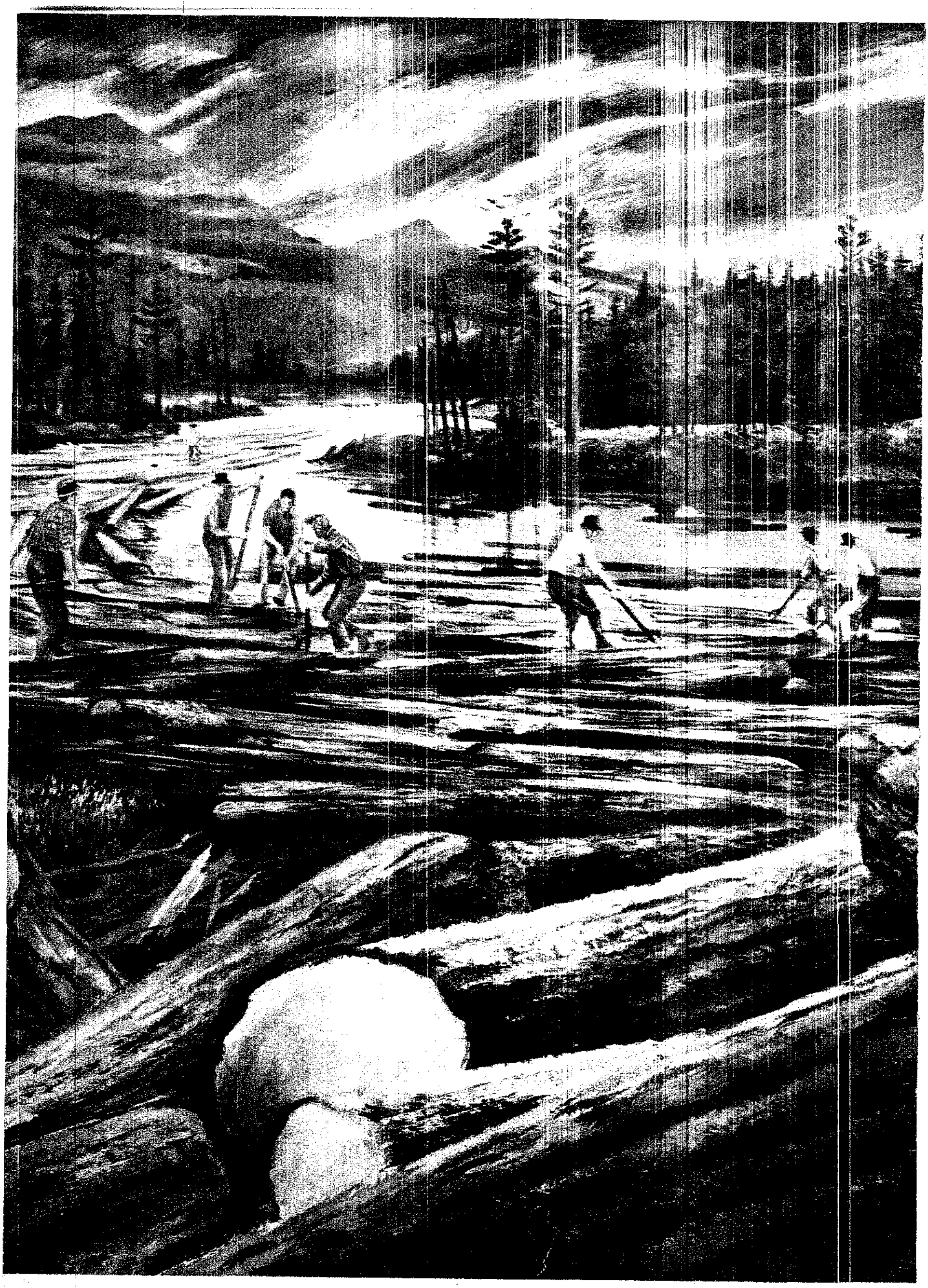
Timber is a crop. The lumbermen who harvest it perform a risky and spectacular job. "Fallers," elevated on springboards, make an undercut to guide the fall. A power or hand saw does the rest.



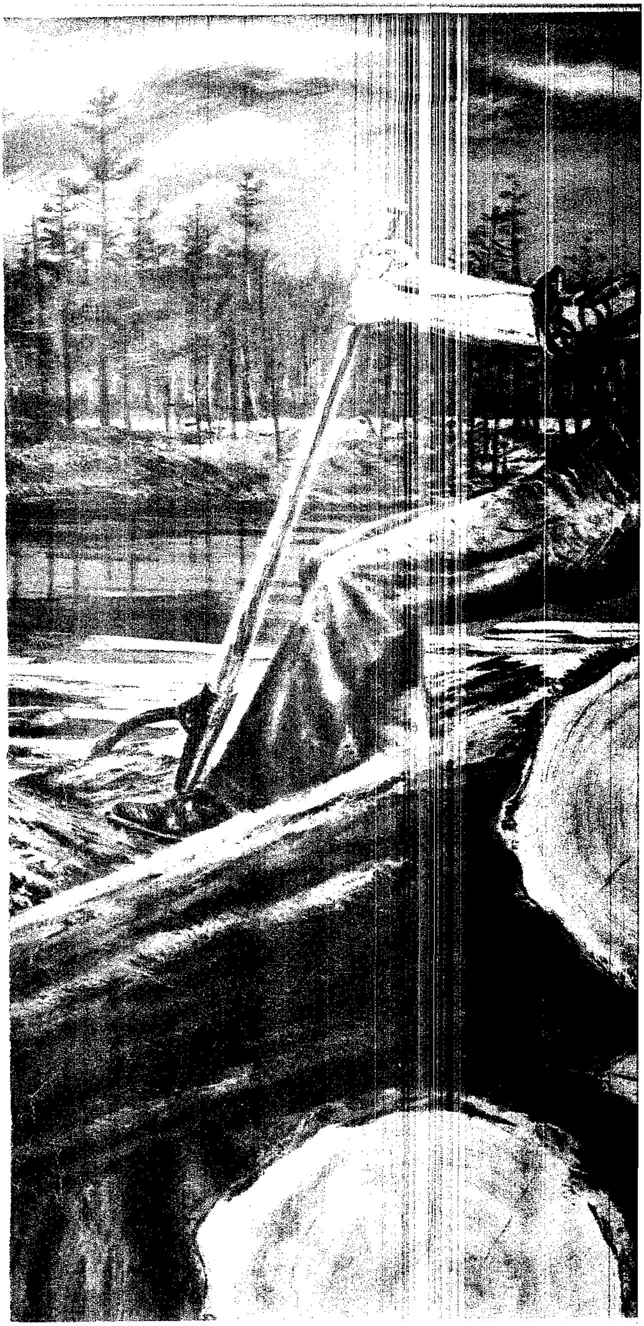
Cut through, the tree begins to "talk." Then, tilted on wedges, the 150-foot giant spreads its majestic green sail and crashes to earth. To fallers, a "sidewinder" or renegade tree may mean sudden death.



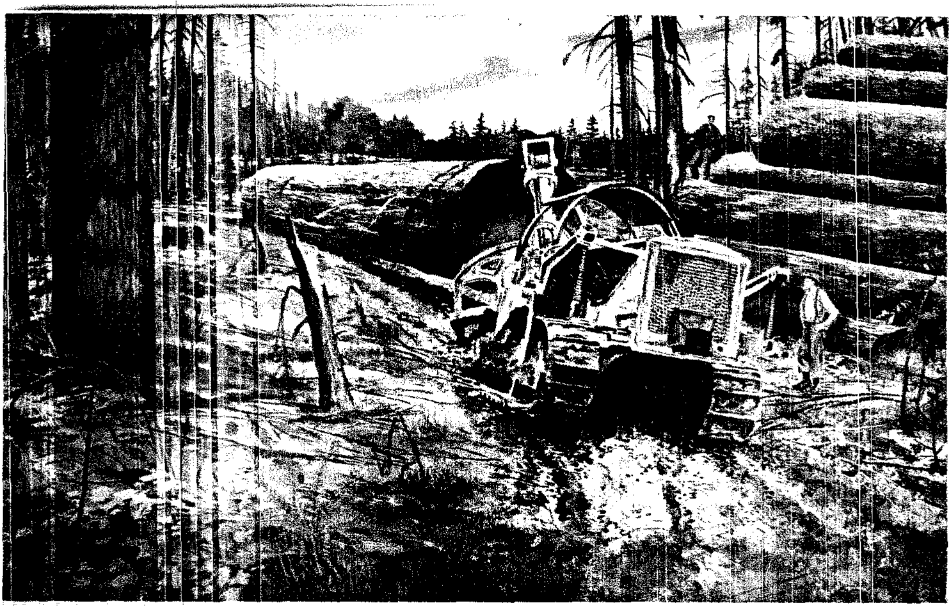
A "bucker" attacks the felled mammoth with a crosscut saw, disjointing it into 40-foot sections. Most fallers and buckers are paid by footage, and a scaler (upper right) follows to measure the day's work.



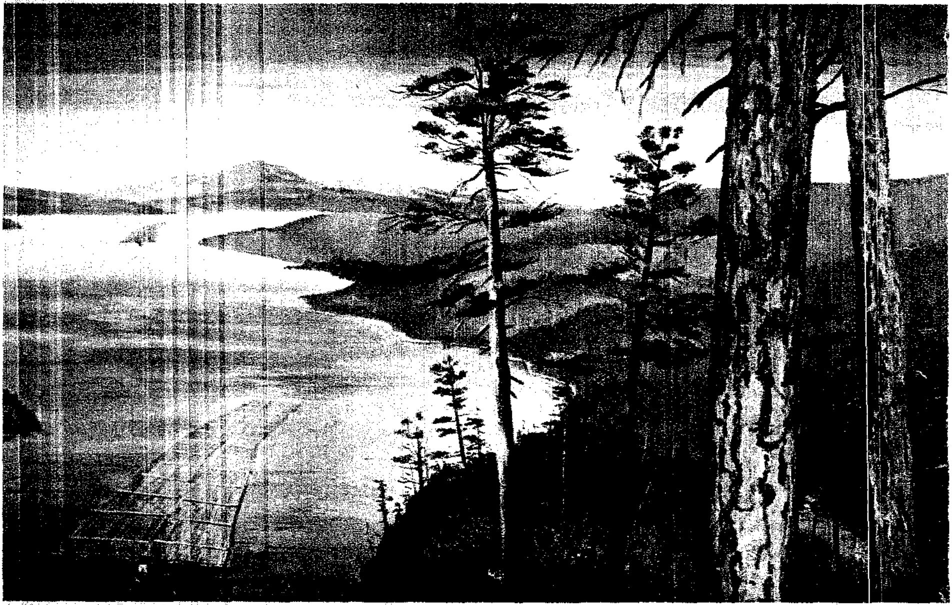
In the old days, when ice relinquished its grip on Northern rivers, log drives saw billions of board feet of timber go racing downstream. Jams were an ever-present menace, and steel-muscled river drivers moved in



with cant hooks and peaveys to set the forest g
Colorful, rugged and dangerous, river driving
planted by more modern logging methods.

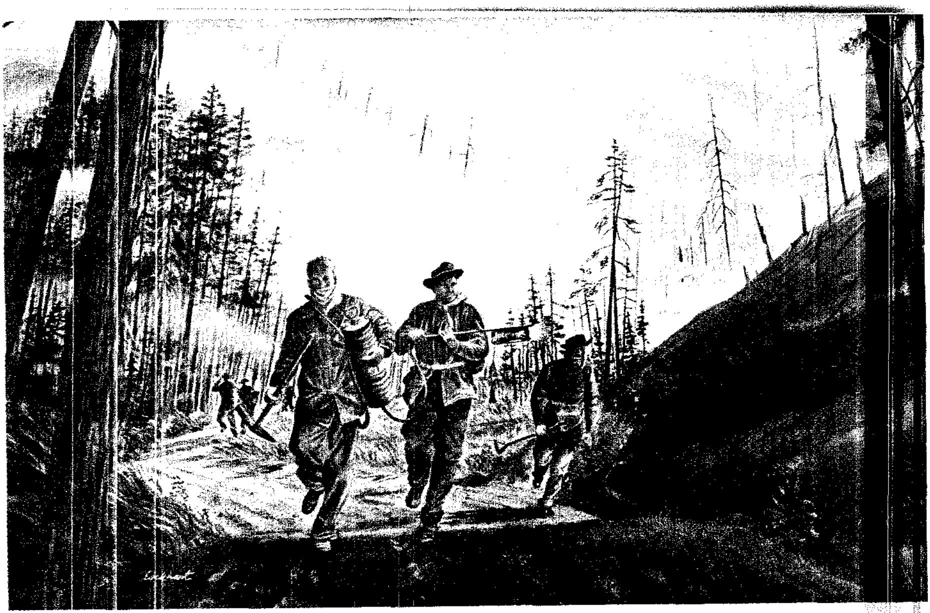


Today, grunting "cats" and gigantic trailer trucks dominate forest operations. At the loading landing, logs are branded and shipped. A 60-ton Douglas fir (above) is worth about $750 delivered at the mill.

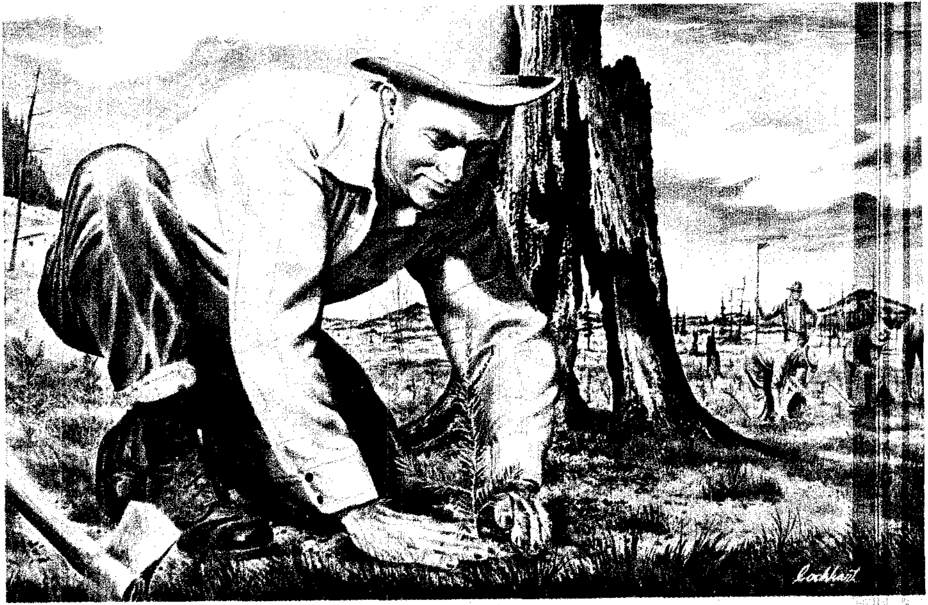


In slow waters, sorted and graded logs are rafted together and towed by tugs. An average tree contains 5,000 board feet of timber. An average day sees 300,000 board feet moving down from a big camp.

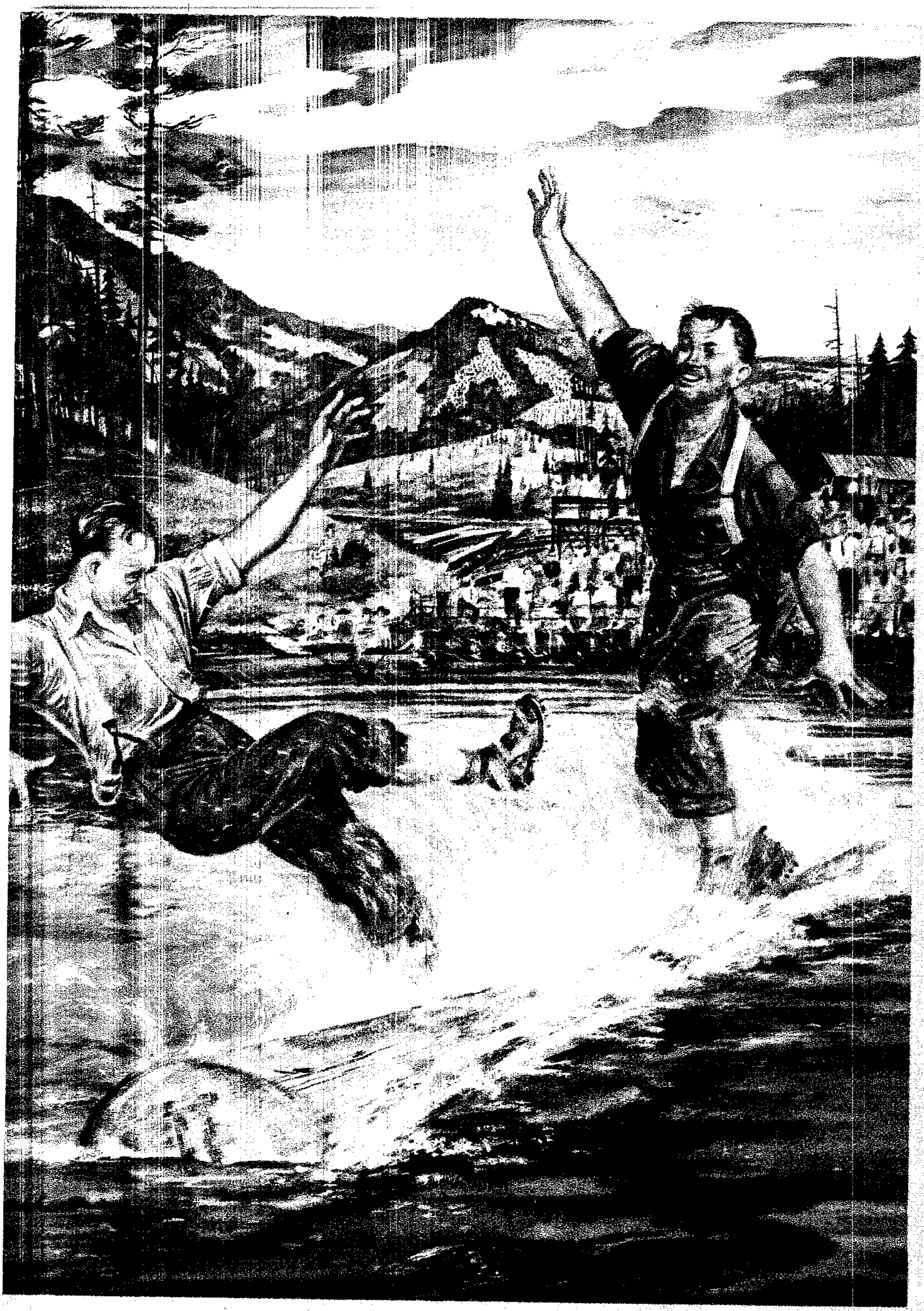
REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



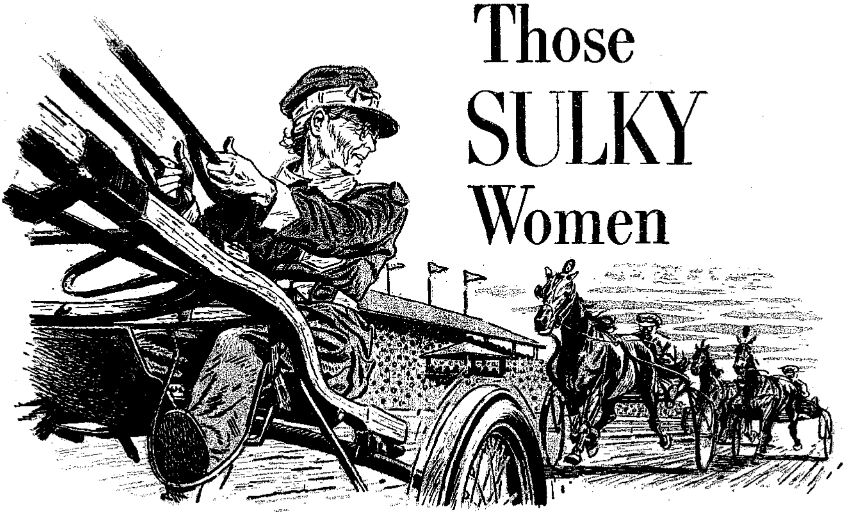
Fire is the grim enemy of forests. To help foil it, lumbermen suspend operations when humidity falls below safe levels. Despite such precautions, the Northwest's fire toll last year was more than $500,000.



"Sustained yield" is the magic phrase of the woods. The ruthless come-and-get-it days, when whole forests were destroyed, are gone. Intelligent reforestation insures a new harvest in about 80 years.



Woodsmen are as tough as the trees they fell. Prodigious men, they work strenuously, eat enormously, play with immense zest. In Tall Timber country, where everything is huge, they always feel at home.



Those SULKY Women

by **JEAN BURKE**

They more than hold their own against male competition at the trotting tracks

MOST MEN REGARD women as beautiful, charming, and competent in their own fields, but hardly as competitors in the man's world of sport.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, (depending on the point of view), this tradition of masculine superiority is being shattered in the sport of harness racing, where men are meeting their match in the ladies of the sulky. More and more sport-minded women, taking up the reins, are discovering in racing an opportunity to compete with men on an equal basis. They get no favors and ask none, because, as bewildered sportsmen are finding out, they need none!

Even the nation's top reinsmen are not unbeatable when a skillful woman handler gets behind a trotter or pacer. "Sep" Palin, renowned as the great master trainer of the world's fastest trotter, Greyhound, found that out the day he came up against a little wisp of a 67-year-old grandmother. Sportsmen wondered if the world hadn't slipped from its stirrups, since Mrs. Forrest Burright, better known to race fans as "Grandma" Burright, became that day in 1943 the dean of all women drivers and the darling of the racing public.

The race was to have been a two out of three heat event, and after three heats, no driver had won the necessary two. Mrs. Burright had one, "Slim" Shilling had another, and Sep Palin the third. Accordingly, the three winners were called back for a raceoff.

Palin didn't appear. After the third race he had turned his wilting horse around and driven off the track. He unwound himself from the sulky and threw the reins to a groom. Then, pointing to his exhausted horse, he ruefully told the judges, "That's enough for me. If I can't beat her in a field of 13 horses, I sure can't beat her in a field of three!"

The following week Mrs. Burright did it again. At Lexington, Kentucky, hallowed home of the trotters, the local Colonels forgot their mint juleps and hung out the windows of the turf club shouting, "Come on, Grandma! Come on, girl!" as Mrs. Burright again beat the great Palin over the mile distance in a photo finish.

What Palin discovered in 1943, harnessmen the country over either knew or have discovered since. The fact is, a woman given a comparable horse to drive will win her share of races against men. Women have realized that they are under no handicap, and in the past year the number of women drivers has nearly doubled.

The acceptance of women drivers at nearly every trotting track is due in large part to the skill behind the reins of one woman, Gladys Harriman. Her husband, E. Roland Harriman, the well-known financier, is revered as the guiding hand of the sport. It was due to his insistence that rules were set up to organize the harness racing on its present basis. Because of his respect for his wife's ability, restrictive clauses on women drivers were not even considered.

In fact, one of the proudest days in Harriman's life was when he beat his wife in a race at Goshen, New York. He swung off the sulky that afternoon and jubilantly announced to the friendly crowd, "I've chased my wife around this track for years and this afternoon I finally caught her!"

Percentage-wise, women have actually done better than men. Though they are outnumbered at most tracks by some 60 to one, they hold at least five track records and four world's records.

The three most important world's records in the harness sport are for the fastest trotter and pacer, and for the fastest trotting stallion. It was almost adding insult to injury when 13-year-old Alma Sheppard piloted her father's great stallion, Dean Hanover, to the world's record mark of 1:58½—which was unexcelled for many years.

One of the great factors in most sports is physical strength. In harness racing, strength is not necessary, and therein lies the big reason why women can compete equally with men. Instead of strength, the requisites for the winner's circle are skill, patience, and daring.

Any remaining skeptics could doubt no longer when official records late last summer showed a beautiful, raven-haired, 23-year-old Quaker girl named Aleathe Nichols listed among the year's top 20 winning drivers with 54 notches on her sulky shaft for contests won. With some 8,000 drivers rolling around the mile and half-mile tracks in the country, that is no mean accomplishment.

THERE IS SOMETHING of the glamour of the theater in the bright lights and dark skies of the harness track, in the sparkling sulkies and drivers in rich rainbow satins. Each woman driver through her skill and daring plays a stellar role. She is a favorite with the racing public from the moment she leads her horse onto the track.

Harnessmen haven't always regarded women as worthy competition. In fact, there was a day when they were considered a scatter-brained menace to other drivers. For West Coasters the awakening came with Hellen Davis.

Hellen Davis is a Californian who gave up college 22 years ago to follow a turf career. Today she shares "Trotting Queen" honors with Mrs. Burright, but her first races were quite a different story. Neither she nor seven other drivers will ever forget one of her earliest races at Stockton, California.

A driving woman in those days was not merely an oddity, she was a terror. Not a man alive, save perhaps her own father, thought that any girl could control as much as a blind pony. Hellen couldn't help but notice the black looks and uneasy conversation that greeted her as she pulled her strapping bay, Palo Cres, into position for the start of the race.

They were off! Around the turn into the backstretch, at the three-quarter pole and into the homestretch, Hellen pleaded with Palo Cres, "Faster now! Come on, boy! Faster!" The stallion leaped to the sound of her voice and pounded toward the head of the field.

Slowly, surely, Hellen overtook and passed one after another of the leaders until the nose of her horse reached the wheel of the first sulky. She saw the driver frantically wave his switch around his head. Clearer than words, she saw his fear of an accident caused by loss of control of her horse, meshing of wheels, too close a passing of the sulkies.

As she gained on him, he yanked on the inside reins, edging away from the pounding hoofs of Palo Cres. Then Hellen swirled past with feet to spare.

When she was on her way under the wire, she called back consolingly, "Don't worry, I won't hurt you!" And not a harnessman has worried since.

Hellen Davis went on to win acclaim as one of the great harness drivers of all time—man or woman. To this day, she is one of the most sought-after drivers on the West Coast and one of the few women who have been granted the privilege of driving at the glamorous Santa Anita and Hollywood Park meetings.

WOMEN, MAKING sulky racing a career, have spent years perfecting their skill. They mother and scold their charges as they do their own families. They know that a good horse will make many thousands of dollars and is worth every bit of care they can give it.

One of the best of the younger drivers is 24-year-old Joyce Burright, youngest of Grandma Burright's seven children. A good horse, excellent care, and superior driving have combined to bring Joyce nearly $13,000 in winnings with her trotter, Kinny Wyn. Mrs. Burright gave him to Joyce when she was graduated from high school.

When Joyce married another young driver last spring, Kinny Wyn gave them their start in married life. Joyce persuaded her husband, Jack Hankins, to wait one more night before financing a trailer home, and let her take Kinny Wyn to the races. Kinny Wyn, as though he knew what was at stake for his young mistress, gave her all the speed he had and won by a wide margin.

A top harnesswoman may look frail as a June breeze but she can rub down a horse, doctor him effectively when he sneezes, set bones in a splint in case of sprain or injury, and even, in a pinch, shoe him. She has spent many hours at the track learning her trotter's speed, what extra speed can be called upon, and how long it can be sustained.

A daring young New York driver named June Dillman turned a gray saddle horse into one of the most persistent winners on Eastern and Midwestern tracks. Some women have purchased "cheap" horses at sales for a few hundred dollars—as did Edith Mouw, an attractive Iowa driver, when she and her husband bought her winning trotter, Truxie Volo.

Sulky racing is fun; it is thrilling; it is an adventuresome career and can last a lifetime. One woman driver, asked if she would advise a daughter to follow in her footsteps, thought for a moment and then, answering out of the fullness of her experience, said: "Yes, for though she may never be rich, she'll always be happy!"

That is what seems to characterize sulky women—their conviction, quiet but deeply sincere, that sulky life is living at its best.

This Misbehaving World

Police in an Illinois city were instructed to start enforcing regulations governing newly installed parking meters. Among the first cars tagged were those of the police chief, the city attorney, and the city inspector.

—CHICAGO *Sun Times*

Two men were fined for smoking while at work aboard a ship in New York Harbor. Their work: to paint signs reading, "No Smoking."

—*River Works General Electric News*

A New Jersey man insisted he had turned in a false alarm because he wanted to find out if his wife would stand by him when he was arrested.

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

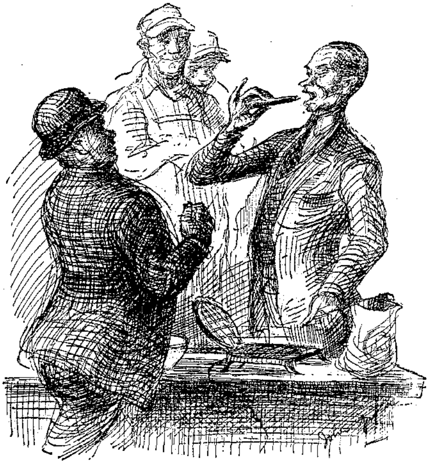
An 83-year-old Michigan man admitted that he burned down his house and four other buildings on his farm as the only way to stop arguments among his relatives as to who would get the property when he died.

—T. J. McINERNEY

Detroit police quickly ejected a local citizen from their jail when they found he'd tricked officers into locking him up on a pretended public intoxication charge. Reason: he wanted to be jailed so he could thrash an inmate who had been too attentive to his wife.

—JOHN E. CROCKARD

Showmanship vs. Salesmanship



by **JOHN McNAMARA**

I HAD MY FIRST LESSON in showmanship back in the '20s in the office of the Conlin & Green paint store in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Mr. Conlin, a wry, laconic oldster, called me up from the basement so I could see a couple of star salesmen in action. "Might teach you something," he said.

There were half a dozen people in the upstairs office when I arrived. Messrs. Conlin and Green were there; also Mr. Comparato, head of our wallpaper department; a couple of painters and paperhangers; and two strangers. One was a little man in a derby. I didn't pay much attention to him, but the other stranger—well, I couldn't take my eyes off him.

There was nothing about his clothes or manner that screamed for attention; yet he commanded it every second of the time. Talking conversationally about his product—a dry wallpaper paste—he took an electric waffle iron from his bag and set it up on Mr. Conlin's desk. Beside it he placed a package of his dry paste.

"You know, a lot of people talk about wallpaper paste being pure," he said, with a hard look at the man in the derby. "I'm going to show you just how pure ours is!"

Deliberately he poured some of the powder into a bowl, added water, poured the batter into the waffle iron. "Here's what I mean when I say it's pure," he said, opening the iron. He took out a beautifully browned waffle, broke it, and began eating it with apparent relish.

The painters grinned delightedly. I was spellbound. The little man in the derby looked abashed.

Mr. Conlin glanced at me to make sure I was watching, and then said sympathetically to the little man, "Well, Bert, would you do that with your paste?"

The little man looked shocked. "My gosh, no!" he gasped. "Why, she'd stick my insides together."

The two painters looked at one another and nodded. Surely, paste was supposed to stick. Mr. Conlin looked at me and winked. . . .

Every once in a while, when I think I have a bright business idea, I think of old Mr. Conlin's wink, and the bright idea goes promptly into the wastebasket.

From *After Business Hours*. Copyright 1949, and published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, N.Y., in association with Printers' Ink Publishing Company.

YOUR BIGGEST BARGAIN IN VACATIONS

by **NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE**

Our National Parks offer recreation and breath-taking scenery—at a nominal cost

PICTURE YOURSELF enjoying a vacation like this: Your home is a cabin by a rushing stream. Above it, tall pines whisper in the wind. Around you are towering mountains for breath-taking scenery.

For fishing, you have your choice of 250 streams and 200 lakes. For riding and hiking, you can choose from 700 miles of trails. For entertainment, there is everything from square dancing to tall-tale telling around a roaring campfire.

Now here's the astonishing part. The total cost for a ten-day stay in this idyllic spot for a family of four is only $150!

Sounds too good to be true? It's not only true, but this particular vacation spot in Sequoia National Park is just one small sample of the recreational possibilities that make our 28 National Parks America's biggest vacation bargain. Sprawling over millions of acres of forests, rivers, lakes, mountains, and a bewildering variety of natural wonders, they make up the world's greatest vacationland.

The chances are that it's a lot easier for your family to enjoy a National Parks vacation than you think. Park officials are convinced that, even though some 11,000,000 people now visit the Parks in a single year, millions more miss out simply because they don't know about this wilderness wonderland. Some of the facts are startling.

You believe that National Parks are expensive to visit? Far from it; they can give you some of the lowest-priced vacations in the world. You think they are hard to reach? Wrong again; no one in the country is more than two driving days from a major National Park.

If you live around New York City, for instance, you need drive only one day to reach the green wonderland of Shenandoah National Park, with its fabulous Skyline Drive. A little more than a day will get you to Maine's Acadia National Park. Going westward, four days will bring you to unspoiled Isle Royale, far out in blue Lake Superior.

If you live in the Chicago area, you are just a day from Isle Royale, a little more than a day from the Great Smokies, less than four days from Rocky Mountain National Park, the Grand Tetons, and the Yellowstone. As a citizen of the West Coast, of course, you have all the Western marvels within easy reach—Grand Canyon, Yosemite, Sequoia, Mount Rainier, Glacier, Yellowstone.

There is not a Park in the nation to which admission is more than $3 for a car and its occupants, and a few Parks make no charge at all. Where the services of a guide are involved, there are sometimes charges. The guided trip through Carlsbad Caverns, for instance, costs $1.20 for each adult. Children 11 years or under are admitted free, and there is no charge for entrance to the Park itself.

A Chicago family of four wanted to visit Yellowstone National Park. Year after year they put it off, because they felt it would be too expensive; there was never more than $200 in the vacation budget, and they were sure that wasn't enough to permit a real Yellowstone visit.

But just for fun the wife finally wrote the National Parks Service. When she and her husband sat down to look at the folders, they got a surprise.

"You can't tell me we could actually stay there ten days for $150! There must be some catch!"

There was no catch. This family, like thousands of others, did go to the Yellowstone, and their ten-day stay cost only $140—an average of $35 apiece, including meals. They lived in a simple wood and canvas cottage, heated with a woodburning stove. (Yes, you often need heat in the Yellowstone in July; the temperature can drop to below freezing at night.)

They enjoyed "roughing it" because it gave them a change, and the low cost made their vacation possible. They could have lived even more cheaply by pitching a tent in one of three free public camp grounds, which are also available to the trailerists.

The lodgings in the National Parks are run by private concerns, operating under a contract in which strict limitations are placed on price. These fixed prices apply not only to sleeping quarters, but also to meals served at the moderate-priced cafeterias.

It is easy to get information about any National Park, or about all of them, even if you are leaving on your vacation quite soon. Transportation and oil-company travel services will cheerfully give advice; and the National Parks Service issues a number of leaflets, one about each Park, and several general ones that cover a number of Parks.

However, to get up-to-date information more quickly, you should write directly to the officer in charge of the particular Park that interests you. Address your letter like this: Superintendent, Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas. Even if you don't know the exact city, the state will be sufficient.

Adequately armed with information about the Park, you won't miss anything you should see. For instance, you don't want to find yourself in the predicament of tourists who, bent on visiting Bryce Canyon National Park, make the mistake of leaving it before they get there. That often happens because, about ten miles out, the road passes through Red Canyon, a spot of such fantastic beauty that travelers find it hard to believe they are not seeing Bryce Canyon itself.

As you drive through any National Park, you can't help but marvel at the wonderful fact that these vast and beautiful wilderness areas have been set aside for all of us to use and enjoy. Citizens of other countries are not so fortunate. We might not be either, if a group of adventurers had not sat around a campfire one night 80 years ago and, moved by the dramatic setting of what is now Yellowstone, dreamed up the whole bold idea.

There to investigate the half-mythical "Colter's Hell," an unexplored region which many doubted even existed, the group of Montanans were overwhelmed by what they saw. One of them suggested they should file homestead claims and develop the fabulous valley as a tourist attraction. Some agreed, but one man, Judge Cornelius Hedges of Helena, shook his head.

"No one should own this land," he said. "It should belong to everybody. It should be a national park."

There was a moment of silence while the idea sank in. A national park! Today the words are so familiar that we take them for granted, but then the thought was startlingly new. Every man at the campfire felt a sudden sense of awe at the possibilities of turning this wilderness wonderland into a recreation spot for all Americans.

Once back in civilization, Nathaniel Langford went up and down the country, lecturing and talking to influential people. His initials, N.P.L., won him the name "National Park Langford." His enthusiasm was contagious, and Congress passed the bill that set apart the Yellowstone as "a pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people."

Thus the National Park System was born, though only the wildest of dreamers could have foreseen the vast scope it would some day have as one by one new Parks were added to the list. Within the last few years, the list has been increased by Big Bend in Texas and the Everglades in Florida.

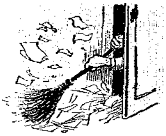
Every National Park is unique, and different from all others. In the Pacific Northwest, there is fantastic Olympic where you can see amazing rain forests rivaling those of the Amazon jungle. At Lassen Volcanic in Northern California, you can see gurgling mud pots, pink lava crags, and the most recently active volcano in the country, which last erupted in 1921. At Crater Lake is one of the world's strangest bodies of water, cradled in the huge hole created when the peak of an ancient volcano collapsed. At Mesa Verde, you can climb among the caves in which Indians lived at the time of Christ. Three National Parks—Mammoth Cave, Wind Cave, and Carlsbad Caverns—descend deep into an underground fairyland.

Although Park officials know it would take months to see all there is to see, they will help you see as much as possible in the time you have. Suppose you turn up at Sequoia National Park. Going to stay just one day? Park officials will give you a rousing one-day schedule. It will include seeing the General Sherman Tree, a 272-foot giant that was already a big tree when civilization was starting in ancient Egypt, plus such other sights as Moro Rock and Tharp Log, the hollowed-out giant in which a man named Tharp once lived.

Stay two days and they will give you a line-up including such wonders as a stretch of the Alta Trail and the High Sierra Trail to Eagle View. Of course, the longer you stay, the more you see—even if you linger a month.

Your sources of information on the spot are those walking encyclopedias of vacation lore, the Park Rangers and the naturalists. From the moment you enter a Park, you can depend on them to help you. And they will understand your feelings when it is time to head back home. Like millions of other Americans, you will be convinced that the Park you picked to visit is the most beautiful spot on earth.

Why Editors Leave Town



From the Tampa (Florida) *Tribune*, announcing salary raises for Florida state employees—"The raises provided for employees in both the high and low salary rackets." —NEAL O'HARA, *McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*

From the Colton (California) *Courier*—"The bride was not a massive one—it had no superstructure—but it was mighty convenient for the Belmont people." —MARY E. KOPSICK

From the Rochester (New York) *Democrat & Chronicle*, announcing an appointment—"He hereby is given provisional appointment as Junior Mechanical Engineer at the annual salary of $3,000, plus $200 cost-of-loving bonus." —MRS. AGNES DARCY

From the Lacombe (Alberta) *Globe*—"The bride's mother wore an ecru-lace tablecloth with crocheted centerpiece, upon which sat the three-tiered wedding cake." —L. J. DRIVER

From the Salt Lake City (Utah) *Telegram*—"She was as pretty as a picture, and wrapped about her throat was an antique gold chair." —*Hudson Newsletter*

FAMILY GUIDEPOSTS: NO. 9

More Love, Less Sex

by **MARYNIA FARNHAM, M.D.**

We might well revive some of the "old-fashioned" virtues, says a noted psychiatrist

A WOMAN OF MY acquaintance was taken aback recently when a precocious teen-ager challenged her with the remark: "They didn't know much about sex in your day, did they?"

Though elderly, my friend is not without spirit. She replied: "And in yours, they don't know much about anything else, do they?"

In its slightly catty way, the exchange was illuminating, for it summed up two epochs, near in time but far apart in viewpoint. Sexually speaking, modern young men and women feel themselves closer to the world of the Greeks and Romans than to that of their grandparents. With scorn they look back on Victorian days when lovers climaxed romance with a moonlit kiss, got married, disappeared for a while and then re-emerged with enriched smiles—and a baby.

How had they acquired the baby? Some said the Stork had brought it; others that the doctor had conjured it out of his little black bag; still others just fobbed it off onto Providence . . .

In referring indirectly to these absurdities, the brash teen-ager mentioned above felt her own enlightened, modern position to be unassailable. But wasn't there truth, as well as resentment, in the older woman's reply? Now that we have repudiated our forebears' prudishly mystical attitude toward sex, haven't we, the enlightened moderns, struck an attitude almost equally absurd?

Kisses today are no longer climaxes. They are merely the beginning of a chain of events as matter-of-fact as getting up in the morning and going to work. We have floodlighted that discreet obscurity of the Victorians: in fact, we have lit it up to the exclusion of almost everything else. Precisely those aspects of masculine-feminine relations which used to get most of the illumination—the idealistic aspects—are now left in the dark.

Is this because they have no value and, therefore, deserve no light? Or, as some of us happen to believe, is it because they have been grossly undervalued?

Marriage is a compound—or should be. Neither all starry-eyed idealism nor all biological function, it is most satisfactory when composed in equal parts of both. Separating the parts and trying to prove that one or the other is the complete thing, is as nonsensical as splitting a painting and hanging the first half in the bedroom and the second in the parlor.

You probably know couples like George and Sarah, who have dispensed with the parlor half altogether. The hows, whys and wherefores of begetting a baby are an open book to them, a book from which they always seem to be quoting. However, no baby toddles among their modern furniture, because they also know the hows, whys and wherefores of not having one.

When either of them is attracted physically by someone else, the other understands and steps politely aside. Each has had "affairs." After all, there's nothing mysterious about sex, they say; it's just another bodily function, like eating.

So George and Sarah go their modern way, and just now that way happens to have led to my consulting room. They came to me, a practicing psychiatrist, because they badly needed straightening out. With all their sexual know-how, they were miserable.

I don't intend to oversimplify. I won't say that the only thing wrong was their neglect of love in favor of sex. That was merely one of the wrong things, though a big one.

From the beginning they had denied the profound emotional content of sex. Their analogy between sex and eating was good enough, except that while they had been stuffing themselves one way, they had been starving themselves another. Emotionally, they were hungry for good, old-fashioned, idealistic love.

FOR A PSYCHIATRIST to start talking about love, in the 19th-century sense, may seem to be the height of heresy. For, you may ask, wasn't it Freud and his followers who dragged sex out of the Victorian closet and gave it the run of the house? Indeed, aren't they responsible for the very existence of people like George and Sarah?

These are not easy questions to answer briefly without once more running the risk of oversimplification. However, they are so firmly rooted in most people's minds, along with simple affirmative answers, that it would be a mistake to wave them aside. So let me say:

1) Psychiatrists did not make love an outcast. When they first turned their attention to it, it was an emasculated thing, the parlor half of the mutilated painting. They restored its sexual birthright. Then, exemplifying the maxim, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," the Georges and Sarahs of the world, the camp followers of psychiatry and psychoanalysis, mutilated it again, this time in the interest of the bedroom half.

2) Aren't the psychiatrists, as a consequence, responsible for George and Sarah? No—no more than the author of an honest book on finance is responsible for the reader who misuses his knowledge to become an embezzler.

Lots of things besides psychiatry conditioned George and Sarah. As with all of us, they are products of heredity and environment, their particular environment being characterized above all by social revolt and the beatification of science.

Consider, too, this case of a successful career woman. She grew up in a home dominated by her father. Her mother was just a sort of unpaid cook and housemaid. The girl quickly grasped the situation. Men enjoyed all the privileges; women were slaves.

Early in life she won the reluctant approval of her father—who resented the ill-luck which had sent him a daughter—by turning herself into the next best thing to a son. She became a tomboy. Later, she took advantage of the opportunities which were opening up for women to meet men on their own ground.

Then she got married. This surprised her friends, but it was logical enough from her own viewpoint, for, if she hadn't married, it might have meant that she was afraid or ashamed of being a woman, afraid to put herself to the test of marriage. But she didn't fall in love; instead she formed a sort of business partnership with her husband. They were equals, a couple of good pals living together because certain needs, such as sex, were satisfied more easily that way.

And, as it happened to Sarah and George, so now it happened to this woman. She and her husband found that their marriage didn't satisfy. So they turned elsewhere for satisfaction. When, for the second time, they failed to find it, they were worried.

The woman especially had been sure the fault was not hers. Now, confronted with the disturbing evidence of an unhappy love affair, she was forced to reconsider. Was it possible the fine logic which ruled her life contained an error?

As she brooded over the question, she had a dizzy feeling of drifting. When I met her, she was on the verge of a severe neurotic illness.

It was not psychiatry that had betrayed this woman. It was a whole complex of events and influences, high among them her determined effort to divorce sex from love. This effort faithfully reflected the vast mechanization of life around her.

Sexual expression, unless it is the expression of a love relation between two people, is a meaningless activity. This is the most misunderstood and neglected notion of the present time. The "scientific" attitude (for which, Heaven knows, science can't really be blamed!) is that sexual activity is a need that must be satisfied in any way that comes to hand.

This absurd idea has had the unhappiest effects. It has contributed in large measure to the rising divorce rate. And we can see its workings in the prevalent tendency toward premarital, as well as extramarital, sexual activities.

THE CAREER WOMAN mentioned above was not alone in jumping to the conclusion that failure to get sexual satisfaction at *home* must mean that another partner would fill the bill. Lots of people make the same mistake. The fact is that a philandering husband or wife too often is incapable of real sexual satisfaction because of his or her own inner difficulties.

All of which is not to condemn the present widespread knowledge of sex. It is right and healthful for people both to know about the subject and to deal with it frankly. But at the same time we do not want to scuttle our grandparents' hard-won idealism. Maybe the two seem mutually contradictory. They are not, unless we make them so—any more than science and religion are. It is only when we insist on sex to the exclusion of love, or on love to the exclusion of sex, that division occurs. How, then, should we correct our own mistake?

Well, to begin with, let's take love out of the modern clothes closet and have a look at it. It is emotion, a force. While our grandparents were misguided in separating it from its physical expression, they were wise about some of its other expressions. They channeled it not only into moonlit romance, but also into loyalty, patience, understanding—in short, into every sort of human quality that might bolster a home and give it permanence.

And these, of course, are exactly the qualities that are so sadly lacking in so many homes today. They derive from love, which is inseparable from sex. Without love, sex alone is incapable of animating them, and in the arid soil of sexless love they wither.

Understanding of all this may not be enough, by itself, to effect a cure with people like George and Sarah, but it is an essential step in that direction. When we realize that the sexual act is involved with an emotion that sparks loyalty, deepens sympathy, integrates and nourishes the whole character, we probably will think twice before indulging in it at random.

From the social viewpoint, attempts to prevent the formation of wrong ideas about sex usually are more rewarding than attempts to correct them after they are formed. A child lucky enough to find himself part of a loving and dependable family needs little real training in the meaning of sex and love. Basic sexual facts can profitably be explained to him, of course, but their meaning he will understand of his own accord, just from seeing and feeling the devotion of his parents to each other and to him.

I know a husband and wife who regard themselves as exemplary parents. They have sacrificed to give their children a college education and financial security. Now they complain that their efforts have been wasted. The children haven't appreciated their good fortune.

It has never occurred to these parents that they defeated their own purpose by failing to provide a happy home. They were too busy to do so. As a result, their children grew up distorted, incapable of deriving any real profit or satisfaction from their material benefits.

This case represents one of the great tragedies of our era. We slave in order to feed our children delicacies, meanwhile letting them starve for the common bread of human love and kindness. Neither a college education nor financial security can produce happiness. A love-filled home can. If taken to heart, this single great truth should be enough to restore our faith in love.

Outside the home, society should do its best to provide a necessary education for mature living. Instruction, not only in the elementary facts of sex but in their relation to the character of the individual, to the family, and to society, should be included in the curricula of schools and colleges. We should try to give students the conviction that no marriage should be abandoned until each partner has made the maximum effort to make it work. Most of all, we should present them with a philosophy of sexual life in which the relationship between physical and emotional elements is made unmistakably clear.

If we succeed in this aim, we will have brought forth a generation of young men and women who can be counted on to make good homes. These homes, in turn, will certainly turn out well-adjusted children. Thus, we will have started a chain reaction which, for all we know, may have as profound an effect on the world's future as the one expected of another chain reaction—that of atomic fission.

Cartoon Quotes

Lady to salesgirl: "I want to exchange this hat. I don't know what's wrong with it, but my husband thinks it's pretty." —*Grit*

Girl, to kneeling suitor: "Now don't rush out to your dentist or buy a different hair tonic. It's just that I don't love you."—ROBBIE ROBINSON

Wife to harassed husband: "I'm sending the bank a check for the $4.85 I overdrew." —BEN ROSS

Host to dinner guest: "I always like it when we use the best china—my wife won't let me help with the washing up." —BARRY APPLEBY

Well-upholstered matron to friend at fashion show: "I used to have the figure for that dress—when I didn't have the money to pay for it." —GEORGE CLARK

You Can change the World

by FATHER JAMES KELLER, M.M.

DURING A POSTWAR ceremonial at Los Angeles Coliseum just after V-J Day, more than 100,000 spectators jammed the huge stadium to witness a mighty pageant in honor of the city's war heroes. Thanks to the magic of Hollywood, the arena had been transformed into a realistic battle scene.

Exploding land mines shook the earth, batteries of tanks roared across the stadium, a mass formation of B-29's swooped down over the watching throng. The noise was deafening, while the effect, thundering and overpowering, emphasized the helplessness and insignificance of the individual in the face of so much mechanical might.

Then something strange happened. Suddenly, all the outburst stopped. Stepping to the microphone, the master of ceremonies began to speak to the listening thousands.

"Perhaps you sometimes say to yourself: 'My job isn't important because it's such a little job.' But you are wrong. The most obscure person can be very important. Anyone here who wants to exert a far-reaching power may do so. Let me show you what I mean."

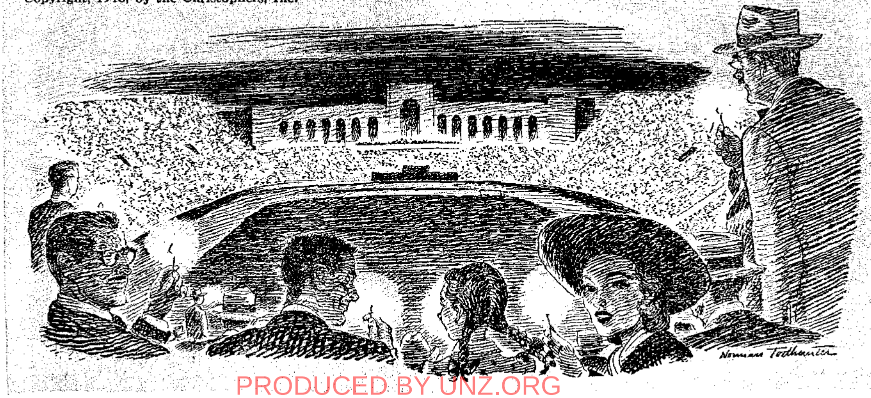
Abruptly, the giant searchlights that bathed every corner of the Coliseum were turned off. From day-like brightness, the great arena was unexpectedly plunged into total darkness. Then the speaker struck a match, and in the blackness the tiny flame could be seen by everyone.

"Now you can see the importance of one little light," he said. "But suppose we ALL strike a light!"

From all over the stadium came the glint of matches being struck, until, swiftly, nearly 100,000 pinpoints of light glowed in the summer night.

Everyone gasped with surprise. Quickly and effectively, there had been demonstrated to them the power of each human individual.

Copyright, 1948, by the Christophers, Inc.



NEW FOODS

to Sharpen America's Taste

by GEORGE WEINSTEIN

Savory delicacies from all over the world are finding their way to our dinner tables

IN A TINY HUT in Yucatan, two men, a Mexican farm laborer and an American traveler, were bent over a simmering soup kettle. A delightful aroma of herbs, spices and vegetables permeated the room.

"Now, *señor*," the laborer was saying, "you add these chili pods and continue to stir."

The American jotted some notes. He was trying to put on paper a recipe which had been carried around in native heads for generations. While passing the hut on a trip through the countryside, he had detected the aroma of the soup and had stopped to ask about it.

This was nothing new for Zachary Gabel, who makes a hobby of tracking exotic soups to their habitat and bringing them back alive. As soon as he returns home, he lights a fire under his own kettles and keeps stirring until he can faithfully reproduce his latest find.

For years, friends who have been raving over his discoveries urged him to put them on the market. Two years ago he yielded, and after studying his hundreds of recipes from all parts of the world, he selected his prime favorites. The farm laborer's recipe is now incorporated in Gabel's Aztec Bean Soup. Danish Gule Arter is a yellow pea soup which he first tasted in a restaurant in Copenhagen.

Singapore Mulligatawny was wangled from the cook of a tramp steamer plying the Malay Straits. Odessa Cucumber is a peasant concoction from Yalta. Arabian Chervah, Basque Onion, and Bavarian Mushroom Barley were acquired on their home locations, too. The likes of these soups most Americans have never tasted before.

Gabel's products are not the only new or unusual foods Americans will soon be eating. The entire food industry is dreaming up all sorts of savory delights to capture public favor. Many sectional and foreign delicacies are finding their way to the American table, thanks to the latest in know-how, which is making it possible to process, package, and ship almost anything eatable almost anywhere.

Take the abalone, that delectable Pacific Coast shellfish, which up to now never got very far beyond Hollywood and its environs. It looks somewhat like a king-size oyster on a perforated half-shell, but its meat is firm enough to make wonderful little steaks. It is caught a short distance off the Santa Barbara and Monterey areas, usually by fishermen in diving suits, who use crowbars to pry the mollusks loose from rock formations.

Up to now, the bottleneck in the abalone business has been the processing. Tearing the abalone from its shell was a tough job, done almost entirely by hand. Soon, a machine will snap off the meat in one swift stroke, and the increased production will make it possible to meet a demand from other parts of the country.

Other highly regarded seafoods, known only by reputation in many localities, are breaking away from their home shores, too. Connoisseurs, for example, have long praised delectable snapping-turtle stew. Soon they will be able to feast on this dish the year 'round, for their local food stores hope to have it by the tinful.

The fabulous bisque made from Louisiana crawfish has helped make several New Orleans restaurants world-famous. Now, that small, tender, fresh-water cousin of the lobster is ready to travel. And from icy lakes high up in the Rockies comes another delicacy—Rocky Mountain rainbow trout. Enterprising dealers ship the fish the same day they are caught, and guarantee their arrival in perfect condition, anywhere in the country.

NOT ONLY IS the new know-how bringing us more interesting varieties of foods, but it is also streamlining their preparation. The current boom in precooked dinners is developing so fast that it may soon make cooking a vanishing art. Last year more than a billion pounds of meat went through the kitchens of Swift, Armour, Hygrade, and other meat packers.

Practically everything cookable —complete with all the fixings—is finding its way into a "just-heat-and-serve" package or can. Such good old reliables as roast beef and gravy with carrots and peas, spare ribs and sauerkraut, roast-lamb loaf, Irish stew, pot roast, and roast turkey with dressing were among the first to find acceptance.

Now there is a swing to somewhat fancier fare, like Welsh rabbit, fish in aspic, turkey steak, Mexican, Chinese, Italian, and deviled-crab dinners. This last one is served on gleaming white shells which come with the package.

And in the *de luxe* class are dinners built around the Chinese rice bird, guinea hen, chukar partridge, and bobwhite quail. One of these meals may take you through Mallard duck soup, pheasant, cooked wild rice, corn relish, and wild cranberry jelly —and set you back the better part of a $10 bill.

A newly-patented self-heating

can, which cooks without benefit of flame or fire, may eventually take the little woman out of the kitchen altogether. It is a container within a container, and all you do is punch a hole in the outer one. The incoming air sets off a chemical reaction which heats the contents of the inner can in 12 minutes.

Even for those who still insist on doing their own cooking, there is plenty of help. New delicately blended dressings, secret seasonings, private-recipe sauces, all guarantee to make any dish taste as if Oscar of the Waldorf had prepared it.

One amazing preparation, known as MSG, actually comes pretty close to doing just that. It is neither a condiment nor a seasoning, nor does it impart any flavor of its own. Yet it improves the taste of almost any food by bringing out that food's natural flavor.

MSG (short for monosodium glutamate) has been known in the Orient for a long time. Of late, American food processors have begun to use it on a wide array of products. One of the country's largest corn and soybean processors, the A. E. Staley Manufacturing Company, has recently completed a big plant which will be devoted exclusively to its production.

Another unusual item, "Char-crust," makes steak taste as if it had just come off charcoal embers. This ingenious preparation will also do wonders for chops, cutlets, fish pies, potatoes, and hamburgers.

THE ELEMENT OF CHANCE has been removed from home baking, too. First came those premixed flours—the kind you add milk to, stir, and shove into the oven—all in a matter of a few minutes, according to General Foods stop watches. Everything from potato pancakes to gold chiffon cake can be whipped up from premixed flours.

Even that old Southern favorite, the hush puppy, has joined the parade. A new corn-meal mix, based on a Florida recipe, assures all hush-puppy bakers of success.

And now comes the last word in streamlined baking—ready-mixed dough. You don't even have to add milk or water. All you do is place the mix in the oven and set your alarm. When the bell rings from 15 to 45 minutes later, you have a cherry pie, clover-leaf rolls, blueberry muffins, or cinnamon rolls.

Just recently, General Mills announced a new baking process. Called "Brown 'n Serve," this revolutionary bread-making technique turns out fully formed, fully risen rolls or bread which may be stored for weeks in a refrigerator. Then the dough is popped into an oven for seven minutes to emerge perfectly baked. While General Mills will shortly offer "Brown 'n Serve" bread for sale in grocery stores, anyone may ask for and receive instructions on how to cook these prebaked rolls.

There is something new in honey, too. Several "honey houses" now specialize in the distribution of local honeys, many of rare flavors never before tasted outside their own states. Among them are creamy blue curls from California, pine honey from North Carolina, sourwood honey from Tennessee, mesquite honey from Arizona, tupelo honey from Florida, and milkweed honey from Michigan.

They are doing some unusual

things with butter these days. Cornell University succeeded in blending it with honey to make a delicious honey butter. A Pennsylvania manufacturer is turning out a mushroom butter and a celery butter, both of which should find interesting uses. A line of fruit butters—pear, plum, apricot, peach, and several others—has also made its appearance. And just perfected are four nut butters—walnut, almond, pecan, and filbert.

America's taste for nuts is due for perking up from other directions. One is the delicious piñon nut, really the seed of the piñon pine cone, which has long been enjoyed in our Southwest, and is now being shipped to other parts of the country. Another, known variously as the calabaza nut, the pepita, or Mexican pumpkin seed, has been munched on for centuries below the Rio Grande.

And the great Hawaiian Island favorite, the Macadamia nut, will soon be more plentiful and less expensive in the U. S. It looks like a hazel nut, but has the taste of a sweet, tender cashew. The nut originated in Australia, where it was ignored for centuries because it was so tough to break open. About 50 years ago, someone experimentally planted a few Macadamia trees on Oahu Island. They prospered. More trees were planted and before long the nut began to achieve a limited popularity—limited because few people had the time or energy to shell it.

Finally, in the 1930s, a mechanical cracker solved the problem, and a boom was on. At the time of Pearl Harbor, the nut was just about ready for quantity export. The war set production back several years, but the nut will soon be here in large quantities—shelled, cooked, and delicately salted.

Yes, it looks as if America's eating habits are due for some important changes. More interesting foods, more easily prepared, are making eating more fun. And, if our enterprising food industry continues bringing us such variegated and fascinating delicacies as cheese-and-bacon frankfurters, poi, sea robins, potato pirogen, boysenberries, conch, and *foie gras aux truffes*, each meal may turn out to be an exciting adventure.

An Announcement to Coronet Readers

The Coronet Subscription Fulfillment Department has been moved from Chicago to Boulder, Colorado. Modern quarters there will insure more efficient service on subscriptions in the future. Incidentally, the Boulder area is a famous vacation spot. So if you should happen to be in the neighborhood, you are cordially invited to inspect the new Coronet subscription building.

NOTE: *Coronet's business and production offices will remain in Chicago and its editorial and advertising headquarters in New York.*

Miracle in my classroom

by RUTH MOULTON

There's no limit to the things that can be accomplished by prayer; if you doubt it, this true story should convince you

I BRACED MYSELF for a difficult interview. Before me, I felt sure, was another of those demanding mothers. Something in the way the woman had shut the door brought back unpleasant memories of other talks during which special requests had been made of me as headmistress of the school.

"My daughter Sara," the mother began—then stopped.

"Sara," the mother repeated, now with an obvious effort, "is going blind."

"Oh, I am sorry." A wave of sympathy flooded me. Then I asked: "Are you sure?"

"Yes, we're quite sure. The doctor calls it 'progressive nearsightedness.' Of course the child must never know. You must help there—and also keep her out-of-doors as much as your routine will allow."

I nodded quickly. "Here in the country we can easily see to that. I'm so very sorry about it all . . . it does seem . . ." I stopped helplessly. Then I continued: "I'm a great believer in prayer, you know. We must pray over this."

A look of hopelessness flickered over the mother's face. She arose, grasped my hand and then left.

It was a golden September day outside. The school year had just commenced for some 125 students in this college preparatory school for girls, run by my husband and myself. Already I had a problem case to worry about.

I immediately made a point to become acquainted with Sara. She turned out to be a cheerful, active girl of 14—but a bit too earnest for her years. Hardly taking time to adjust herself to the new school, Sara plunged quickly into her studies with eager intensity.

I kept my word to her mother. From then on, Sara was constantly in my prayers.

One autumn morning the weather was so warm that I decided to walk to a near-by hillside for early morning prayer. On this hill next to the school I had often found

From *Guideposts*, a monthly published at Pawling, New York, and the book of the same title, edited by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale; copyright, 1947, by Guideposts Associates, Inc.

God's presence so real that I gained fresh insight into His will for the school.

I had been there but a few moments when I saw Sara coming down the path from a point still higher up the slope.

"Why, Sara," I called, "whatever have you been doing?"

"Oh, I come up here to pray," she said almost gaily.

"But so do I!"

We stood there together, laughing at what seemed a great coincidence. I found myself drawn to her closely—and feeling more and more pain over what the future held in store for her.

For some time I had entertained the idea of inviting the girls to early morning prayers in my office or outside, depending on the weather. Now, while walking back to the school with Sara, I decided that the time had come to set this plan in motion.

Several days later I informed the girls that I always made it a practice to read the Bible and pray each morning before breakfast. "I would be most happy to have any or all of you join me any morning," I added. And so it began. Sara started coming to my office for morning devotions regularly. Soon other girls joined her.

These sessions were most informal. Girls slipped in and out of my office at will. I gave each of them a notebook in which to record a daily prayer.

When a girl wrote a prayer, she also jotted down the date. As soon as the prayer was answered, this date was also recorded. Sometimes prayers were answered almost immediately, the notebooks revealed. More often it took a long time, and frequently the prayer was such that it might never be answered, at least in a definite way.

In a short time I noticed a new spirit in the school. Friendships ripened. Discipline improved. It was amazing what a depth of feeling and friendship could result on a prayer basis.

ONE DAY I FOUND an opportunity to talk with Sara alone. "Sara," I began, "there is such a thing as studying too much. You should get outside more, child—and not read quite so much."

"Oh, but I must read." Sara spoke with sudden emphasis. "You mustn't tell anyone—especially not my mother—but I'll soon be going blind. Now is my chance to get all I can—I must really go on reading and reading."

I couldn't trust myself to speak for a moment. "Now come, child. Who gave you that idea?"

"Why, the doctor did. I heard him tell mother all about it. But mother must never know that I know. You promise not to tell her, won't you?"

"I'll not tell her—I promise." Numbed, I wanted to comfort her in my arms. Instead, I merely looked at her helplessly, admiring her courage and spirit.

Sara's triumphant attitude touched my heart deeply. All my life I had believed in the power of prayer. At the same time I realized that along with prayer must go hard work, plus faith in God's decisions, regardless of how hard it is to understand them at times.

"Dear God," I asked, "please help this courageous girl who wants to see so badly and who, if her sight were spared, could give so much more to the world."

Sara and I prayed regularly together, asking for a healing. We remained lighthearted. She continued her intense studying and I did my best to keep her outside as much as possible.

Months later the doctor noticed a sudden change in Sara's eyes. A change for the better. We held our breath. The next examination showed still further improvement. And at the end of three years the "progressive nearsightedness" had completely stopped!

There is an interesting sequel to this story. Sara completed her schooling with a brilliant record. While studying for her doctor's degree at Yale, she won the Cook Prize for her religious poem, "The Return to Eden." Today, Dr. Sara Deford is assistant professor of English at an Eastern college.

So Faith Is Bunk, Is It?

He prides himself on being a practical man. Certainly he has been very successful in business. He was enumerating the reasons for his success before a group of businessmen the other day. Hard work, study of markets, and ability to pick good men to help him, were among his reasons.

"It seems to me," a listener suggested, "that you have overlooked one of the most important."

"What's that?"

"Faith."

"Bosh!" said the practical man. "Faith is bunk. A thing either is or isn't. At best, faith is another word for luck or chance. A fellow can't see his way out, or around, but somehow he makes it. Then he says it was because he had faith. I believe only in things I can see."

We wondered. We knew a little about the man and his affairs, and we could guess at some others. He had done all the following things in the week just past:

He had pressed a light switch without checking to see whether the power company's generators were still running, or whether the wires into his house were down.

He had told the filling-station attendant to put in five gallons, without asking the city sealer to see that he got the exact amount.

He had made a bank deposit. He had taken a six-month note from a friend. He had bought government bonds which would not mature for ten years . . . and this in an age of atom bombs.

He had made a hurried trip to New York and back by plane, without asking to see the pilot's license, or being able to see the air that held him up or the propellers that pulled the plane through it.

He had accepted chairmanship of the Community Chest drive knowing that the goal was 30 per cent higher than it had ever been before. "We can do it!" he had said in a stirring kick-off speech.

He had ridden in his office elevator a dozen times without once thinking that the power would fail or a cable break.

But, says he, faith is bunk. He is a very practical man.

—*KVP Philosopher*

GRIN AND SHARE IT

A NUMBER OF MEN, not too well-known to each other and meeting as a group for the first time, thought each should introduce himself by giving his full name, education, family status, and so on. The first gentleman started by saying he was Alexander Swinefurt MacGibbon, Harvard '19, married, with two sons; both at Harvard. The second said he was Theodore Spotswood Burlingame, Jr., Harvard '15, married, three sons—all Harvard, of course. The third said he was Percival Bollingbrooke Timberland III, Harvard '18, married, two sons—both Harvard, of course.

The next man rose and stated, "I'm Bill Jones, Yale '20. I'm not married. I have two sons—both Harvard, of course." —GEORGE L. WHITE

THEY WERE driving past the jeweler's when the little woman remembered. "Oh, John, stop!" she exclaimed. "I must leave my watch to be cleaned."

John maneuvered into a parking space and she tripped inside. But when she came out again she was still wearing the watch. He looked at her in amazement.

"I decided not to leave it," she explained brusquely.

"But why?" he insisted.

"Well, if you must know—that snooty Smythe woman was in there pricing pearls, so I just asked how long it would take to clean a diamond tiara." *—Dorothea Maringas*

MY YOUNG NEPHEW—high-spirited as all small boys ought to be—has, I think, quite good manners. For example, for his birthday last year his mother asked him what he would like best for a present. After considerable thought he said he'd like a baby sister. And it just so happened that his mother was able to oblige him. Quite a pretty baby.

This year, when the lad was asked the same question, he hesitated: "Mother, I hardly like to bother you again."

"Tell me, dear."

"Well, mother, it may be too much for you. Last year I asked you for a baby sister and you gave me one. This year—Oh, it may be too much for you."

"What is it you want, darling?"

"A Shetland pony, please." —H. T. W. BOUSFIELD

A YOUNG FATHER suddenly decided he would be a Good Daddy to his little boy; be his pal, and so on. The next week end, Pop took the kid here and there, and everywhere it was the same story—the kid needed, not a pal, but a combination keeper and sparring partner. Finally they got home, and Pop was ready to die.

This was not on the program

according to Mama, however, and she started coming up with suggestions about what "her two boys" should do next. "Why don't you take Junior to the Zoo?" she asked.

The Old Man writhed in his chair. "Listen," he said, "I'm taking that little monster no place. If the Zoo wants him—*let the Zoo come and get him!*" —John A. Straley

THERE'S A QUAINT, old-fashioned flavor about the story of the couple who furnished a 12-room house with premiums redeemed from soap coupons. They showed a friend around, proudly commenting on how many coupons each chair, table or carpet had "cost."

At the end of the tour the visitor said: "But you've shown me only five of the 12 rooms; what about the other seven?"

"Oh, those," shrugged the householder indifferently. "That's where we keep the soap." —*Capper's Weekly*

SITTING ON THE BEACH, Mr. Tucker fell into a diversion of which his wife heartily disapproved—admiring other women.

"Look at that woman over there in the green bathing suit," he remarked. "Now, that's what I call proper attire for a woman on a public beach. See how modest she appears, and how sensible!"

"Yes," his wife retorted. "Some women will do anything to attract attention!" —*Wall Street Journal*

THE NATIVE of the wide-open spaces was visiting his brother in Los Angeles, and together they went down to the business district to see the sights. Standing at one of the main intersections, they watched the long procession of automobiles and pedestrians moving slowly past. The man from Nevada calmly observed the busy scene for a few minutes, then turned to his brother and drawled:

"Picnic in town?" —Dan Bennett

THE HOSTESS was pressing one of the guests to sing a song following dinner.

"I'm terribly sorry," said he, "but I'm afraid that most of my singing has been done in the tub."

"Well, I'll arrange all that!" she exclaimed brightly. "I'll put you down for a song and when you get up I'll explain that you're terribly out of practice!" —Frances Rodman

A YOUNG COUPLE appeared before a certain judge on a petition for a divorce. As it was the conscientious judge's practice to bring divorce-minded couples together and attempt a reconciliation, he was discussing their impending case with them in his chambers.

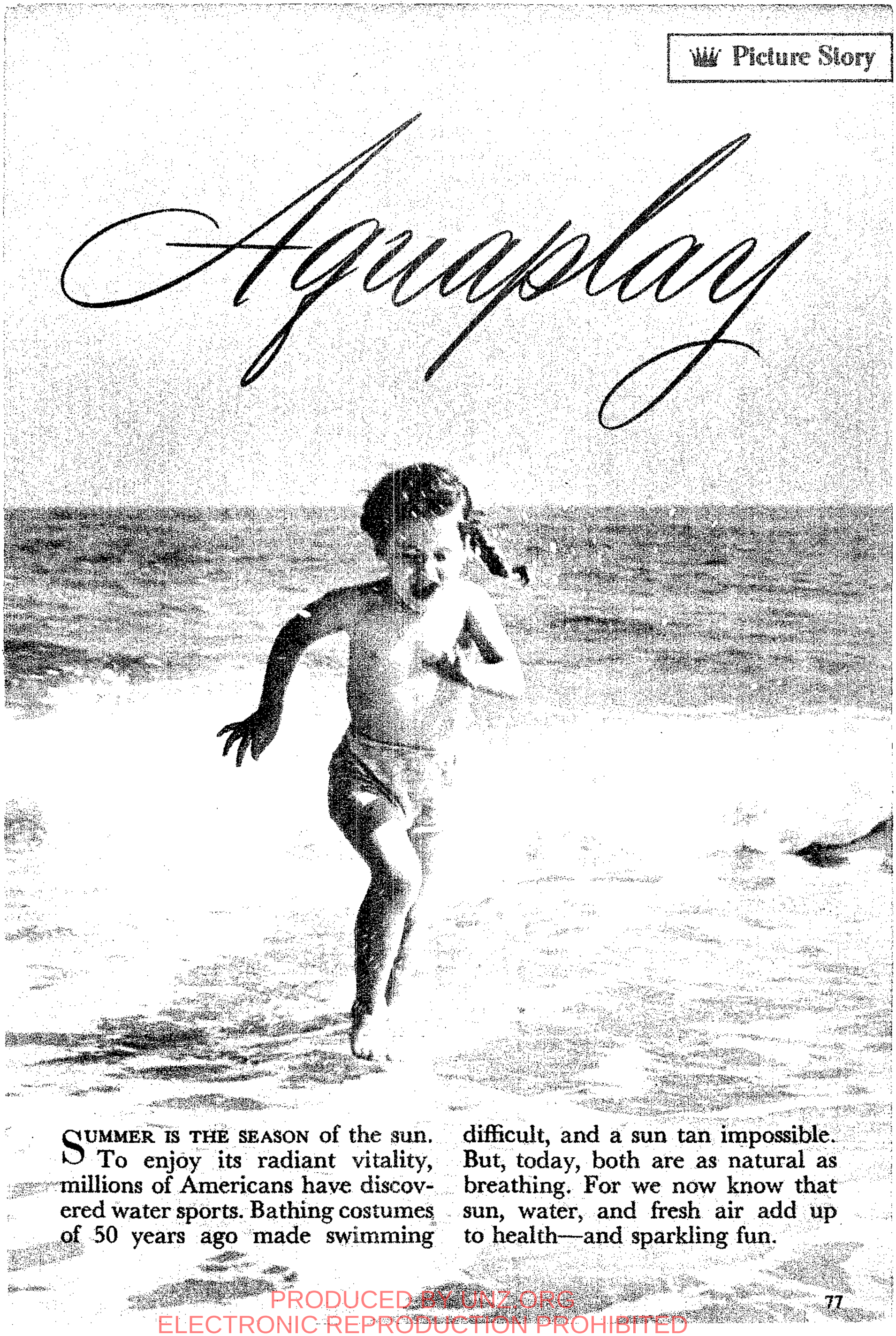
He turned to the young wife and said, "There must have been something you liked about this young man, or else you would never have married him in the first place."

"Yes, sir," replied the young woman, "there *was* something I liked about him, but he spent it." —Jayem Chase

---

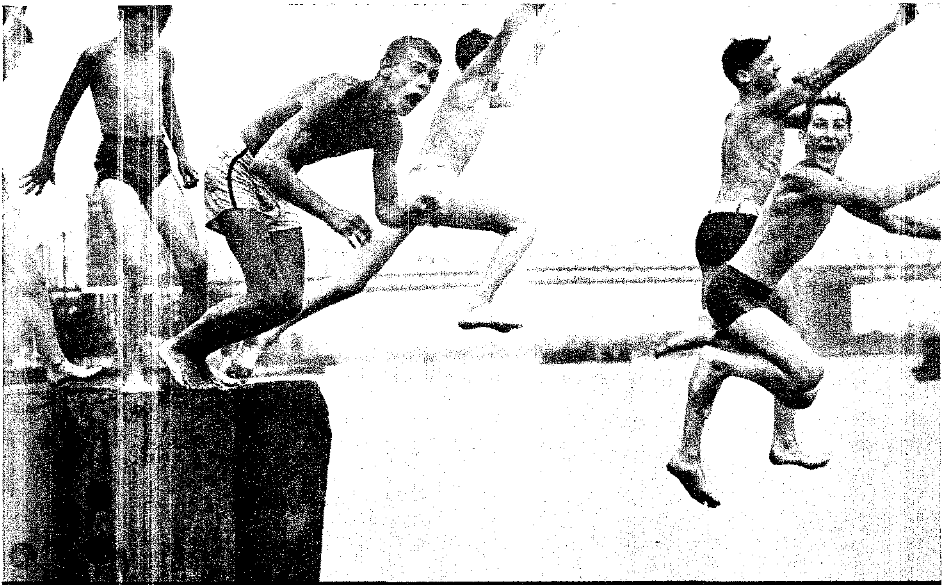
Why not be a contributor to "Grin and Share It"? It's easy, it's fun, and it's profitable! Just send along that funny story you heard or read, telling us its source—newspaper, magazine, radio program. Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Aquaplay



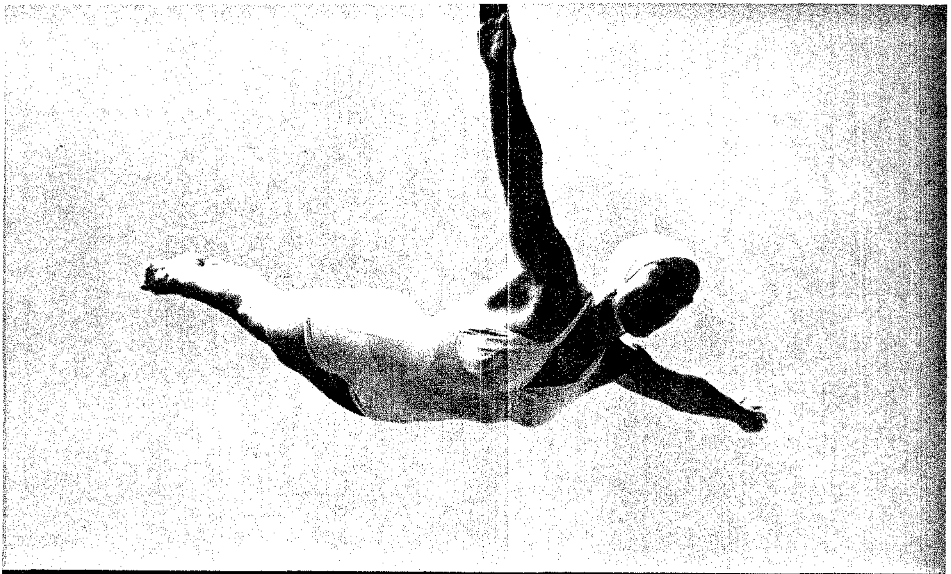
SUMMER IS THE SEASON of the sun. To enjoy its radiant vitality, millions of Americans have discovered water sports. Bathing costumes of 50 years ago made swimming difficult, and a sun tan impossible. But, today, both are as natural as breathing. For we now know that sun, water, and fresh air add up to health—and sparkling fun.

Today, most youngsters are master mariners. Launched on benevolent waters, bathtub toys become mighty ships at sea. And while the game goes on, bones and muscles grow in sturdy promise for tomorrow.

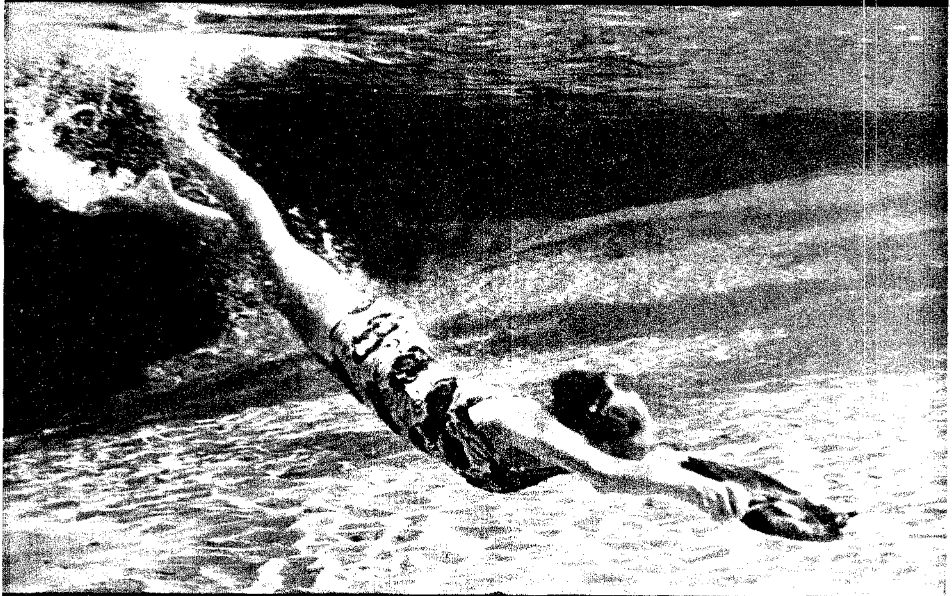


Every spring, there is a loud splash in New York's famed East River. Athletes of the swim-or-sink school, these youngsters give the traditional signal to New Yorkers that summer is not far off.

Soon, in every state, the water invasion is in full swing. Kids who haven't quite mastered deep-water swimming eagerly prepare for it under a watchful instructor's eye. It never seems to take long.



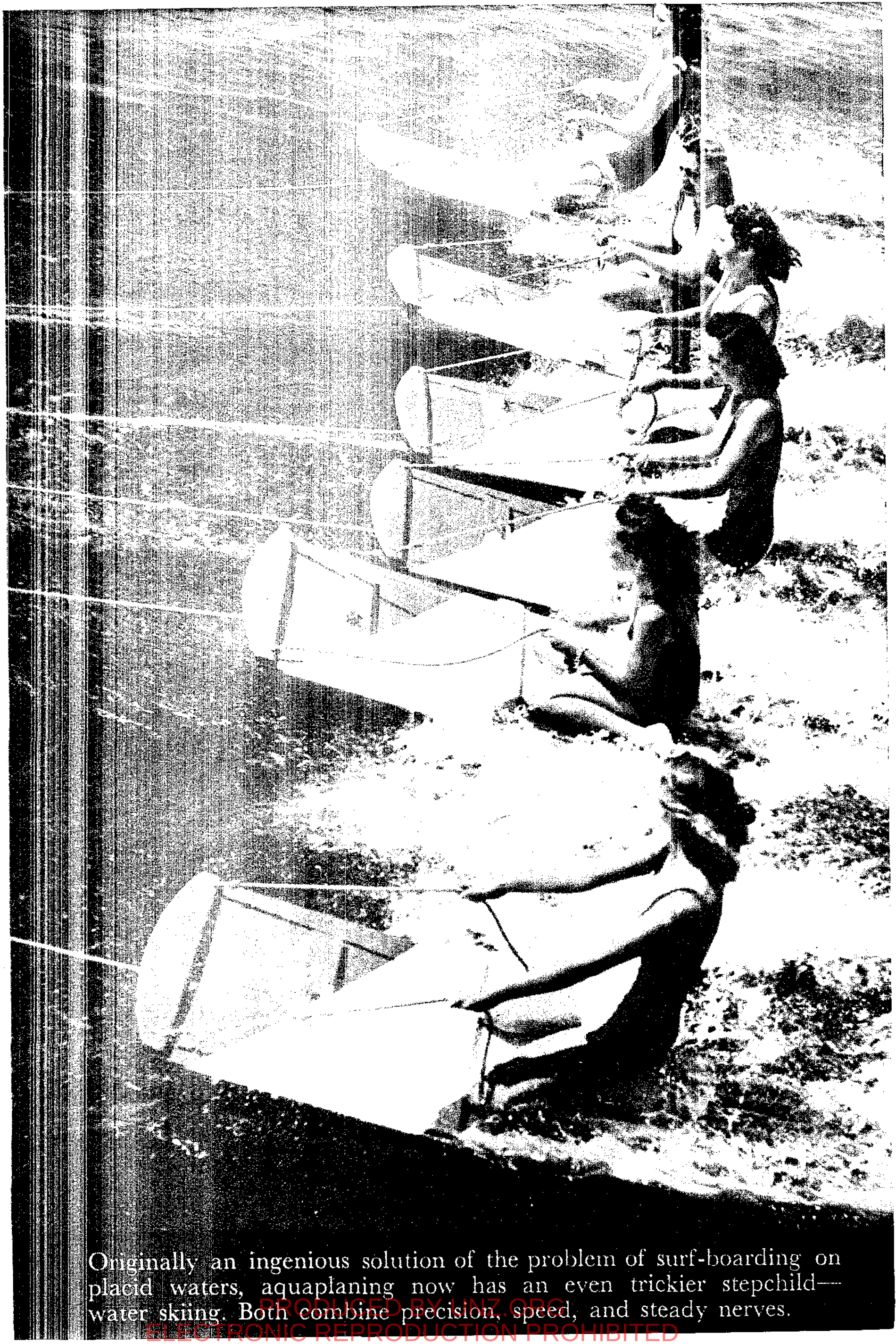
Not every swimmer makes his skill an art. But for the few, high diving has become one of the most graceful expressions of what can happen when you combine young beauty, water, and gleaming sun.



Aids like swim fins, goggles and underwater rudders have opened exciting aquatic worlds. Once a realm known only to professionals, the crystal depths are now explored by

Plain, ordinary swimming, meanwhile, has lost none of its charm. The crawl—fastest stroke ever devised—was introduced to America at the century's turn. Now, almost every swimmer uses it.

Aquaplanes hold an irresistible challenge for many swimmers. Fast and exciting to ride, these water skimmers are comparatively easy to master. Overconfidence, however, usually leads to a quick ducking.

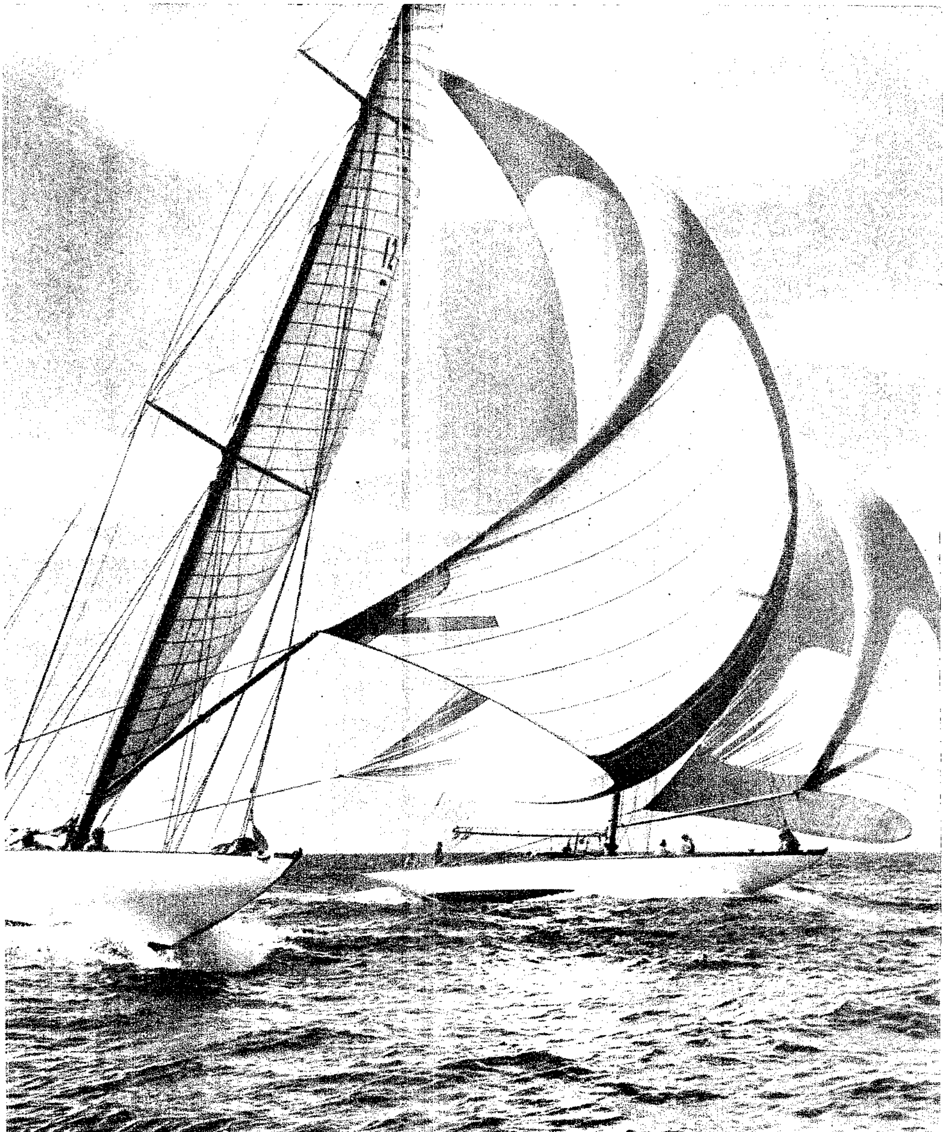


Originally an ingenious solution of the problem of surf-boarding on placid waters, aquaplaning now has an even trickier stepchild—water skiing. Both combine precision, speed, and steady nerves.

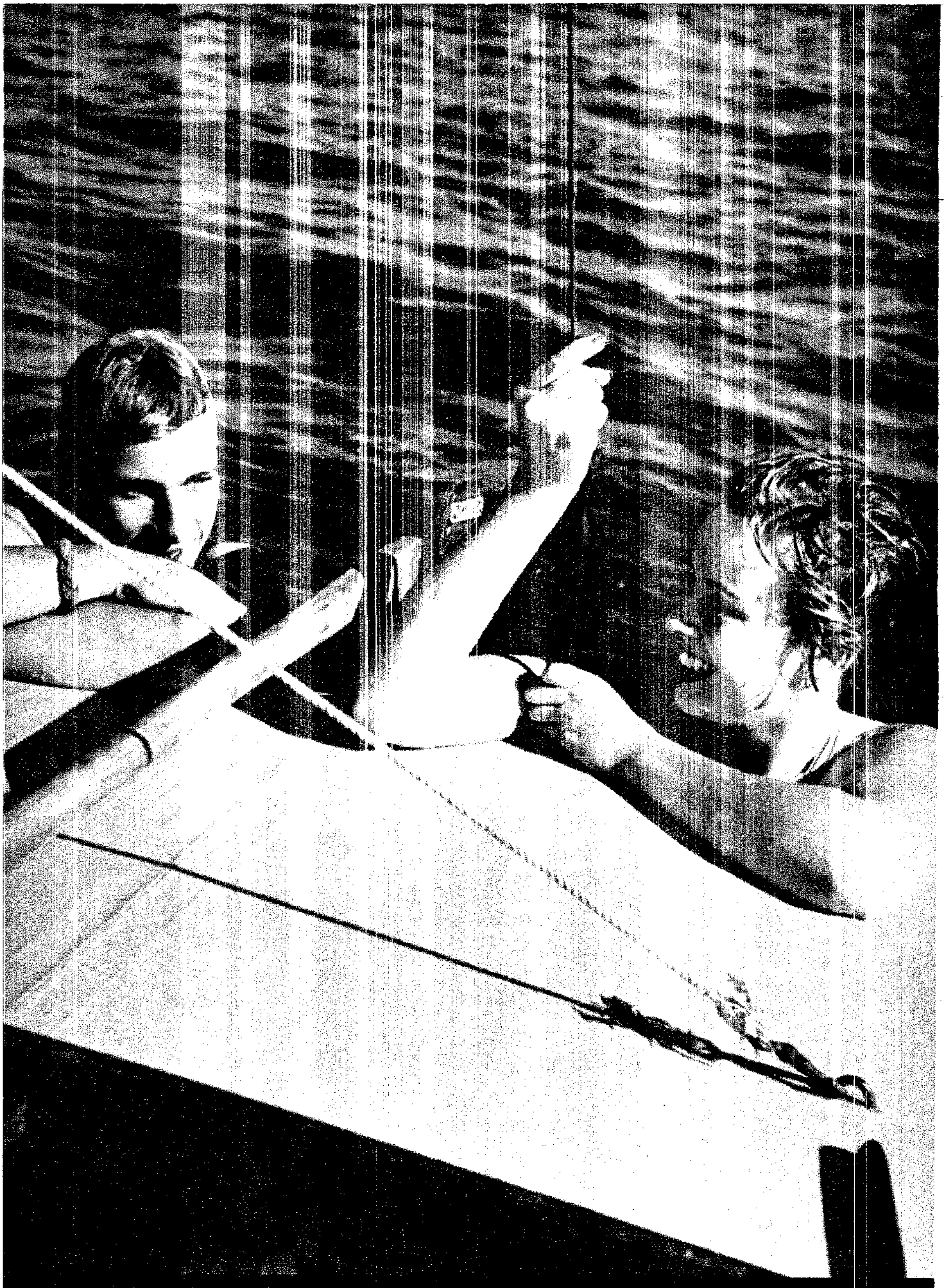
Today, water craft—from compact inflatable rubber dinghies to elaborate boats of wood, metal and even plastic—exert an age-old lure, and are enjoying an unprecedented new popularity.

Present-day Hiawathas are more apt to glide past virgin forests in a sturdy aluminum canoe than in one of birch bark. Still, the lore of the woods and the song a paddle sings remain unchanged.

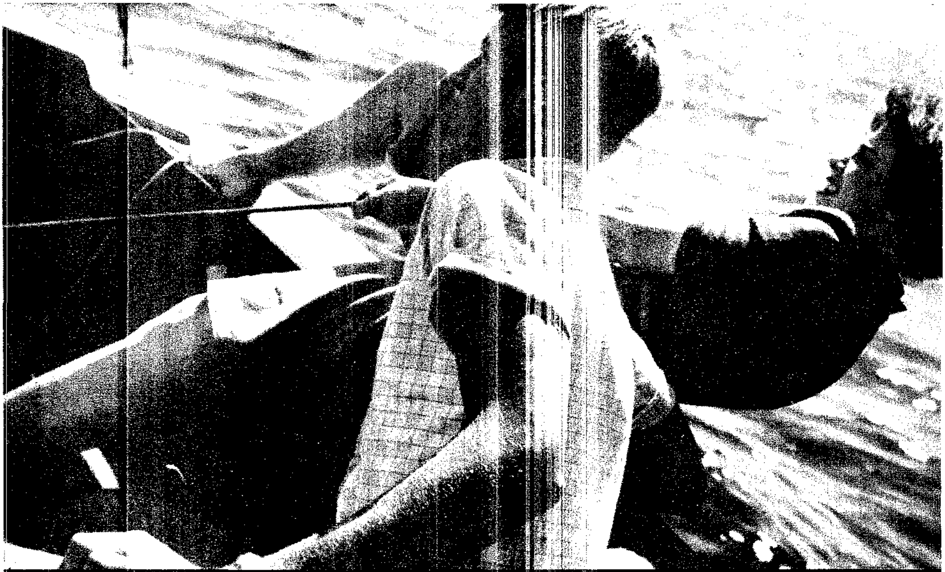
For some, a houseboat is the perfect answer to the complexities of modern living. Not only does nature supply a private swimming pool and fish supply, but gypsy leanings are fully satisfied.



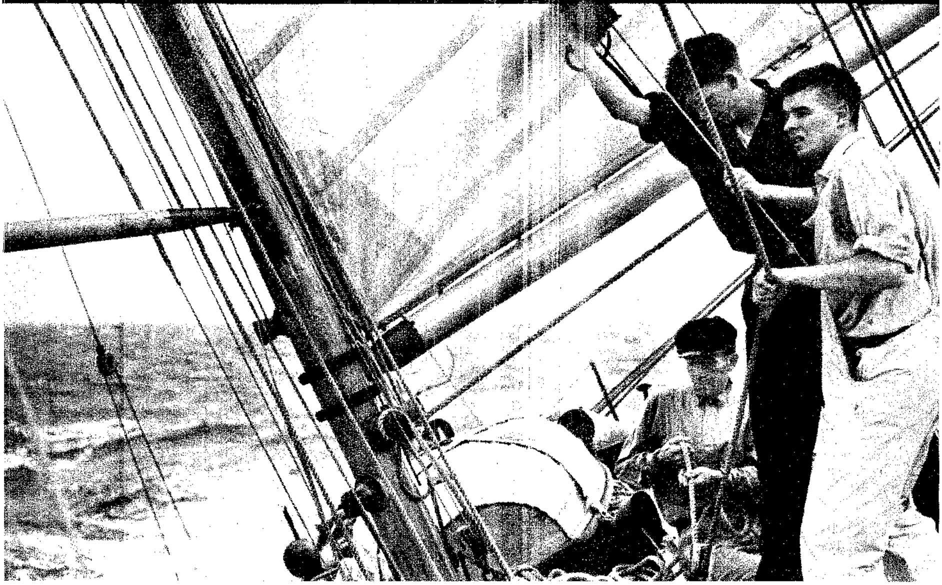
With spinnakers booming, sloops lean toward the finish line in the Larchmont Races. An expensive hobby, yachting, more than anything else, captures the sheer, breathless enchantment of sail and sea.

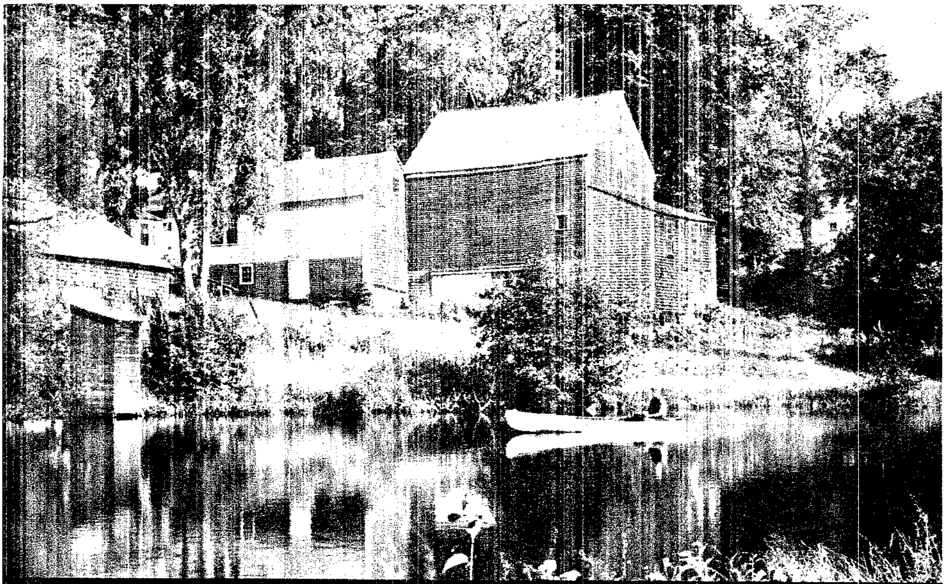


At the close of an idyllic afternoon the sails are furled and a boat finds its quiet harbor mooring. Then there is time for a cool dip in friendly waters. But wise sailors never stray far from their craft.



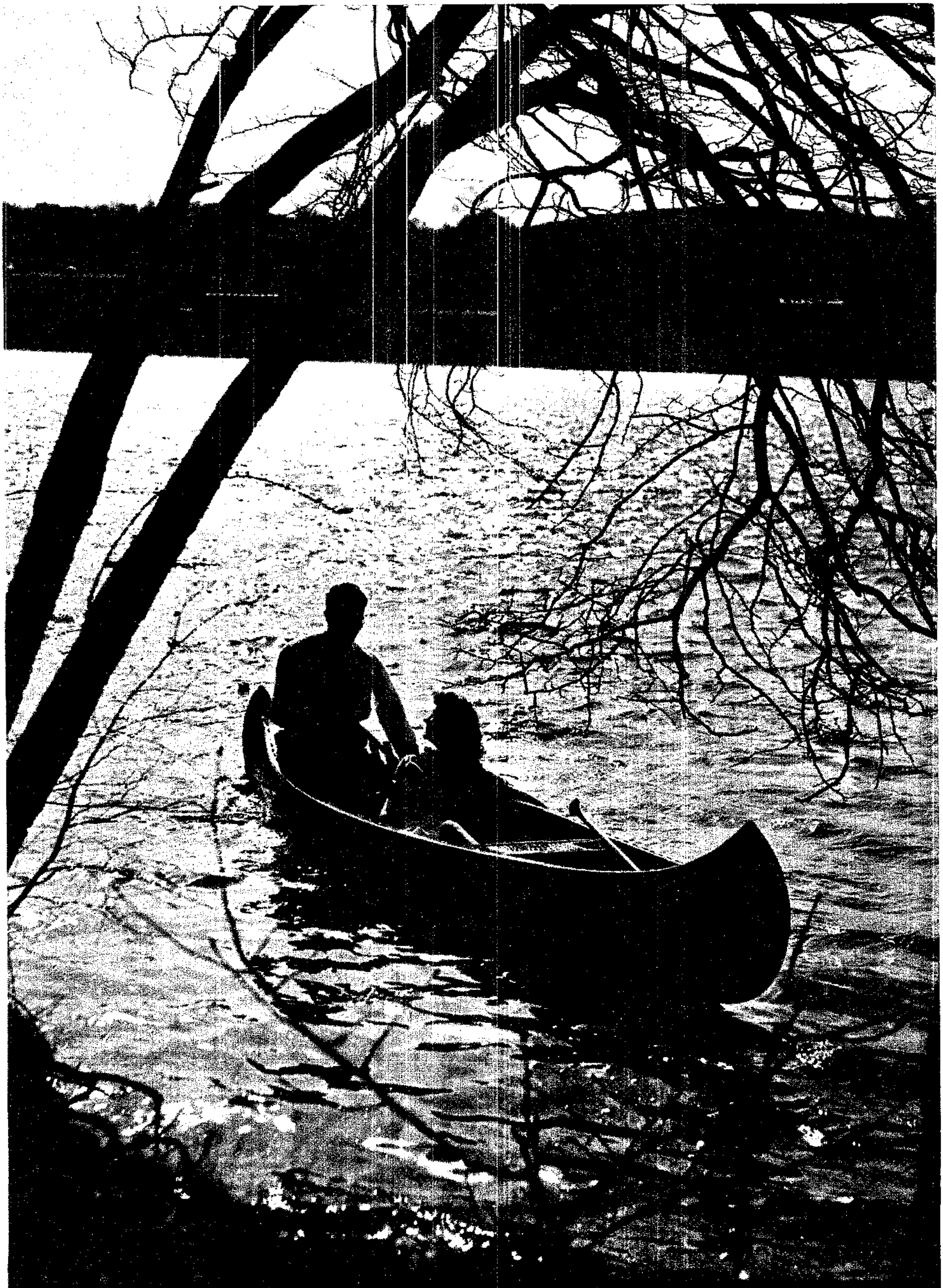
Amateur mariners—bucko mates to experienced yachtsmen—find the going rough. The price for shipping on as crew is blistered hands and a sunburned, salt-rimed face; the reward, more thrilling sails to come.





Where there is water, beauty dwells. Tranquilly reflecting a wooded farm, many a still pool is a fisherman's paradise. Adrift on its sunlit depths, it is hard to imagine greater contentment and inner peace

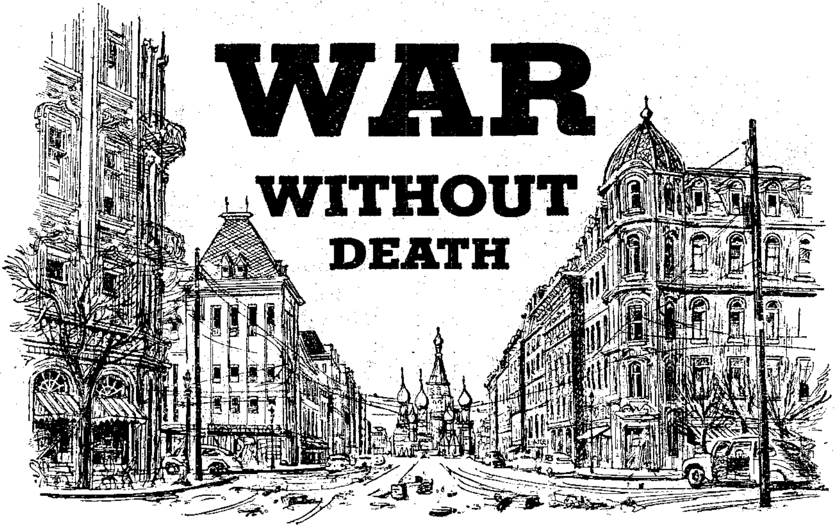
In the bubbling rock well found at the foot of every waterfall, the fattest trout make their home. Elusive as leaf shadows, it is the leaping big fellows you never catch that bring you back.



By moonlight, water speaks still another language—a whispering melody all of us recognize. It is part the sparkle of night ripples, part the soft wind, and most of all it is being young—and together.

By night, sea birds come to rest. Boats, rocked gently by the
wait for the new day. By morning, the waters will awake aga
activity and laughter, for their enchantment never grows old.

WAR WITHOUT DEATH



by **LT. COL. DAVID B. PARKER, USA**

This "fantastic" story could come true, unless nations learn to live in peace

THE ENEMY'S CAPITAL was a dead city. In the empty streets, culture and science and industry lay immobilized and quarantined, denied to the people who had created them. Men and women and children, several million of them, had fled almost overnight, leaving behind them a somber city whose atmosphere was that of a tomb but which entombed no one.

In the dead city, there were no moving automobiles or busses or streetcars or taxis. Store windows were boarded over, but here and there a door stood open, revealing a deserted interior. Homes and apartments were silent and vacant. Trees that lined the avenues stood straight and tall, but their leaves were yellow, and some were black with death. The great monuments which had marked a nation's might and glory looked down on awesome desolation. But not a brick or paving stone was displaced, not a window broken.

The people of Vadnaburg had left their city months before. Now, on this gray and overcast morning of March, 1970, the quarantine period was nearly over. If the black dust did not fall again, the people could return and take up their lives and activities as though nothing had happened. Already, on a street leading into the center of the city, there was the first sign of life. A U. S. Army jeep was making its way slowly past the deserted parks, past the vacant shops and homes.

Dr. Peter Lawrence, the physicist who for the past year had been scientific chief of the United States' war effort, was leading the first American team into Vadnaburg. As the jeep rattled along the pavement, his keen blue eyes moved back and forth, from the silent house fronts to the instruments on the vehicle's dashboard. The dial needles hovered just below the red danger mark.

"All right, so far," said the lean, tired-looking Lawrence to his companions. "A week earlier would have been too soon."

In the late summer of 1969, Lawrence had been in an American bomber high over the city. He had given the signal to the hundred planes that followed him, then watched as they released clusters of small, crescent-shaped bombs. The bombs fluttered down on the enemy capital, silently spreading the black dust on every street and building. As the planes turned back, Lawrence could hear over his earphones the American radio broadcast to the people of Vadnaburg.

"Citizens of Vadnaburg! American planes have dropped radioactive dust on every square foot of your city. But the radioactivity will not hurt you *if you leave the city within five days*. The black dust has been purposely made weak so that its radiations will not hurt you before that time.

"But remember that deadly gamma rays, which you cannot hear or see or feel, are now penetrating every part of Vadnaburg. If you are not out within five days, you will be sick. If you stay in the city a month, you will die. Do not become panic-stricken, *but get out of Vadnaburg within five days*!"

That warning had been broadcast eight months before. Now the jeep was approaching the center of the city. The major who was driving broke the tense silence. "Where do we meet them?"

"In the main square," said Lawrence. "Dr. Prandl will be their spokesman."

The jeep reached the square, and the American team saw the first human beings since they entered Vadnaburg. As they approached the group of enemy officials, Lawrence recognized the tall, bearded figure of Dr. Gregory Prandl, whom he had known before the war as an internationally famous scientist. The two men spoke in English.

"I have been directed by my government," said Prandl in a strained voice, "to conclude an armistice with you."

Lawrence nodded. "That is the only thing to do."

"It is useless for us to continue," Prandl went on slowly. "We have been at war for less than a year, and very few of our people have been killed by radioactivity. But you have dropped the black dust on every one of our industrial centers—we can no longer produce a plane or tank. You have forced us to abandon every one of our big air bases, and all our submarine pens.

"Our armies won the first victories in the West, but they cannot exist without supplies and food. You have even forced us to abandon the factories we captured in neutral countries. We have nothing left with which to fight."

Lawrence nodded grimly. "If you sign the armistice now," he said, "in a few months all your cities and factories will be usable again. If the war were to continue, we should only drop more radioactive dust. Fortunately, we have not had to use our hydrogen bombs."

When the formalities were over, the American questioned the enemy scientist who had been in charge of his country's radiological-defense organization.

Dr. Prandl confirmed that Lawrence's predictions about the radioactivity of his dust weapon had been accurate and precise. Measurements made by Vadnaburg's physicists minutes after the attack proved that the radioactivity could not be harmful in less than five days.

The population, accustomed to carrying out government orders, had streamed from the city in an orderly manner. There was surprisingly little panic. A few automobiles had crashed, and one mob on a bridge had trampled a score of people to death. But there was no mass hysteria.

Dr. Prandl himself had organized the tent cities which sprang up ten miles or more outside Vadnaburg. The refugees found shelter there until the government could move them to other cities and towns throughout the country.

The people took with them such belongings as they could carry. In the tent cities, these possessions were inspected for radioactivity, and some—particularly boxes and cans of food—were found to be contaminated by the black dust which had drifted into every home and store. These objects were stored in guarded areas, and only a few persons suffered radiation burns from handling them.

Prandl had also organized rescue teams that re-entered the city. No one could live there for long, but the teams, armed with Geiger counters, could return and work safely for five days. They gathered government records, valuables, food supplies, and machinery that was not dangerously contaminated. Then they moved out of the area.

"We kept careful records of the amount of radioactivity each man was exposed to," Prandl told Lawrence. "Of course, a man could serve on such a team only once—a second exposure to the radiations would bring his total dose too close to the sickness level."

Lawrence looked around the city square. The radioactive dust was invisible. Only the clicking Geiger counters revealed that it lay on every inch of surface. It clung tightly to everything; it could not be washed away or neutralized with chemicals. "Even when we burned paper or wood," Dr. Prandl continued, "the radioactivity remained in the ashes."

But the radioactivity slowly decreased in strength as the atoms of the dust burned up their energy. After three months, Prandl was able to keep his rescue teams in the city for ten days instead of five. He

As did his father and two brothers before him, David B. Parker went to West Point. After graduation as an Engineer lieutenant in 1937, he served at several Army posts before embarking for Australia in the first convoy after Pearl Harbor. There he first served on MacArthur's staff as liaison officer with the Australian Army, then commanded Engineer troops in the combat zone. In 1946, he returned to the U. S. and was assigned to the supersecret Manhattan Project. It was Parker who wrote the Manhattan District Report on the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Today, he is on the Army General Staff, and helped edit the new *Atomic Weapons Handbook*. In off-duty hours, Lt. Col. Parker writes and delivers lectures before military and civilian audiences.

had estimated that within a year after the attack the entire city would be safe again.

"But we did not know how much more radioactive dust you had," he said despairingly. "You had only to make another attack, and the city would have been dead for another year."

Dr. Lawrence did not answer. America had been grievously damaged by the enemy's bombings, and it was largely due to his own persuasion that the President of the United States had retaliated with the new radiological weapon.

Now World War III had been won. America had conquered her enemy and, in winning, had left no devastated cities to be rebuilt, no injured and sick, no maimed and homeless children, no war cemeteries with endless rows of graves. After the bombing of America had been stopped, World War III had truly been a War Without Death . . .

THIS STORY MIGHT come true, in essence, if the U. S. can perfect a new weapon which our scientists are now investigating—a weapon to give us a way of waging *humane* warfare. Yet the situation is a paradox, because it springs from development of the atomic bomb.

We have long known that the A-bomb can strike a sledgehammer blow, smashing with the force of 20,000 tons of TNT. But in 1946, when a bomb was exploded beneath Bikini lagoon, scientists learned how it could kill in another, totally different way. Long after the explosion, the tiny radioactive fragments left in the lagoon would have killed persons in the target area ten times over.

An idea of the tremendous amount of radioactivity left behind by the bomb is given by comparing it with radium; the radiations from the one bomb were equivalent to those from more than 1,000 *tons* of radium—yet the total world production of radium up to 1945 was less than ten pounds!

Physicists now believe that an even greater radioactive effect can be achieved *without an explosion.* Radioactive agents can be made industrially, in the same way the bomb material itself is made. Out in the desert at Hanford, Washington, great atomic "piles" are making plutonium now—but these same piles can make any one of hundreds of different radioactive agents. In fact, we were producing powerful agents as unwelcome by-products before we succeeded in designing the first A-bomb.

A radioactive agent is one whose atoms shoot out, at high speed, invisible radiations in one or more of several forms. These radiations vary greatly in speed and penetrating power, but all of them are harmful to living cells and all are impossible to see, hear, feel or smell.

Days may pass before an exposed person becomes ill. In Hiroshima, several Japanese soldiers who had received a lethal dose of radiation walked 20 miles with full packs the next day. Two or three days later they developed fever; all died within one to six weeks.

The radiation deaths in Japan resulted from the tremendous pulse of gamma rays that accompanied the atom-bomb explosions themselves. The radiations which come from a radioactive agent spread over an area are different; they are not nearly as intense, but they last for days or months instead of only a few seconds.

Radioactivity affects only living cells; it does not harm inanimate objects. It only coats these with a thin layer of disintegrating atoms whose lethal rays can injure living things. It is like an invisible glue which clings to the hands of anyone who touches it, but in no way changes the glue-covered object.

During the last war, the massive concrete submarine pens of the Germans withstood the most violent Allied bombing attacks. A comparatively small amount of radioactive materials spread over the pens would not have damaged the structures, but would have forced the Germans either to abandon them or replace the occupants periodically, so that the men would not accumulate a slow but terrible dose of radioactivity.

WHETHER A RADIOACTIVE agent is natural or artificially produced in an atomic pile, there is no way of changing its radioactivity without putting it back into the pile. We can burn it, freeze it, pour acid on it, or pulverize it without altering its activity in any degree; the atoms continue to radiate at a fixed rate until exhausted by natural decay. This rate differs for each agent, varying from fractions of a second to millions of years.

Theoretically, at least, science can produce a radioactive agent of almost any life span. Experts think that the best life for an agent of warfare is somewhere between a week and six months. Thus, we have only to produce one with suitable characteristics, and then find a way of delivering it in quantity to the target.

There are, however, many obstacles to be overcome before this goal can be reached. Just now, the obstacles seem almost as big as those which faced the A-bomb builders in 1942.

Probably the greatest is the competition between atomic bombs and radioactive agents. Both are made in the same plants. We cannot produce radioactive materials in quantity unless we sacrifice part of our atomic-bomb production. Since the bomb is our most potent weapon, it would be dangerous to cut its production now in order to develop a weapon whose real potential has not yet been tested.

Even if we can make the material in sufficient quantity, we face the problem of getting it to a target and spreading it uniformly. An enormous amount of radioactivity can be stored in a small space—for example, in a small missile which can be carried by the dozen in a plane—but there remains the problem of spreading a small volume of material evenly over a large area. Also, we must find some way of shielding the plane crew from the radioactivity while they are flying to a target.

Our aim in developing the new radiological weapon would be to destroy an enemy city's usefulness for a limited time—a year or two, perhaps, but not for centuries. Thus, if we can use only agents of *short* life, it is easy to see that we cannot build up large stockpiles over the years. Our stockpile of an agent which loses its effective strength in one month could never be very large. After a short time, the stockpile would decay as rapidly as we added to it.

These, then, are some of the big problems U. S. scientists face before they can produce a unique weapon for waging a new type of warfare. Can these problems be solved reasonably soon? The answer is difficult: as has been shown, the controlling factors are many and complicated. Perhaps the paramount consideration in our planning should be a humane one.

Ever since the discovery of gunpowder, mankind has hoped that each new weapon would end wars by its threat of frightful destruction. The latest in the string of horrors is the H-bomb—but there is no reason to think that it will be more successful in keeping the peace than the musket or the block buster. However, if war could be waged without excitement, without heroism, without glory, might not humanity decide that it was futile and senseless? Picture again the imaginary Vadnaburg, the dead capital of an aggressor nation, its might and magnificence destroyed without the breaking of a pane of glass. Its people, deprived of their homes and shops and tools, have found time to reason about their destiny; and in reasoning, have wisely decided to halt hostilities before death takes over.

Thomas Edison once said: "God will not let us advance much further materially until we have caught up spiritually." Perhaps we can try to catch up by finding, even amidst the stern necessities of defending ourselves, some final answer to the problem of ending war.

Certainly, we Americans have the technical ability with which to tackle the problem. If to this we add a powerful humanitarian urge, then the United States may yet lead the world to that cherished goal of enduring peace.

Little Awful Annie

THE PARENTS of five-year-old Annie were very modern, and their conversation dealt with the latest in art, literature, and the facts of life and living. All this little Annie took in her stride—until her parents discovered the writings of a mild-mannered Austrian named Freud, and there was constant reference to compulsions and phobias, neuroses, psychoses, and the all important *id*. Annie grew morose, and took to hiding in closets.

Her mother, quite upset by this strange behavior, hustled her off to a psychiatrist. The moment Annie saw the doctor she frowned darkly and burst out: "I don't like you. I hate you!"

"So?" said the doctor. "But you like your brother?"

"I hate my brother," the child contradicted.

"You like your father though."

"I hate my father! I hate him!"

"And your mother?"

"I hate her, hate her, hate her!" Annie screamed.

The doctor sat silent, his brows knitted in thought. Annie leaned forward, and chortled: "Some psychosis, huh, doctor?"

—W. I. KORNER

Saved for Destiny

by **Richard Armfield**

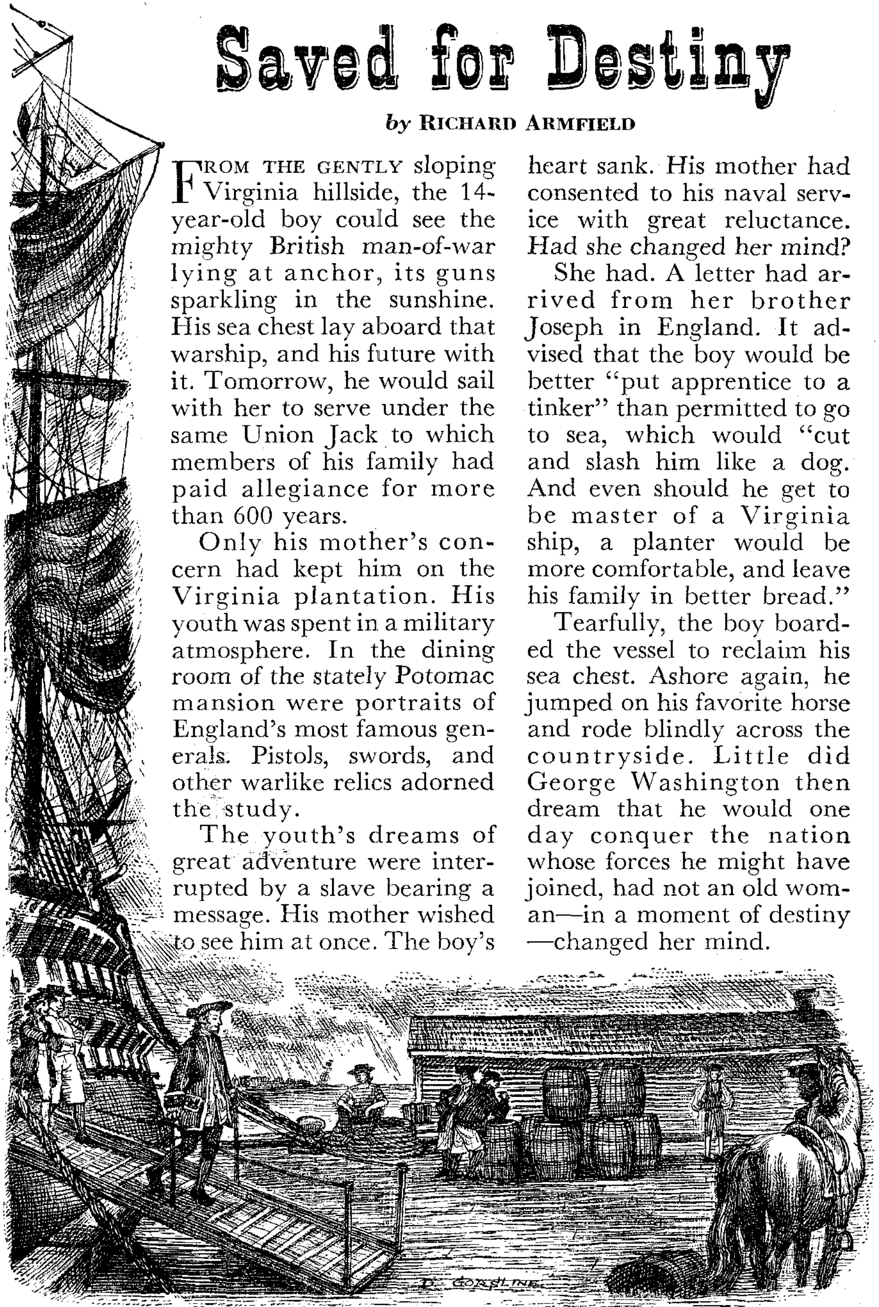
FROM THE GENTLY sloping Virginia hillside, the 14-year-old boy could see the mighty British man-of-war lying at anchor, its guns sparkling in the sunshine. His sea chest lay aboard that warship, and his future with it. Tomorrow, he would sail with her to serve under the same Union Jack to which members of his family had paid allegiance for more than 600 years.

Only his mother's concern had kept him on the Virginia plantation. His youth was spent in a military atmosphere. In the dining room of the stately Potomac mansion were portraits of England's most famous generals. Pistols, swords, and other warlike relics adorned the study.

The youth's dreams of great adventure were interrupted by a slave bearing a message. His mother wished to see him at once. The boy's heart sank. His mother had consented to his naval service with great reluctance. Had she changed her mind?

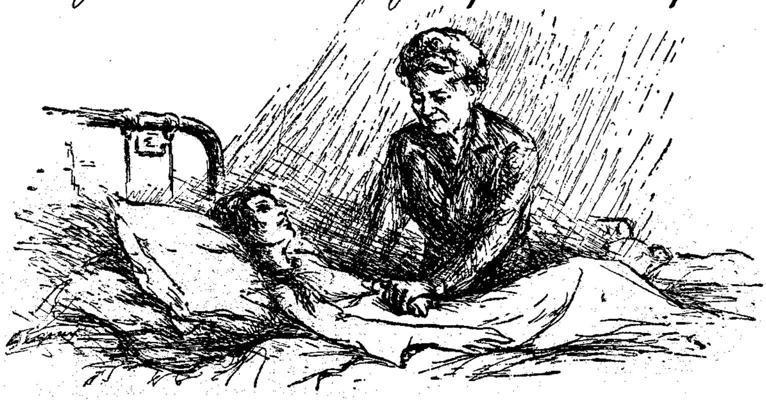
She had. A letter had arrived from her brother Joseph in England. It advised that the boy would be better "put apprentice to a tinker" than permitted to go to sea, which would "cut and slash him like a dog. And even should he get to be master of a Virginia ship, a planter would be more comfortable, and leave his family in better bread."

Tearfully, the boy boarded the vessel to reclaim his sea chest. Ashore again, he jumped on his favorite horse and rode blindly across the countryside. Little did George Washington then dream that he would one day conquer the nation whose forces he might have joined, had not an old woman—in a moment of destiny—changed her mind.



ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE

Gray-Haired Angel of Philadelphia



by CAROL HUGHES

All her life, Mother Loving has labored and fought for the needy and downtrodden

ONE WINTRY DAY, a bewildered Philadelphia policeman stood over the unconscious body of a gray-haired, distinguished-looking woman who had fallen in the street. A group of people had gathered and the officer asked with great concern if anyone knew the lady.

Just then a little newsboy dashed up. "Golly," he exclaimed, "that's 'Mother' Loving! Everybody knows her—get a doctor quick!"

The woman was rushed to a hospital where examination revealed a ruptured appendix. An emergency operation saved her life, to the intense relief of countless thousands in the City of Brotherly Love. For almost everyone in Philadelphia does know "Mother" Loving, as the newsboy maintained, or knows about her. Since a day back in 1889, when a young girl, her hands filled with flowers and candy, appeared at the door of what was then known as Old Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia has become constantly more aware of Mother Loving. She wanted to know then, as a girl of ten, if she could distribute her gifts among the sick and lonely. She could—and did.

Sixty years later that same girl, a gray-haired lady of 70, appeared at 6 A.M. at the same hospital, now known as Philadelphia General, still bringing candy, flowers, and cigarettes. In December, 1949, the famous Old Blockley Medical Society elected Mrs. Robert Courtenay Loving an honorary member for her years of service to Philadelphia hospitals. She was only the fourth person so honored by the Society since its founding in 1867.

The amazing Mother Loving has been honored by many other societies devoted to humanitarian work. But no honors could fully chronicle her one-woman mission, a mission in which she has labored tirelessly and without recompense for half a century.

One lonely patient says: "She's just wonderful. She goes on day after day doing odds and ends that no one else would think of doing—helping people all day long."

These "odds and ends" include hundreds of acts of unobtrusive kindness. They begin at 5 A.M. when Mother Loving heads for the hospital—usually without breakfast.

With a key which admits her to every ward, she makes her way, unaccompanied, through alcoholic and psychopathic wards, through wards housing the aged, the criminal, the insane. She visits everyone, distributing cigarettes, candy, and other little gifts.

After her tour, she returns to the information desk, the telephone switchboard, or wherever she can fill a need. Often she has not been to bed at all, for the slums know her as well as does Philadelphia's fashionable Main Line section, though both for different reasons. She is on call all night for any policeman or detective who needs her help with some girl or boy in trouble. During the day she contacts the wealthy social set, to which her birthright gives her entrée, and where, as she says briskly:

"I am known as Mrs. Gimmie Gimmie. I believe in doing and giving all you can yourself. But if you don't have it, and the need is there, then there's only one thing to do—go out and ring doorbells of people who do have money, but might not know of the need."

The story of this woman, whose spirit is dedicated to helping others, is that of a "frustrated" little girl who wanted all her life to be a missionary, and was balked by her conservative family. Yet, no missionary could claim a longer record of faithful and devoted service to her fellow-men.

Born Anna Belle Cassel, in one of the fine old sections of the city, Mrs. Loving came from a family that was more than well-to-do. Youthful pictures show that Anna Cassel was a beauty. Yet when she was no more than 16 she was going alone into slum sections where she had read of some family in need. At night she sang and played the organ in missions and prisons.

She became well known to police, detectives, and social-service workers, and more and more they called on her when shorthanded. No assignment was too difficult. She would scrub floors in tenements, wash and care for children, stay and cook when needed.

All her spare time from school was spent at the Old Blockley Hospital. It was only natural that all the young internes fell in love with her. It was only natural, too, that she should fall in love with the handsomest of them all, young Dr. Robert Courtenay Loving, also of a fine old family.

They were married in 1907, and Anna Cassel Loving was taken from her beloved work in Philadelphia while Dr. Loving, an Army doctor, served at West Point and other posts.

The young and beautiful Mrs. Loving was never happy as an Army wife. She could not accustom herself to distinctions between enlisted men and officers, and she constantly ran afoul of protocol. Also, she could never give up her idea of a life of service.

When she was in the Pacific, she organized a school for poor native children and taught her own daughters along with them. In New Mexico, she did the same with Indian children.

At an isolated post in the West, she planned a dinner party for all the officers and their wives, and with careless unconcern invited the nurses (who at that time did not hold commissions) to come with their husbands. By now, her own husband was a colonel and one of the key men at the post.

A young lieutenant's wife, not knowing about Mrs. Loving's background, felt it a duty to set her straight. With arrogance she informed Mrs. Loving: "I do not know where you came from, but in *my* home town of Philadelphia, we do not mingle with just anybody."

Mrs. Loving looked at her coldly. "I don't think I ever heard of *you* in Philadelphia, but perhaps you may have heard of *me*. My name was Anna Belle Cassel and I lived all my life at 39th and Chestnut Street . . . Just where did you say you lived in Philadelphia?"

The lieutenant's wife became a meek if humble follower.

WHILE MRS. LOVING was devoting her spare time to helping others, she was taking care of her home and being a good mother to her five daughters. When her husband died, the young widow resumed her mission of service.

Today, she is the despair of her daughters, and their constant cry is: "Mother, what did you do with that birthday check? Why didn't you buy yourself something?"

To which she replies: "My dears, you know what I shall do with any money I get my hands on."

The scope of Mrs. Loving's work is beyond comprehension. Before her penetrating gaze, few aspects of life remain sealed. One winter night she was called to the home of a woman who had just given birth to a seventh child.

Mother Loving found the infant wrapped in an old coat and lying in a bureau drawer. The other children were whimpering with cold and hunger. The father was out seeking a job. Mother Loving rolled up her sleeves, sent one child out for food, comforted the others.

Within a month she had moved the family into a decent home, secured a permanent job for the father, procured medical aid for the mother and children.

During 18 years in the uniform of a Red Cross Gray Lady, she put in 22,000 hours of work. To mark her retirement, the local chapter gave her a "Certificate of Merit" signed by President Truman, who commended her for devoted service to her country. She had served five years beyond the retiring age, but she didn't retire to quit work, just to have more time for hospital duties.

To her, pain, death, and distress are practical matters, not something to wring hands about. When Mrs. Loving enters a hospital ward, patients swarm about, hold her hand, pat her shoulders, kiss her. She has a shrewd knowledge of human nature and holds herself apart from open pity. Her approach is matter-of-fact, her talk always of "When you are back at work," or "How much do you need to start this business when you get out?"

Today, she still talks with a child's enthusiasm of all the work she has to do. "If only some people could see what I see every day, so much suffering could be eliminated," she says.

One night, she read in a newspaper of a little old lady who had died in a charity ward, after devoting years to the service of others. Now the forgotten patient was to be buried in Potters Field.

Hardly waiting to pull on her coat, Mrs. Loving dashed off to the city morgue. By dawn, she had moved the body to one of Philadelphia's best funeral homes, and had called everyone who at one time might have mourned the death. When it finally became known that one of the best-attended funerals in Philadelphia was her handiwork, she scoffed: "The idea! Why not? It was a funeral befitting a fine, proud old lady."

As one veteran doctor at the Philadelphia General Hospital puts it: "Mother Loving's own epitaph might well be: 'She has supplied the destitute with food, fuel, and clothing. She has brought medical care to the sick, found jobs for the unemployed. She has labored without recompense. And when funds have run low, they have come out of her own pocket.'"

A simpler epitaph might well proclaim: "A woman who has kept an eternal vigil over life's downtrodden people, and drawn God's attention to the miserable."

CORONET SUBSCRIPTION RATES

1 year $3 2 years $5 3 years $7

Two or more 1-year subscriptions . . . $2.50 each
(entered at one time)

PLEASE SEND CORONET TO:

your name____________________
(please print)

address____________________

city__________zone______state________

☐1 yr. ($3) ☐2 yrs. ($5) ☐3 yrs. ($7)

ALSO ENTER A 1-YEAR GIFT OF CORONET TO:

name____________________

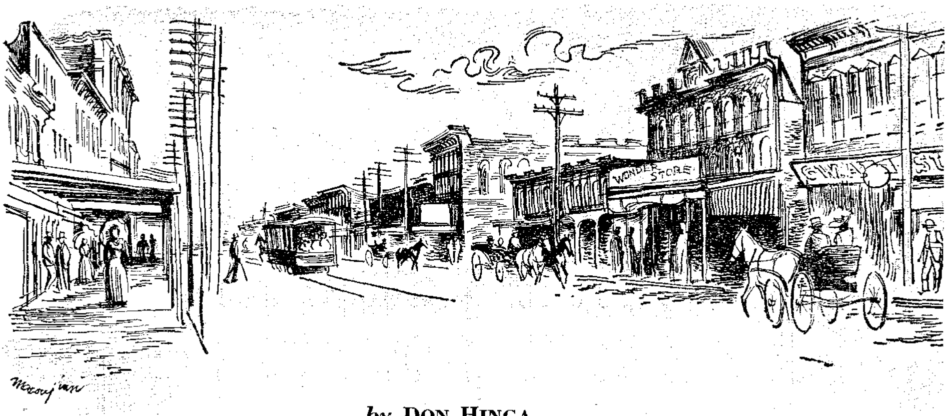
address____________________

city__________zone______state________

Gift card to
read from____________________

☐$________enclosed ☐Please bill me

Give this order to your representative or mail to Coronet Subscription Dept. J, Boulder, Colorado



by DON HINGA

In America's Bagdad on the Bayou, you can't help rubbing elbows with millionaires

A NEW YORK magazine writer, his pockets stuffed with facts and figures about the fastest-growing, richest city of its size in the nation, recently walked into the office of a Houston banker and, with an air that implied he could keep names in his head, said:

"I'd like to get the names of the millionaires in Houston."

The banker threw his hands up and cried: "Let's just name those with more than $50,000,000," and rattled off a score, one of whom offered his plump daughter $5,000 for every pound she lost.

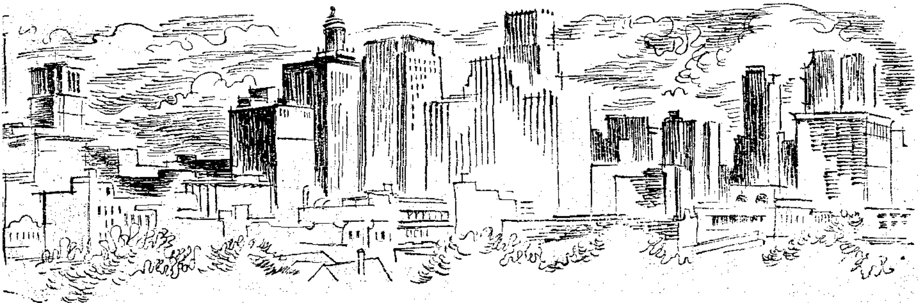
Fabulous? Not a bit more fabulous than the story of Texas' famed Bagdad on the Bayou.

Houston is a city where Jesse H. Jones—"Mr. Houston himself"—builds a multimillion-dollar banking, building, and publishing empire on a borrowed $500, and where a young filling-station operator develops two didy pins into a business that operates in 40 states and two foreign countries.

It's a city where oil-rich H. R. Cullen gives $80,000,000 to education and medical care one day and calmly doubles it a few days later, and a young man parlays a pat of meat and a bun into a chain of drive-ins to make enough to buy a $300,000 yacht, and hauls the craft overland 15 miles to Main Street to house the kind of restaurant he always wanted to run.

It's a city where Glenn H. McCarthy, "King of the Wildcatters," disdains the advice of seasoned hotel operators and builds the $21,000,000 Shamrock Hotel four miles from downtown Houston, because he wants his home town to have the best in the nation. It's also a city where a corner at Main and McKinney sells for $2,000 a front inch, to be paid for by the nickels and dimes of the largest Woolworth store in the nation.

Walk a couple of blocks down 90-foot-wide Main Street at noon and you'll rub shoulders with a dozen millionaires. Most of them were probably roustabouting on oil derricks not too long ago, or trading in business properties, like Ernest A. Hester, who used to pound a telegraph key, and who put over that $2,000-an-inch deal.



FORTUNE'S FAVORITE

Houston is proud of her millionaires (they number 132), but not just because they made a lot of money. She is prouder of the fact that they plowed their millions back to make Houston a better place to live in, a city crowding 700,000 today and betting she will top 1,000,000 in a few years.

A couple of years ago, Homer Wells, now 33, was filling your car with gas and checking the oil. Homer had a brand-new daughter. Plain didy pins were good enough during the week, but Homer had an idea that something more swanky was needed on Sundays.

"Why not dress 'em up?" he thought, and soldered a silver bar on the back of the pins. Then he engraved his daughter's name and birth date on the bar. To keep the pins from being lost, he hooked them together with a silver chain.

Friends with babies clamored for them. He fixed up a dozen sets and took them to a Houston jeweler. Rich, bustling Houston has given many a man with a sound idea a start. Within a few weeks, Homer couldn't keep up with the demand.

Today, babies over the nation and in Panama and Cuba are sporting fancy didy pins made in Wells' back yard. Queries are coming in from other states and countries. Homer is on easy street. An idea and an opportunity . . .

WITHIN A RADIUS of 100 miles of Houston there are some 300 oil fields, with nearly 10,000 producing wells, 11 per cent of the proven oil reserves of the nation, and a natural-gas reservoir estimated at 21 trillion cubic feet. Almost half the U. S. oil reserve is within 300 miles.

Brawny, broad-shouldered Glenn McCarthy, who made his first million at 27 and whose drilling bits seem tipped with lucky Irish shamrocks, found a dozen of these fields.

If any one of McCarthy's three vaccinations with college education had taken, he might have been just another businessman worrying about his monthly bills instead of becoming, as he is sometimes called, "a freshman tycoon," who flies the world's largest private plane, a million-dollar Boeing "Stratoliner," and who, when he wanted to tell the world about his new Shamrock Hotel, tossed out $50,000 to hire a Santa Fe "Superchief" train and brought a load of Hollywood stars to the opening.

Glenn got his first stake together by sinking a rivet every ten seconds at five cents a rivet. Then he persuaded an oil company to build a station on a site he had shrewdly leased, and to let him run it. A few more deals like that and he was in the oil business.

A string of dry holes, and McCarthy was flat on his back financially. Then he found a vacancy in the Conroe field, 40 miles from Houston. Early Texas surveying was a hit-and-miss affair, and boundary lines didn't always jibe. That left narrow strips called "vacancies." McCarthy found one and started "poor-boying a well," begging and borrowing equipment.

The young wildcatter was keeping one eye on the road for his creditors and the other on the derrick when the drilling gear fouled. Glenn, his brother, and the driller scaled the derrick. Standing high on the wobbly platform, they tried to free the tangled chains. There was a sharp crack in the board and Glenn plunged downward.

As coolly as he bets a million on a wildcat well, McCarthy grabbed the swaying cat line, wrapped his legs around the cable, swung over to the crumbling platform, and saved Brother Bill and the driller. Two days later, before the creditors got there, McCarthy hit oil.

Doug Prince was a cook in a Dallas hamburger stand when he decided that fast-growing Houston would eat more hamburgers than Dallas. He scraped up $150 and hit for the Texas Gold Coast. He gave his customers free movies. "Car hops" in short pants and bras waited on them until irate women's clubs made him wrap skirts around the cuties. By the time the clubwomen got mad, his chain had spread through Houston.

The same drive that brought him out from under the cook's tall cap led him to buy a yacht that was tied up near Houston, put it on rollers, and start it across the city. Crews of linemen went ahead and took down and put back telephone and power wires as the yacht sailed down one street after another.

Today the yacht rides concrete blocks far out on Main Street. Prince hasn't begun the restaurant yet, but the yacht comes in handy. When the fishing bug hits him, Prince drives from his three-story home to the yacht, picks up the ship-to-shore phone.

"Are they biting out there?" he calls a ship in the Gulf of Mexico.

If they are, he drops the phone and grabs his tackle.

A FEW YEARS AGO, H. R. Cullen decided to give a million dollars each to the Hermann and Memorial Hospitals. The next day he gave another million to the Methodist Hospital. Four days later, he heard about another hospital and directed that it too be given a million dollars. In six days he had donated four million.

Cullen had a few rueful hours when he gave away $160,000,000 for education and medical care. "Lillie (his wife) and I are selfish," he said. "We want to see our money spent in our lifetime, so that we may derive pleasure from it."

Even Houston got a jolt when Cullen made his fantastic gift. A group of hospital officials, worried over medical care for a city whose wartime growth hadn't slackened, were discussing the problem when chunky, crag-faced Cullen announced that he had decided to give $80,000,000 for medical and educational projects.

Three days later the Chamber of Commerce rounded up a group of civic leaders and went to Cullen's office to thank him. Cullen leaned back in his chair and rocked them again. "Lillie and I," he said, "have decided to double that gift."

How do you pile up a fortune so that you can toss off $160,000,000 at a throw? Well, you can do like Cullen: go to the third grade in school, get a job in a cotton firm, and by hard work and shrewdness build that job into your own firm. Then you can invest in Houston real estate. By that time, you will be ready to jump into the oil business. A number of people have done that and wound up broke; but they didn't have the courage to bet that stake by drilling where others said "there ain't no oil."

The giant Humble Oil and Refining Company, largest domestic oil producer in the nation, is another Houston success saga. The late R. S. Sterling was running a small feed store quite profitably at Humble, 17 miles north of Houston, when an adventurous friend persuaded him to invest in two wells. Sterling's "risk investment" turned into a black-gold mine, and with some others he formed a company as appropriately named as its humble beginning.

While Houston points with pride at the opportunity that enabled 132 citizens to become millionaires, the little fellow who rides to work on the bus is doing all right, too. One of them is Joe Malzchik, whose father and grandfather were Pennsylvania coal miners. When Joe was 16, he followed them down the shaft. Then the war sent Joe to train in Texas. After he got out, he was through with smog-smeared skies and sooty houses. Today he works in a refinery.

"I gotta house with flowers and garden," says Joe. "Every time I walk in my yard I feel I can stretch as far as I want to. My boy ain't gonna be no coal miner. He's gonna be one of them millionaires."

In his inarticulate way, Joe expresses the common idea of these new Houstonians. It's a sort of pioneering spirit. Texas is the last frontier and every man has a chance to wrestle pipe on a derrick and wind up a millionaire.

The late M. D. Anderson, who teamed up with W. L. Clayton, former Undersecretary of State, to form the world's largest cotton firm, was a thrifty man. His thrift is reflected in what will be one of the nation's greatest concentrations of medical research, training and care, the $100,000,000 Texas Medical Center, three miles out Main Street on a wooded 160-acre tract. Anderson's $22,000,000 bequest provided the site and is contributing heavily to medical buildings already erected or in the planning stage.

George Hermann, who got in on the ground floor of a real-estate boom that has never slowed down, was too busy making money to think about clothes. On a visit back home to Switzerland, relatives gave him a cold shoulder, and Hermann left his millions for Hermann Hospital, now part of the Texas Medical Center. In addition, he gave Houston a park, now the nucleus of a system of 77 parks ranging from an acre to 1,500 in size.

Surveyor Gail Borden, who gave babies their first condensed milk, showed rare foresight when he laid out the major streets to run north and south to catch the prevailing Gulf breeze. This is a godsend to a city with an average daily maximum summer temperature of 92.4 and a year-round humidity of 75. Though Borden dropped his plumb line back in 1836, the general pattern has followed the straight line.

Houstonians snort at the idea that the city's growth is the result of a blood transfusion from the North and East that came with wartime industrial invasion. They point out that Jones, Cullen, McCarthy, and other blue-chip bettors were here "befo' the wah."

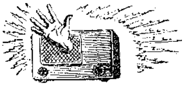
"Most of our boys," says A. D. Simpson, vice-chairman of Jones' bank, "still have calluses on their hands. When you make it that way, you hang on to it!"

That's a little incongruous, perhaps, because Houston is the only major city in the nation that was born straight out of a promoters' dream and developed just as they dreamed. Back in 1836, a New York mathematics teacher, Augustus C. Allen, and his brother, John K., who had made a little money in East Texas land trades, sat down on the banks of Buffalo Bayou and drew the rough outlines of the town of Houston.

Then, before Surveyor Borden could set up his transit in the wilderness, the Allens sent the following advertisement to newspapers in the North and East:

"The Town of Houston, situated at the head of navigation on Buffalo Bayou, is for the first time brought to public notice. Houston is located at a point that must ever command the trade of the largest and richest portion of the State of Texas. When the rich lands of this country shall be settled, trade will flow to it, making it, beyond all doubt, the great interior commercial emporium of Texas."

Today, it is pretty obvious that Augustus and John Allen were 100 per cent right.



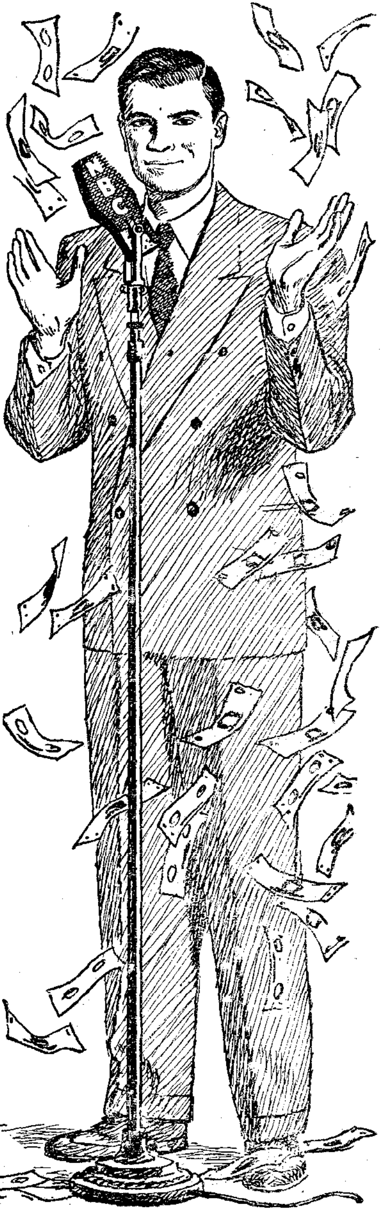
Radio Raps

I just can't help feeling that the man who makes a product is just as important as the jingle that sells it. —Charles Luckman

A radio is sometimes beneficial in cases of deafness. Likewise, deafness is sometimes beneficial in cases of radio. —Toni Yodell

A Philadelphia woman was asked whether she liked soap operas. No, she said, she didn't really like them, but it *was* wonderful to "come to" and realize that the dishes were done.
—Charlotte Montgomery

BIG MONEY QUIZ



One of radio's top quiz shows is "Break the Bank," conducted by Bert Parks (NBC, Wednesdays, 9-9:30 P.M., EDT). Since the program first went on the air, many contestants have literally "broken the bank"—taking home an accumulated jackpot for supplying the correct answer to a particular question. Now you have *your* chance to Break the Bank. Each of the following questions brought cash awards to a lucky winner. If you guess all 15 correctly, you win a hypothetical $45,860. (Answers on page 151.)

1. Which one of our presidents served the shortest length of time as Chief Executive? ($1,300)
2. Who wrote the famous poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"? ($1,500)
3. What is the last line of "A Visit From St. Nicholas"? ($5,790)
4. Only one of our presidents came from South Carolina. Who was he? ($2,300)
5. Who wrote the famous poem, "The Spider and the Fly"? ($4,050)
6. On December 17, 1939, the Germans scuttled their famous pocket battleship in the harbor of Montevideo, Uruguay, to avoid capture. Name the ship. ($1,070)
7. Which was the first of the original 13 States to ratify the Constitution? ($1,910)
8. In what year did Babe Ruth hit the all-time record of 60 home runs in one season? ($1,070)
9. What famous author, father of a famous Supreme Court Justice, wrote "Over the Teacups" at the age of 81? ($7,440)
10. In what country is Lake Maracaibo? ($5,220)
11. What is the largest cathedral in the world? ($4,250)
12. What is the name of the statue atop the Capitol in Washington, D. C.? ($4,610)
13. Who was the first Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court? ($1,900)
14. What American president served immediately before Rutherford Hayes (1877 to 1881)? ($2,450)
15. List four of our five presidents who were named James. ($1,000)

JOHN CROSBY: Gadfly of Radio

by DICKSON HARTWELL

A FEW MONTHS AGO, a young Manhattan columnist named Crosby wrote: "Radio has no future, only a past. Most of the industry's energy is now concentrated on television. With the public's vigilance, television can and must avoid radio's mistakes. My money is on television!"

When this same Crosby showed up in Detroit, 600 auto and advertising executives overflowed a hotel dining room to hear him talk. "Speaking for our home radio audience," he said, "we would like our television programs on something higher than the moron level."

Those are fighting words, and this Crosby—John Campbell Crosby—is a fighting man. Fred Allen calls him the "first literate critic to sit in judgment of radio." He has been attacked by Westbrook Pegler and extolled by Walter Winchell. And a word from him starts squirms of discomfort in Gabriel Heatter, John J. Anthony, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and many other radio and television notables.

Opinions about this boyish, 38-year-old somebody-out-of-nowhere, differ violently. Producer John Golden says he is the best columnist since Heywood Broun. Ed Sullivan calls him a "damaging liar." Frank Sullivan says he is "radio's severest friend." William Morris, theatrical-agency president, believes he may become the greatest mentor of the arts since Ruskin.

Less than five years ago, Crosby was not only unknown; he was unthinkable. Today, his column which pans and praises radio and television is read in more than 40 newspapers with 5,500,000 circulation. To millions of critics of radio's worst programs, he is a white knight riding forth to rescue them from endless soap opera and lowbrow comedy.

Crosby's success in winning friends and alienating people stems from his two-fisted, four-times-a-week commentary on a form of diversion that affects 40,000,000 families. He has described John J. Anthony as "the former hack driver and eminent authority on agony." Fulton Lewis, Jr., he derides as irresponsible. When $1,000 worth of books was added to the jackpot of a giveaway program, he said, "The supposition that giveaway contestants can read is unwarranted."

Last summer he wrote: "I am tempted to say that radio has touched bottom, but there have been many times in the past when it appeared to touch bottom and then plunged another 2,000 feet straight down."

Yet Crosby is no enemy of radio; merely its first great critic. Broadcasts of great music he commends. Because of them, he says, "America is a better place to live, Americans are a more highly educated, more cultivated people." But, he adds forcibly, "Radio could also bring us the world's great books, great dramas, and great minds. Instead, we get jokes about Petrillo and the two-way stretch."

Such observations on a $550,000,000-a-year industry have the ring of heresy. Yet Crosby enthusiasts include not only those he has commended—Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen, Abe Burrows and Arthur Godfrey—but also some of those he has panned, like Eddie Cantor and Red Skelton.

Crosby's rise to fame was swift. When the New York *Herald Tribune* decided to launch a column of radio comment, he was picked for the new job, not for his writing brilliance but because he was covering a theatrical news beat. He knew nothing about radio; he didn't even own a set. His column was first buried in the back of the paper, but within a week his mailbox overflowed, and soon he became the first nationally syndicated radio critic.

His famous exposé of radio censorship shook the teeth of the industry, for Crosby demonstrated that fanatical censors weighed every word and thought to be broadcast. Any were challenged or cut which even by remote inference might offend not only religious and racial groups, but, Crosby revealed, rodeo workers, cemetery owners, the State Department, former senators of Idaho, pre-war Germany, the residents of a fictitious town, North Wrinkle (in case there was a real one), radio executives, the Russians, and even the network stenographers who typed the scripts.

Crosby told how Tallulah Bankhead had to change a line, "I love England," to "I love the English theater," because the former was "British propaganda." In a script on Greek history, Hendrik Van Loon described the change from candlelight to oil lamps and expressed a nostalgic affection for candles. Out it came. Mustn't offend the oil companies.

"Unintelligent censorship," he summarized, "is closing the doors of imagination, stifling inventiveness, and driving radio writers into a sterile cynicism with no faith in themselves or their industry."

Radio executives aged ten years during Crosby's exposé, but censorship was quietly relaxed.

Because radio is a business inhabited by extroverts paid to be enthusiastic about their work, Crosby was immediately beset by press agents soliciting his favorable comment. Realizing that to be the press agents' darling would leave little time for columning, he refused to answer his telephone, read his mail, or see visitors.

So effective is this barrier that, to get his attention, the Mutual Broadcasting System bought a large ad in his newspaper, addressed to him. On another occasion, Crosby, in a moment of absent-mindedness, answered his phone. On the other end was a flabbergasted press agent who had called every week for two years. Now that he finally had Crosby on the phone, he couldn't remember why.

Crosby's opinion is often sought by sponsors planning to gamble heavily on some producer's dream. He rarely gives it, but has no hesitancy to reacting in print, free of charge. When he described a character in the show, "My Friend Irma," as too weak to be real, Hubbell Robinson, vice-president in charge of CBS programs, telegraphed the producer to have the character strengthened.

Despite his frank criticism of powerful advertisers, Crosby has never been admonished by the newspapers to use kid gloves while writing his column. When NBC chairman Niles Trammell defended soap operas as giving the housewife courage to face her own daily problems, Crosby lashed back: "That's a fantastic argument. The ordinary problems of soap-opera heroines are murder, suicide, illegitimacy, and bankruptcy, none of which a housewife is very likely to run up against in a lifetime."

Most radio experts believe that Crosby's excellent analyses of radio are but a warm-up for his part in developing television. "As TV is still experimenting, a Crosby comment not only gets attention, it can get immediate action," a CBS vice-president said recently. "Crosby's direct contribution to television in helping build audience-demand for excellent programs can be a tremendous one."

High praise from Crosby is never expressed in a fine flow of adjectives. He prefers to indicate his enthusiasm in a gentle phrase. Vic and Sade on television, he said, were "as fresh as spring water." Sid Caesar he described as "preposterously talented," and "Our Miss Brooks" as "a very amusing program and a very winning one."

To his devotees these mild observations are a beacon light. His soft endorsement of such TV shows as Ford Theater, Studio One, and Kukla, Fran and Ollie builds their audiences by thousands, partly because of the stubborn loyalty of his fans. They know that if something goes wrong, he will tell them, as he did of Milton Berle's opening extravaganza last fall. He simply said: "It was lousy."

CROSBY, WHO WAS born in Milwaukee, started training for his job as No. 1 radio critic at the age of 16, when he wrote his first complete play. Later, he was the first freshman to have a play performed by the Yale Dramatic Club. This encouraged him to write his major opus, *The Mirror Cracked*, which, though it was never produced, became one of the best-known plays on Broadway, simply because so many people read it.

At 23, Crosby's career was advanced by this flop play when Theresa Helburn of the Theatre Guild picked him to be a student in the Guild's playwriting course. Like everyone else, Miss Helburn had read the play and was impressed by the author's talent. Crosby joined the small class with several other unknowns, including Tennessee Williams (*A Streetcar Named Desire*) and Arthur Miller (*Death of a Salesman*). Although Crosby did not become a playwright, such experience was helpful to his future career as a critic.

Today the Crosby home life suffers constant intrusion from television and radio, a condition accepted philosophically by his attractive brunette wife, Mary, and their two young children. When she can stand no more listening and looking in the living room of their New York apartment, Mary retires to the master bedroom and curls up with a good book.

John looks and listens conscientiously. He rarely reviews a program without monitoring it at least three times. One night a week he abstains completely.

Seeing this mild-mannered, soft-spoken man wheeling a baby carriage and playing with kids at the playground, other dwellers in the apartment house never suspect he is anything other than a rising young businessman. His mildness, however, does not extend to the typewriter. When he puts on his horn-rimmed glasses, hunches at his desk at the *Tribune*, and starts poking the keys, even the machine seems to jump a little.

He writes rapidly, consulting a stack of longhand notes that not even his pretty secretary, Diane Shipler, could decipher even if she dared touch them. John takes endless notes while he is listening, and his unused accumulation is now a foot high.

Though Crosby has been eagerly sought after by new and influential acquaintances, his circle of friends is about the same as when he was just another reporter who wanted to write plays. His career in New York was begun with two tangible assets—$50 he had saved from a reporter's job on the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, and the friendship of Whitelaw Reid, fellow-member of the Yale swimming team, whose family publishes the *Herald Tribune*.

When Reid learned of John's determination to be a writer, he introduced him to Grafton Wilcox, managing editor, who gave him a chance to write occasional news stories at the rate of $10 for three columns. Soon, Crosby was working full-time for the fabulous sum of $5 a day.

The 1930s was a restless decade, which will be the background of Crosby's first serious novel, now nearing completion. As a reporter he lived in a $5-a-week room, covered routine assignments, haunted night clubs and wrote plays in his spare time. When the army beckoned in 1941—a faulty eye prevented overseas assignment—he was regarded by the *Tribune* as competent, but no ball of fire.

When he was offered the radio column, after five years in the Army, he thought it might be a pleasant sinecure. "A nice little department on a top newspaper is a good job," he remarked. "You can go home at 5 like other people."

Shortly thereafter, Crosby became a ball of fire. When he goes home now at 5 o'clock, it is for several hours of stern concentration at his radio and TV set.

Though he listens objectively, he believes most radio programming is a paltry performance, especially in public service. But when John turns to television, his eye gleams in excitement.

"Good or bad, we can be sure that television is going to be profoundly influential," Crosby says today. "It is my devout hope that it will prove to be a more responsible medium than radio has been.

"The phoniness, the tawdriness, that marked so much of radio simply isn't possible on television. It is instantly apparent to even the most naïve eye. Also, I believe the advertiser, in his 25 years' experience in radio, has acquired a sense of responsibility to the public.

"These two things—the heightened sense of responsibility of the advertiser and the greater awareness of the public—are very encouraging signs that television won't go the way of radio."

Rare Slices from Life

A PHYSICIAN habitually late and always in a hurry left his office behind schedule the other day to attend the funeral of a friend. Seeing that he was just barely going to make it, he jumped into his car and tore down the street, only to be stopped by a policeman.

Agitatedly the doctor pleaded, "Please don't delay me, officer—I'm on my way to a funeral."

Replied the officer, "It may be. It may very well be!"

—Eleanor Clarage

A SHORT TIME AGO Smiley Burnette was making a personal-appearance tour. He had just made a broadcast and was beset by kids requesting autographs. A man standing near-by watched for a few moments and then asked, "Don't you ever get tired of that?"

Smiley answered quickly, "Never—this pen is a lot smaller than the shovel I used to push."

—Frank Taylor

TOM BRENEMAN's mother was a staunch fan of his radio program and often attended the broadcasts. One morning she was happily watching Tom go through his familiar and hilarious routine. Finally, unable to restrain her pride, she leaned forward and whispered to the out-of-town visitor who was sharing her table, "How would you feel if that were your son?"

The woman watched Tom for a moment, then shrugged and whispered back, "Oh, you know how mothers are. I'd find some excuse for him!"

—Eleanor Maben

Silver Linings

Here is proof that faith, hope and charity are still a source of human inspiration

CHARLEY HAS long since gone to his reward, probably wondering if heaven could possibly be as wonderful a place as the United States of America. But I remember one Independence Day about 25 years ago when old Charley taught some folks how simply being an American can fill a man's heart to overflowing, how it can bring tears to his eyes and make him cry out his faith and love with an almost-religious intensity of emotion.

Charley Reinschreiber was the junkman in my Ohio home town. It was known that he had come from one of those nations in what we knew vaguely as "Eastern Europe." A wizened, dark-skinned little guy, he was a shrewd businessman in his grubby little junkyard.

This Fourth of July started, as they all did, with a before-dawn barrage of fireworks. The racket continued almost without lull until 10:30, when the parents assembled and started marching from the big lawn in front of the Methodist church. I was playing a very loud trombone in the high-school band as we swung up North Main Street towards Monument Square.

While still a block away from where he stood, we could hear a single pair of hands clapping violently. That was Charley, leading what became certainly the loudest burst of applause our band ever received. When we got alongside, I could see the little fellow standing out front at the edge of the curb. His eyes were shining, and he was applauding with all his strength.

I saw him next at the cemetery, standing close up front when taps was sounded and a volley fired in honor of the town's war dead. Charley was crying.

That night, Charley Reinschreiber, the unlettered little refugee from all the horrors of all the strife-torn European years, sat far back in one of the two local movie theaters. Nobody remembers what the feature picture was, but it seems impossible that anyone who was there will ever forget the episode of the newsreel. There was a sequence of soldiers marching, cavalry riding, and battleships sailing across the screen. And then, the usual newsreel windup in those days, a prolonged shot of the Stars and Stripes fluttering triumphantly against a deep blue sky.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the rear of the theater. Old Charley had sprung to his feet and was leaning forward, never for a second taking his eyes from the screen. One hand went up in a fierce, awkward kind of salute, and Charley yelled: "Hurrah for the United States of America! God bless the United States of America!"

Afterward, he looked a little embarrassed. I don't think he should have been. I think he should have been proud. And I think that all of us should be thankful for all the Charley Reinschreibers who can teach us, straight from their own scarred souls, what it means to be an American. —JOHN SCHNEIDER

CHINESE MINERS, due to the hazardous nature of their work, are a rough and ready lot who live according to the principle: "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may die." Old Chow was an exception. But though he was laughed at for being a Christian, and made the butt of jokes because of his smiling humility, he was generally loved and respected.

One day, in the tunnel, when it came time to eat, the miners sat down beside a pillar. Chow spread his meager lunch upon his lap, bowed his head, and closed his eyes to give thanks. While he was engaged in his brief devotions, a fellow-miner snatched the food and darted behind the pillar.

Old Chow opened his eyes to find his lap empty, and sprang to his feet. "He went that way," the others told him, pointing down the gallery, and howled with laughter as he ran after the supposed thief.

But no sooner had he turned a corner than the pillar gave way with a crash. One miner was killed, the others injured. Only Chow escaped unharmed.

No one laughs at Old Chow any more, and many have adopted his simple faith. —KUANG-HUA LI

ON A MOTOR TRIP to Canada we stopped for the night in a small New Hampshire village and found all the tourist homes full. About ready to move on, we were directed to the private home of a retired minister and his wife.

They showed us their two spare bedrooms and, after telling us to take our pick, the minister said, "We're going out for the evening. Please feel free to use the kitchen. And if anyone else comes, and you like their looks, show them the other room."

They left us open-mouthed at such complete trust in the essential goodness of mankind!

We didn't use the kitchen, but when another couple appeared, we rented the other room to them. During the evening, a man came to the door and, being told the owners were not at home, handed my husband $50!

"I owe this to the Reverend," he said. "Will you give it to him?"

We shall probably never see any of those people again, but we will not soon forget them. —MRS. J. W. SALMON

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifted your spirits, renewed your faith in mankind, proved to you that people are still essentially kind and decent and generous? Why not send it along for "Silver Linings"? For each accepted story, we will pay $50, upon publication. All contributions must be typewritten, and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address stories to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

HIGH SOCIETY

by **CHARLES ROBBINS**

IT IS GONE with the wind now, but in the years of its flowering—around the turn of the Century—American High Society was a weird and wonderful thing. Drawing on the nation's newly tapped resources, it shot up to a fantastic height, prodigally sprouting blossoms in the form of quarter-million-dollar parties, neo-medieval mansions, yachts, and titled sons-in-law.

The world had seen nothing like it since the twilight of Rome, and when at length it faded away under the blight of wars, taxes, depression, and plain boredom, its disappearance was so final that even those who had known it intimately hesi-

Child heiress, Kathleen Vanderbilt.

tated to trust their recollections. To others, the mementoes of its grandeur, scattered through these pages, will have the quaint, improbable look of illustrations in a fairy tale.

In a way, it *was* a fairy-tale world—and its queen was Mrs. Astor, who scorned the use of any identifying Christian name, considering it superfluous. She was simply THE Mrs. Astor. This regal woman, descendant of a ship chandler and wife of the great-grandson of a German butcher, founded a principality in the heart of a republic and ruled over it for close to 40 years. As equipment, she had $50,000,000, implacable determination, little taste, and the undivided allegiance of the country's foremost snob, a man named Ward McAllister.

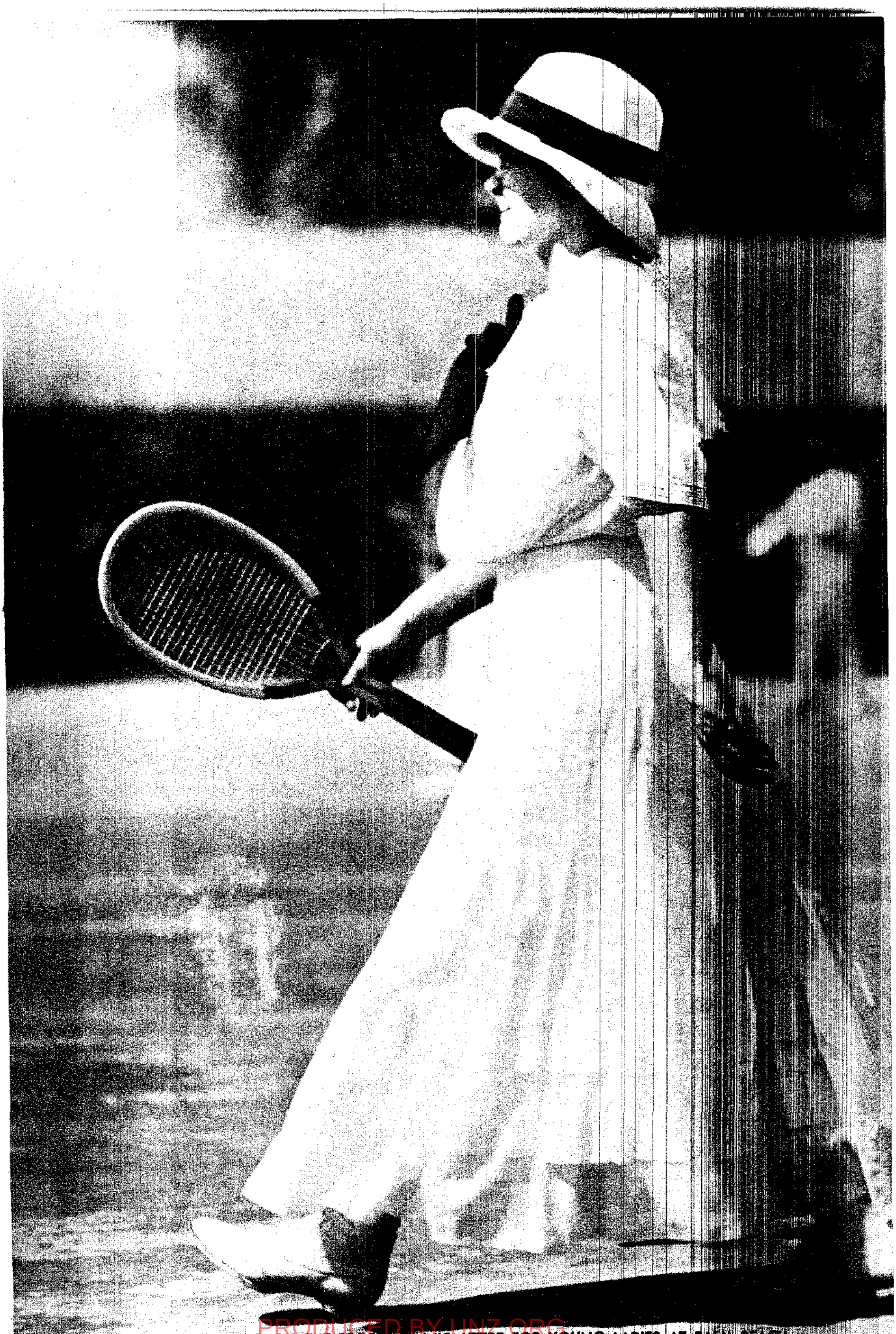
McAllister, scion of an aristocratic if slightly down-at-the-heel Southern family, had married a retiring heiress and then, by way of preparation for his life's work, embarked on a sort of busman's honeymoon abroad. During his odyssey, he enjoyed the ennobling experience of dining with Queen Victoria's chef and of bribing his way into the acquaintance of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Thus he was considered well qualified to serve as Mrs. Astor's Prime Minister and, by extension, as Society's arbiter of elegance.

He and his royal mistress labored together over the guest lists, and, since the ballroom of her New York castle could accommodate conveniently only about 400, and since anyone excluded from its hallowed precincts was beyond the pale, the phrase, "The 400," came into use as a synonym for American Society.

"If you go outside that number," McAllister once condescended to explain to an inquiring reporter, "you run against people who are either not at ease in a ballroom, or else make other people ill at ease. See the point?"

The reporter saw it, and so did a lot of apprehensive social hopefuls. The words were casual, but, as in the case of the 600 of Tennyson's poem, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, nobody questioned, nobody reasoned why, for by that time the authority of Mrs. Astor was absolute. She and McAllister had made it so by means of a kind of social elimination tourney, in which survivors of preliminary parties were rewarded by invitations to the main event, the annual Astor ball.

The latter also taxed one's pow-



MISS WITHERBEE MODELS THE PROPER TENNIS ATTIRE FOR YOUNG LADIES AT PALM BEACH.

Sportsmen like George Gould were inordinately proud of their grace on the ice.

ers of survival, for it was a masterpiece of dullness. First came the trial of being presented to the hostess, a formidable figure in a black wig, complete with tiara. Dripping diamonds, Mrs. Astor invariably received under a portrait of herself by Carolus Duran. (Later, when her mind was failing, she would often take her stand in the same place to greet a train of phantom courtiers, all come to make obeisance to her and all, of course, of impeccable pedigree.) Next, one was subjected to a stupefying seven-course dinner, served on gold plate, and after that, if still capable of motion, one danced or attended Mrs. Astor, who liked to command the room from a throne-like divan, planted on a dais.

The only person habitually absent from these ordeals—without danger of ostracism—was her hus-

For matrons like Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, coaching on Fifth Avenue was a ritual.

band. Except for one season, when she seemed to be trying to introduce him to Society, William Astor contented himself with cruising in his yacht, which she eschewed as religiously as he did her drawing rooms. "Odd, isn't it?" she once remarked to an embarrassed guest, "I've never been on William's yacht."

But, if she was tolerant of William, she could be ruthless enough in dealing with candidates for admission to her kingdom. The Goulds, for instance, never did get in, although they resorted to the usually successful ruse of allying themselves to European titles. Nothing seemed to sweeten the reputation of old Jay, founder of the Gould fortune, who in a rare access of honesty once described himself as "the most hated man in America." Certainly he was one of the most deadly.

His cold-blooded Wall Street

manipulations were regarded almost with awe even by such hardened freebooters as J. P. Morgan and Commodore Vanderbilt; and when he double-crossed his partner, coming at the same time within an ace of plunging the whole country into bankruptcy and of getting himself lynched, his escape occasioned genuine and widespread regret.

For a while, Mrs. Astor's impressive queenship gave the citadel of High Society a look of impregnability, which, in fact, was deceptive. Though it might withstand the assaults of the Goulds, it could not withstand either the shock of social forces or the devastating effects of its own artificiality. That decorum, so rigorously observed in Mrs. Astor's presence, elsewhere was going by the board.

Presumably well-bred young ladies were beginning to indulge in such unladylike pursuits as walloping tennis balls, riding bicycles, smoking cigarettes, and cavorting on the beach. Parties not only were growing increasingly bizarre but were being denounced by a once-respectful, if not downright reverent, press.

One season's sensation was a stag dinner on horseback: guests backed their rubber-shod steeds into Sherry's elevator, which carried them up to a sawdust-strewn room. There they pranced and ate, while servants doubled in brass as both waiters and grooms. William C. Whitney, a talented traction magnate, introduced his favorite mount at one of his own dinner parties

Horse-racing enthusiast Perry Belmont.

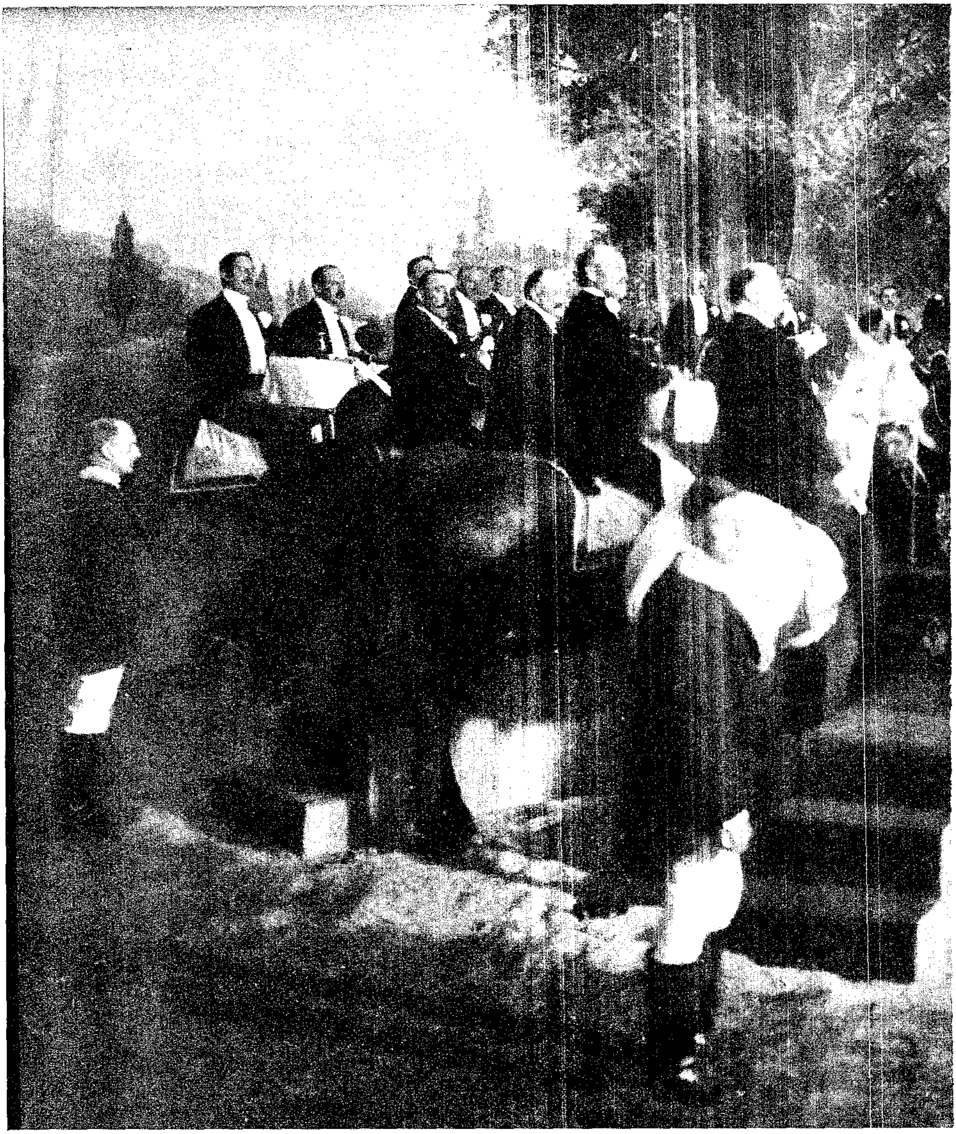
and remarked later to his wife that it had been a shame "to let such a fine horse mingle with such company." But, if he had a low opinion of his guests, no one could deny that he treated them handsomely, for at another of his dinners everyone was overjoyed to find a black pearl secreted in his oysters (at a cost to Mr. Whitney of $20,000).

Mrs. Astor recognized the subversive influence of such didoes and deplored them. Especially she deplored a rival hostess, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who was subversiveness incarnate. The antics of Mrs. Fish and her court jester, Harry Lehr, foreshadowed those of the Jazz Age. Waging ceaseless war on boredom, these two sponsored formal dinners for dolls and dogs, and gave parties at which guests masqueraded as their favorite enemies.

An imposing woman, politely rude, Mama Fish tired quickly of her own innovations. Becoming bored in the middle of a dance, on which she might have lavished weeks of planning, she would order the band to play *Home Sweet Home* again and again. Finally the guests would catch on and leave, only to be summoned back in a few days for Mama's next party.

Of the costume fetes, which enjoyed a great vogue at the time, three were noteworthy. Costing more than three-quarters of a million dollars, these three balls hung like a pawnbroker's sign over a Society on the way to moral, if not financial, bankruptcy. Most lavish of the gilded trio was the one given

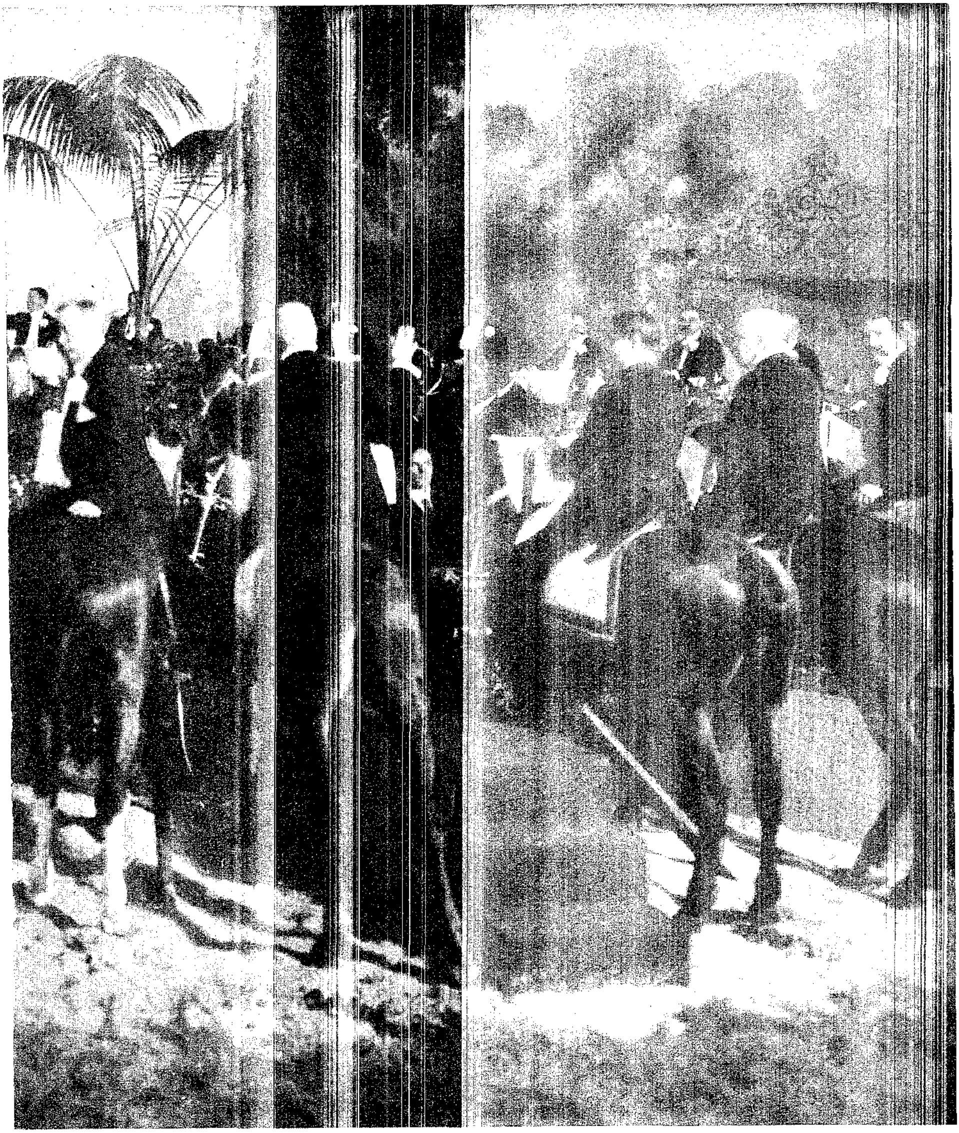
Mrs. Edward B. Gould on trip abroad.



Cornelius K. G. Billings' contribution to the era of mad parties was a horse-

by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin.

One day in 1897, they read in the papers that trade was depressed. They decided to stimulate it by staging a party at the Hotel Waldorf, and they succeeded brilliantly—to the tune of $369,200. It was a prodigious, a monstrous shindig. Both the New York *Herald* and *Times* devoted front pages to it, and,



back dinner. Guests and mounts were taken to the dining room by elevator.

in London, the *Chronicle* sarcastically observed: "We congratulate New York Society on its triumph. It has cut out Belshazzar's feast . . ."

The reference was apt, for this time, too, there was handwriting on the wall. So great, indeed, was the notoriety, so impassioned were the protests about the party, that the Bradley Martins fled inconti-

Mrs. George Gould, daughter-in-law of financier Jay Gould, distributed jewelry to guests at the cotillion given in honor of her daughter's engagement in 1910.

Weird costume affectations added spice to overlong balls and dinner parties.

nently to England, where they spent their remaining years.

You might have thought that James Hazen Hyde, heir to the president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, would have profited from this sad example. He didn't, though. Eight years later, in the state suite of Sherry's Restaurant, he staged a $200,000 encore of the Martin folly, this one smothered in orchids and Louis XVI costumes. And again the outcry went up and again its object was driven into exile.

The third of these extravaganzas was interesting chiefly as a milestone in the career of one of the most amazing personalities in the annals of U. S. Society, if not of U. S. history—*the* Mrs. Vanderbilt, who later became Mrs. O. H. P.

Joseph Minot of Boston was a striking figure at a Vanderbilt costume ball.

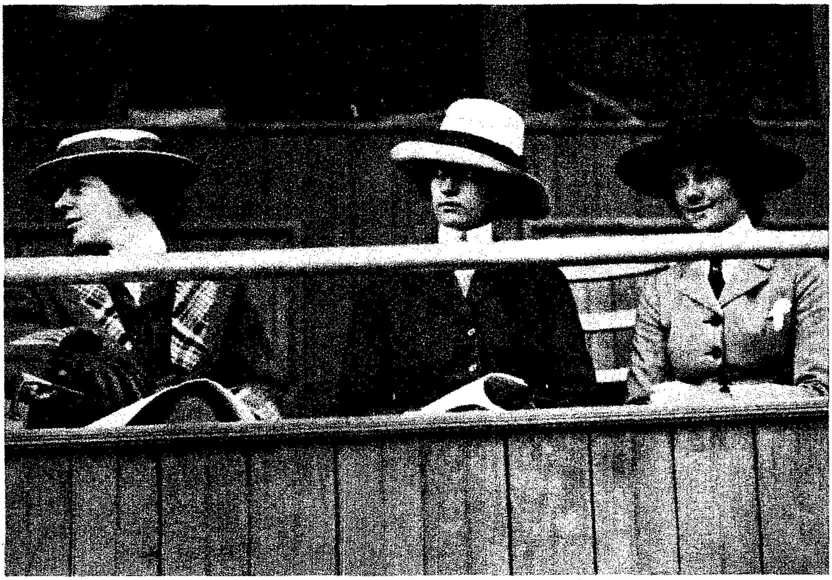
The temerity of debutantes shattered traditions against women smoking in public.

Southampton, L. I., was the summer playground of the younger social set.

The Vincent Astors often left the social whirl to contribute to social services.

Belmont. A lady of fashion, with a prize fighter's outlook, she challenged Mrs. Astor on her own ground, finally wrested the social scepter from her failing grasp and then, still not satisfied, flung herself into the struggle for Women's Suffrage. She was the daughter of a cotton planter, and when she married William Kissam Vanderbilt, the Vanderbilts still were parvenus, still were living in the heavy shadow of her husband's grandfather, the boorish Commodore. It was she who led them out of the valley of this shadow into a social noonday.

After establishing herself in a $3,000,000 Fifth Avenue chateau, she planned as a housewarming the greatest fancy-dress ball ever to be given in America. Mrs. Astor's daughter, Caroline, listened to the



The Tuxedo Horse Show was the premier event in America's premier country club.

excited gossip and, assuming that a person of her distinction would be invited, went about organizing a quadrille in which she and her friends would appear at the Vanderbilt party. When Mrs. Vanderbilt heard of this, she let it be known that, while nothing would please her more than to invite Miss Astor, she found it impossible to do so, since Miss Astor's mother had never done her the honor of calling.

History has kindly refrained from recording the consequent scenes in the Astor menage, but the fact is that, a few days later, Mrs. Astor drove moodily up Fifth Avenue and left her card at Mrs. Vanderbilt's door. After that, the ball, although of unparalleled magnificence, was something of an anticlimax.

Its hostess later conquered New-

Fashionable sporting events were attended by everyone who "mattered."

Guests were often more important than the bride and groom at society weddings.

port, most difficult of all social prizes, and at the same time presented it with its costliest "cottage," Marble House, a $9,000,000 birthday gift from her husband. Then she married off her daughter, the unhappy Consuelo Vanderbilt, to a bona fide English Duke (Marlborough), and in so doing presented New York with *its* most impressive society wedding.

"I blaze the trail for the rest to walk in," she proudly declared, adding proof to the words by changing husbands in midstream. After scandalizing friend and foe alike by divorcing Vanderbilt and marrying Belmont, she began slowly to turn her attention from Society to society (with a small s). With characteristic vigor, she plunged into the suffrage movement, wrote a propagandist opera, led a monster Women's Vote parade down the gantlet of Fifth Avenue, scene of her former social triumphs, and founded the Political Equality Association. These activities she found so much more stimulating than the petty contests of Society that, in the ominous year 1914, she closed her Newport mansion for good and all.

The gesture was symbolic. Boarded-up Marble House, once High Society's greatest pleasure dome, now became its tomb. All the deceased lacked was an epitaph, and Mrs. Fish supplied that in a letter to her former jester, Harry Lehr, who had moved to Paris and was reported to have lost his mind. Urging him to return to America, she wrote:

"You know quite well that you won't need any mind to go with the people in our set."

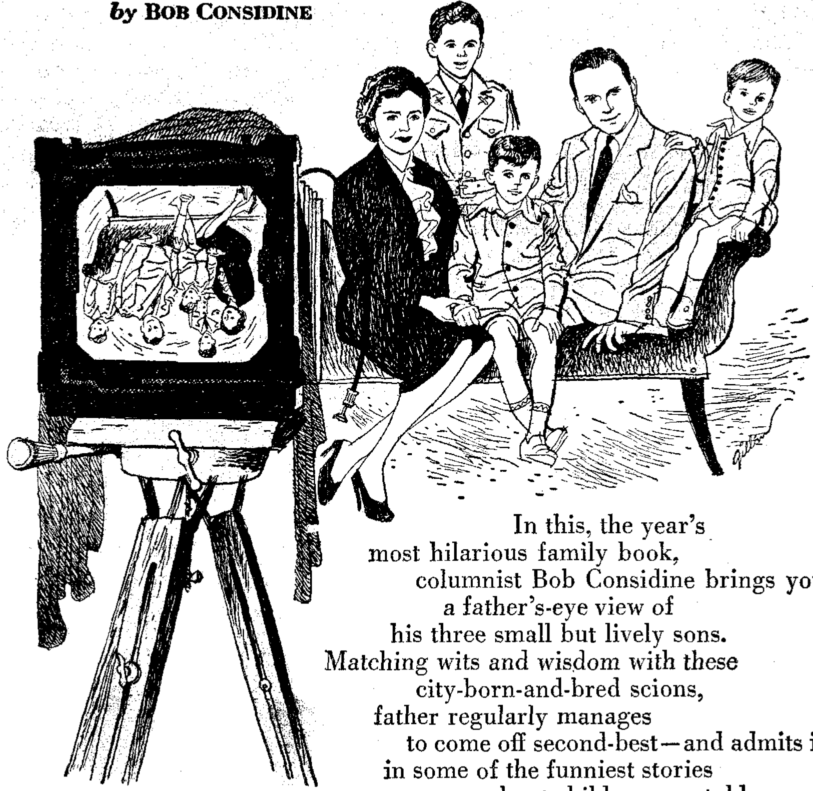
THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF GEORGE GOULD IS CHRISTENED.
THE CHILD'S MOTHER HAD MARRIED AN ENGLISH LORD.

MRS. R. T. W
FOR THE OP
OTHER BRILLIA
THE METROP

Condensed Book

Innocents at Home

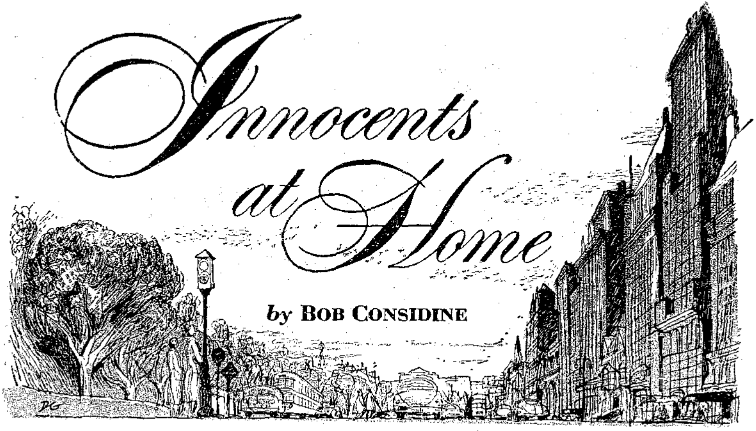
by BOB CONSIDINE



In this, the year's
most hilarious family book,
columnist Bob Considine brings you
a father's-eye view of
his three small but lively sons.
Matching wits and wisdom with these
city-born-and-bred scions,
father regularly manages
to come off second-best—and admits it
in some of the funniest stories
about children ever told.

From *Innocents at Home* by Bob Considine, copyright 1947-48, by King Features Syndicate, Inc., and 1950, by Bob Considine. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Innocents at Home



by Bob Considine

THERE IS A lively legend in this land that the surest way for a childless marriage to bear fruit is the adoption of a baby. We're not ones to scoff at this notion.

My wife and I had been married six years and were becoming resigned to childlessness when we set out to adopt the dream child of all such questing people: a blue-eyed, golden-haired baby girl, two years old. But somewhere along the line a brown-eyed, brown-haired boy of nine months smiled at us shyly, nuzzled happily against my wife's neck, and bawled thunderously when we left. Wild horses could not have restrained us from claiming him as our own. It is hard to remember now which is our adopted.

After 11 years of marriage, we confounded our friends by confirming a Broadway columnist's cryptic announcement that we were having a child of our own, a small miracle which startled many, including the parents. It was such a foregone conclusion the baby-to-be was to be the girl we had set out to get in the first place that, in addition to laying in a stock of little dresses and pink-ribboned hats, we had even briefed our slightly dubious families on the spelling of her name—Deirdre.

But it turned out to be a large, squawking man-child. About three weeks later, or so it seemed to me, we were off to Harkness Pavilion in another cloud of dust. We were having another baby. All the little she-clothing was laid out again, with appropriate delight over having chosen her name in advance—Erin. But there was brought forth another baleful male, shouting wild defiance from a red face.

Now we have entered again that bewildering labyrinth of law and emotion which is the adoption process, in the hope of finding therein the girl we originally sought. That will make four, but as everyone must realize by this time, they're cheaper by the third of a dozen. Our current aim in life is to make certain we do not wind up with another boy. But no guarantees attend such searches.

All of which is beside the point. The point is that we have three boys, Michael, Barry and Dennis, and despite their occasional demands for a ranch with a herd of buffalo, we are raising them in a city where certain conditions might appall the average American parent. Our kids' "lower forty" is Central Park, and they share it with about a million others. To reach their li'l ole swimmin' hole, they take a cab to Grand Central, climb on a train, ride for an hour to Rye, New York, take a bus to the Westchester Beach Club, and pick a clear place in the pool.

Their friends are met mainly in the Park or in school, the latter a fine treeless institution off Park Avenue. There are children in our apartment house they've never met and, in the nature of things in New York, never will. They were all fairly well along in life before they saw their first cow.

Yet these Fifth Avenue hillbillies have advantages, too: the endless wonders of a great city. They know every inch of the tremendous stuffed whale in the American Museum of Natural History, and are on speaking terms with a panda. They live in a house which holds 23 doctors and, at one time or another, have used all of them. The frozen pond they use for ice skating in the winter cost John D. Rockefeller about eight million bucks. Their idea of a cozy neighborhood movie is the Radio City Music Hall.

They've met Toots Shor and Joe DiMaggio in person, and secured the autograph of Gene Autry on the steam-heated lone pray-ree of Madison Square Garden. They live near the Metropolitan Museum of Art—by which, at the moment, they are elaborately unimpressed; have breakfasted at the Stork Club after Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral; and are charter members of the Howdy Doody Club. They have flown in Constellations and DC-6's, and along glistening rails in the Twentieth Century Limited and the Super Chief. But they look and act just about as irresponsibly as small-town and country kids and, as they grow older, are inclined to envy them.

MIKE GOT OFF to the most eccentric start of the three. The first time we had a chance to spend a few hours with him, away from the kind but alert eye of the nice lady from the adoption association, was in a room on the 34th floor of the Hotel New Yorker.

On the day we could take him home—with the understanding that we, as foster parents, would be on probation for a year—we got in a cab and headed uptown. Our hearts stirred up pictures of lowering him into his waiting crib, and arm in arm looking down upon him. But our minds stirred something else.

"He needs a haircut," my wife said suddenly.

"A little boy like that?"

"Well, look at the way it sticks out in front."

So instead of taking him home we took him to the barbershop at Best's and were proud to know him when the barber said, "Never knew a baby to sit so still in the chair."

Barry was launched pretty impressively. The baptism took place at St. Patrick's, and everybody dressed. It was very colorful and the most colorful part of all was Barry's egg-bald head. He began to bellow mightily over the indignity of having holy water poured on his conk, and his voice fairly shook the huge cathedral with rage.

"Two months old, and he's already in the choir," "Bugs" Baer remarked to the priest, nearly breaking up the ceremony.

Barry's godmother, Inez Robb, wrestled manfully with him and lost the first two out of three falls. Then this brilliant INS columnist decided that the best way to quiet him would be to kiss him now and then. It was a long ceremony and Inez wasn't wearing kissproof lipstick. Barry emerged from the ritual looking like a small Indian seeking a warpath.

Dennis was almost an intruder at birth, when Dr. Damon announced his sex. He seemed almost to sense it, and worked against it with sweet guile. If Mike disdained his approaches, or Barry clouted him on his sweet round head with a porridge dish, Dennis accepted these rebuffs as the routine lot of the youngest in the family.

One day there came a mighty yelp from the room Dennis shared with Barry. With a heavy clatter of hoofs, the household, led by their wonderful governess, Mrs. Haller, descended upon the scene. Tears were fairly squirting from Barry's vast blue eyes, and his caterwaul was terrific. Dennis was holding Barry's clenched little left fist, and showering it with sympathetic kisses.

"Poor Barry hurt his hand," Dennis reported.

"How?" we asked with concern.

"Hitting me on the jaw," the sympathizer said, returning to his anxious ministrations.

The three of them are thicker than thieves now, immersed in their separate dreams but filled with thoughtful loneliness when separated. Mike is their athletic hero, because of a couple of highly treasured swimming medals he won. Barry is their musical hero, because he can play *Waltz with Me* on the piano with a minimum of clinkers. Dennis is their hero for the patience and skill he shows at a workbench long ago abandoned by Mike.

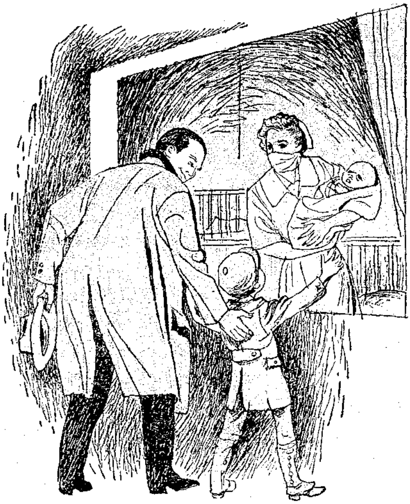
They battle enthusiastically now and then, are reunited two minutes later. The real or imagined sickness of one worries the other two as much as Mike was worried the first day he saw Barry.

"Lemme hold him!" he yelled through the glass window to the hospital nurse who had the infant in her arms. But the nurse only shook her head.

"Why?" Mike shouted

The nurse came closer to the window and shouted back: "Germs!"

Mike's face fell. "Aw," he said,



with a note of sympathy, "how did he catch 'em?"

Barry's first day in school released a flood of tears around the apartment unequaled since the last time I showed *Stella Dallas* on our movie projector.

My wife wept softly throughout that morning, and kept saying that he was no longer her baby boy. Mrs. Haller, who clutched his hot hand on the trip to school, returned wan and distraught.

Dear Father, rising at the crack of noon to confront the hostile new day, was informed that his spawn was now grappling with the rudiments of education and no longer would the patter of his darling big feet be heard around the manse each day from 7 A.M. onward.

"Good!" thickly commented Father, the sod, and this started fresh tears through the place.

Dennis agreed with me, for a time. He had never been able to lay a gummy paw on the older kid's snare drum. He had tried a number of times, but had been beaten back by guns, rubber daggers, low tackles, and hoarse threats.

Now, as soon as the new schoolboy was led away, the younger boy made a rush for the drum, and for seeming hours he blended its sound with the beat, beat, beat of Dear Father's h—gover.

But after a while an odd loneliness came over him and he wandered vacantly around the place, beating the drum now and then in an absent way. He hadn't been in a fight all morning, and he missed it grievously. At 9:15 A.M. he asked, "When's he coming back?" and asked it every minute on the half-minute for three hours after that—thus stimulating fresh tears.

At long last, the beardless adventurer returned. Barry was smothered with hugs, and then we all waited tensely for some burst of erudition he had picked up in his first tussle with learning.

At last the prodigy spoke. Looking coldly at his brother, he said, in perfect English: "Gimme my drum."

School doesn't get any easier through the years. For instance, there comes a time in the life of every father when his child pins him against a wall, and asks that embarrassing question.

"Pop," Mike began late one afternoon, "the boys in the fifth grade have been talking about something I don't understand."

"Here it comes," I said to myself, wondering how much I still remembered of "The Stork Didn't Bring You."

"I'm kind of busy, son," I explained uneasily.

"But I've got to know," he insisted. "Every other kid knows all about it."

"Well, son," I said, coughing sententiously, "it's like this . . ."

"I've read the book about it," the kid put in, "but I can't make heads or tails of it."

" 'The book about it'? By Geoffrey, what are they teaching you in that school?"

"Subtraction of fractions," he said. "That's what I've been talking about."

A wheeze of relief filled our shanty. Then I said officiously, "Subtraction of fractions, eh? Well! What's so hard about that?"

"But they're tough . . . take a

look for yourself," he said, pressing upon me a book filled with mathematical problems.

"Hmmmmm! I'll take a look," I conceded reflectively. His words had unlocked some dusty passageway in my mind. I saw again my brothers and sisters sitting around a cleared-off dining-room table in a little row house in Washington. I saw myself chewing a pencil stub over the same mystic problems, my tablet illuminated by the glow from the peeling Welsbach burner.

"Where's the first problem?" I asked confidently.

"Right here," he pointed. "You take $392\frac{7}{8}$ths from $412\frac{5}{12}$ths."

"Let me see, now. . . . We'll start by subtracting 392 from 412. That's simple enough."

"So are you, Pop," the bounder said to his only living male parent. "You're forgetting the fractions. What I want to know is how you subtract $\frac{7}{8}$ths from $\frac{5}{12}$ths."

"Hmmmm . . . so that's it, eh? Seven eighths from five twelfths? . . . Why, that's impossible. This must be a typographical error."

"I'll give you a clue," Mike said. "First you have to find the least common denominator of 8 and 12. What's that?"

"You mean the least common denominator? Well, it's a thing that . . ."

"I mean what's the number. Here, give me the pencil."

He made some scratchings and got a figure of 24. "Now," he said, "what'll I do with it?"

Several idle thoughts came to my mind, but were discarded as rude. And recognizing my indecision, he put his own mind to work and said, "I think I'll raise the 5/12ths to 10/24ths and the 7/8ths to 21/24ths, then borrow one from the 412, break it up into 24 pieces, and make the 10/24ths equal 34/24ths, then I can subtract 21/24ths from that number and . . . lemme see . . . that equals 18/24ths. And then I subtract 392 from 411, not 412 . . . Hey, I got it! Gee, Pop, thanks."

"Think nothing of it, son," I boomed. "Always willing to help."

At times, all of the boys come home from school filled with wordless woe over things that have taken place, and we parents wish mightily that we could relieve them of their worries.

"I hate it . . . I just hate it," one will say in the very pit of sorrow. Occasionally, they'll even talk about it, after hours of youthful brooding.

"I'm never, never, never going back!" Dennis said, midway in his kindergarten year. He had been crying, his eyes denoted when he arrived home.

"What happened—did you flunk your mud-pie course?" I asked with the rapier wit that has made me the toast of an entire continent (Antarctica).

It made him cry, understandably enough. And, touched, I put my arm around him. "I'm sorry, son; what happened?"

"A lot," he wailed. "This morning an awful kid in our room, a big bully, started looking very mean at a nice little girl who sits behind him, and then you know what he did?"

"What?"

"Well, all of a sudden this bully reached back and hit the little girl right on top of her head. . . . Honest,

by Bob Considine

I'm never, never, never going back. I hate school!"

Here plainly was a child so sensitive that man's inhumanity to man would never leave him untouched. Someday he'd grow up, become a great liberal President, free the disfranchised people of Washington, D. C., and his old man would take things easy thereafter on the White House porch.

"You're a good boy, Dennis," I said not without pride. "But don't let things like that worry you too much. Just because you saw a bully strike a defenseless little girl is no reason for stopping school. This is a wicked world, son, in some ways. You must get used to its wickedness, but also remember that it has many fine and good things in it."

Two fat tears rolled down his chubby cheeks. "Then Miss Eleanor was very mean to me . . . for trying to help," he said.

"Fine thing!" Father bristled. "You're brave enough to throw yourself upon this bully, attempting to protect this fine little girl, and you—the innocent bystander with only good in your heart—you're punished. I'm taking this up with the authorities, boy. Tell me what happened."

"She scolded me in front of everybody and made me stand in the corner," Dennis said bitterly.

"But what about the bully? What did Miss Eleanor do to him, the hulking rascal?"

"What bully?" he said.

"The monster you battled with, to save the little girl."

"Oh, him," the boy said casually. He had noticed a new windup plane sitting on a table. "He was me."

"You hit the little girl?"

"Aw, it was just a love pat. She's cute. How did I know she was going to cry? And how did I know Miss Eleanor was looking? Anyway, I'm never, never, never going back."

P.S.—He did.

I WAS SHAVING, and Barry sat in a convenient place in the room, studying me.

"Say, Pop, do you work?" he asked abruptly.

It was a bad moment, for the razor was perilously close to my jugular. I got it under control after a time and showed him my typing finger, worn down all the way to the second knuckle.

"Of course I work," I said through the lather. "Where do you think your curds and whey come from—trees?"

"What kind of work do you do, Pop?" he asked.

It was a knife in the ribs, but I recovered enough to tell him, glacially, that I was probably the best-known newspaperman in the world named Bob Considine. It came as depressing news to the child. "You won't tell David, will you?" he asked, earnestly.

"David *whom?*" I snapped.

"David. Nobody's got last names in Central Park. Just David. He's my best friend and . . . and I . . ."

"Out with it!"

"I told him you were a cop . . . with a real gun," the boy said wildly. "Please, Pop, don't tell him you just sell newspapers."

What's a father to do? I can no longer use the 96th Street area of Central Park, dare not walk around the reservoir with "Bugs" Baer for fear that David will catch sight of me and brand my son, his best friend, a liar.

Things like this have been happening ever since our kids started going out in the world and making the first friends—and enemies—of their lives.

Mike, our oldest, met a snaggle-toothed kid named Butch a few years ago at school, and for the next year or two devoted himself exclusively to the job of doing publicity for him. Butch, it seemed, was the greatest ballplayer since Babe Ruth, could fight like Dempsey, play tennis like Budge, and was undisputed world's champion in the art of throwing spitballs.

Mike took me to the school one day to meet Butch, who seemed like any other kid in 3-B, except for a few more freckles. About the cleverest thing I saw him do was pull a chair from under Mike and trip another kid so that the kid fell on his chin.

But as long as Mike stayed at that school, the greatest living American was a child named Butch. Now Mike himself had been around a bit in his life. Had flown from New York to Chicago when he was a year old, had been to California, Nassau, and way points. He had been photographed planting a punch on the jaw of Jack Dempsey, and there was additional camera testimony that Babe Ruth had taught him to swing a bat, and Lefty Grove had instructed him in pitching. Sammy Baugh had sent him a football helmet and Lou Little had taken him to dinner once at Toots Shor's. He had even fractured his skull once, which naturally made him an overnight hero on his block.

But he never reached the ecstatic rapture he achieved one night when he raced in from school and yelled, "Hey, Mom! Hey, Pop! Guess what? The biggest thing that's ever happened in my whole life!"

He ran out of breath and we had to wait five excruciating minutes before we learned the extent of his good fortune.

"You know Butch?" Mike finally gasped, his eyes alight. "Well, today he told me I was his third-best friend! . . ."

ASIDE FROM MICE, our children have no furry pets at the moment. Yes, we know that one about "man's best friend," and the one that goes, "Every boy should have a dog." We even know the one that goes, "We have bad luck with pets."

From bitter experience we have found that it is hard to keep a dog in a New York apartment. The last fur-bearing friend we had was a Siamese cat named Kiki. She was a dear little thing, gentle beyond belief for that breed. She would even retrieve—a trick we've never been able to teach the children.

So many of the children's friends were interested in her that we decided to expand her. But, shortly after she was bred, she died. It was a heavy blow to the kids. My wife and I were in France when Kiki passed on, and learned about the tragedy during a phone call to New York. Dennis broke the news, and there was a touching catch in his voice when he shouted the word across the Atlantic.

"Kiki died of marriage!" he said.

by Bob Considine

Before Kiki came into our lives, the boys had a rabbit named Thumper Considine, and before Thumper a duck. The duck met a terrible end, after dipping its bill into an untamed Martini I had left exposed. Its death, though happy, was a shock to all concerned—especially to Father.

At various times in the past ten or fifteen years, we've had an eccentric wire-haired terrier named Sazerac, a Dalmatian named Saratoga, a small herd of cocker spaniels, an Irish setter named Kelly, a dachshund named Candy, and a bullying Siamese cat named Keema, not to be confused with Kiki.

Sooner or later, most of our pets wind up with a dear friend named Cynthia McDonald, whose husband is the eminent Washington sports broadcaster. The McDonalds, though not old, have a farm. They have long since resigned themselves to taking our pets. Nowadays, all my wife has to do is get them on the phone and say: "We've got a darling new dog and . . ."

The McDonalds cut in and say: "Okay, what train are you sending it down on?"

The other night I was trying to figure out what our children's pets have cost us through the years, including the not-inconsiderable turnover in rugs. I turned to my wife and put the general question of cost to her.

"What do you mean, stupid?" she said. "We're ahead."

"What do you mean, ahead?"

"Well, after Keema playfully opened a four-inch wound just over Michael's eye, we turned him (Keema) in on a cocker named India at Ye Olde Pette Shoppe, didn't we?"

"Yes," I snapped wittily.

"But India had been beaten by somebody at Ye Olde Pette Shoppe and always slunk on his belly to a corner when we called him, didn't he?" she continued.

"Yes."

"So we put an ad in the paper about India for sale and that lady showed up and we explained that India was cowering in the corner because he was exhausted from his morning walk. So she said okay, she'd take him off our hands for ten bucks, didn't she?"

"But that was much less than . . ."

"Hush! What I'm trying to tell you is that the lady left her gloves . . . and they just fit."

OUR KIDS DON'T GET to the legitimate theater very often, which is perhaps one of the reasons it is having a superior season. They are almost as impossible in an art museum, too.

Their infrequent brushes with live art, which they believe is a newfangled fad that will never take the place of television, are laden with many emotions. The art museums have another effect on them. They just bore 'em stiff.

"Little Red Riding Hood" was produced at one of those Saturday afternoon children's matinees not long ago, and Father decided to take the two younger boys.

The place was a one-floor Babel when we arrived. But it quieted down when the lights dimmed and a young man in the tights of a court jester came out to sing some children's songs that couldn't make the Hit Parade in Queen Elizabeth's time. The kids stared at him hostilely.

Then the show began, and I never heard actors and actresses get more advice. They were stripped of their pretenses, unmasked in their deceit, bawled out, and scored by the audience—especially the ones I had in tow.

"That's not really a wolf," Barry confided in a voice that drowned out one full line of dialogue. "It's a man, or something."

"He almost eats the girl," David offered, "but it's only pretending."

"I know," shouted Dennis, "He dresses up like grandma, or something, and the girl almost gets et, but at the last minute the woodsmen come and save everybody."

I capped a hand over his mouth, for he was spoiling the plot for me.

Thereafter throughout the show the boys alternated between lending their voices to the alarmed cries that shook the theater, and joining the diminutive marching Chinese who kept wending in and out of the boys' room.

"The wolf's right behind that tree, stupid!" Dennis yelled at one vital point, causing a ham-ridden woodsman and grandma to blow their next lines.

"Look out!" bellowed Barry and David in unison at one crisis in the show. When the wolf finally donned grandma's nightgown and cap, and lured the little girl into the cabin, Barry stood up indignantly.

"She's a jerk to do that!" he pronounced, and stomped off to the rest room.

The children's own stage appearances, in school and club plays, have been encouraging—but mostly to other members of the casts. Our kids can trip over lines and scenery with equal ease. They have taken about the usual number of years off the lives of their parents during their brief but intolerably tense moments on-stage.

Despite a look of benign sympathy and understanding, the grimmest audiences in the land are those made up of parents of young amateur Thespians. These desperate adults wither and die before their time because of the iron grip they fasten on their surging emotions. There are many torments for them, and most of these must be suffered in silence.

Buster can make that idiotic cross-eyed face he thinks is so funny, and take a horrid pratfall during the third-grade minuet, but mother will be forced to smile through tears of despair and rage. She'll have to smile and lie, too, when she is forced—by convention—to congratulate the mother and father of the golden-haired star of the little show, though she knows perfectly well that sorority politics, or some other dark maneuvering, deprived Sister of the role.

I've never been able to watch Mike (tap-dancing out of step and singing, off-key, while looking anxiously at the rear wall of the auditorium); or Barry (forgetting his line and staring at his stricken parents); or Dennis (waltzing with a pretty little four-year-old and counting—so loud that it drowned out the piano—"One-two-three, one-two-three") without a wave of unhappy emotions flooding over me.

Barry and Dennis were in something bewilderingly called the "Big Little Show" a couple of years ago at the Westchester Country Club, and seemed to devote the entire summer to rehearsing. On the big night, with the pretty mothers squeezing their hankies into tight little knots, and fathers sweating in their summer dinner jackets and drinking too much, it developed that Barry and Dennis had spent all summer learning to somersault, though Dennis ad-libbed to the extent of picking his nose.

That was the two-minute fruit of their long labors in the rehearsal pits, and they romped out an exit with the rest of the children in the act, and got applauded only by their closest relations. Us.

But though ignored in their moment under the spotlight, they nonetheless stole the show. For after returning to the table, where Dear Mother greeted them as if they had just recited Shakespeare from cover to cover, they crowded to a low retaining wall to watch the rest of the show. There was room at the wall only for one of them. And both tried to get into the space.

Before we could get to them they were slugging it out and bellowing about their rights to the opening. Nearly broke up the show.

Today, other cultural influences are at work upon our children. The two smaller boys are exposed to The Great Reshaper—television. The current ambition of my wife and self is to exert at least one-tenth the influence over our kids that is now solidly exerted by the murky shadows on our 16-inch TV screen.

When the magic box was installed, it seemed as if man, in his infinite inventiveness, finally had come up with the perfect baby-sitter: a dial-laden robot that would delight, bemuse, drug, and finally pack the young 'uns off to bed by means of a finger-wagging, chuckling Uncle Don. We turned the thing on, chained the kids to it, and forgot it and them. But it has completely changed their outlooks on life and us.

On a flying trip to Mexico last year, my wife, who is incorrigible in the presence of a telephone, put in a call for the kids. It took six hours of struggling with the Mexican operator to get the call through. Neither Barry nor Dennis would speak to her. They were right in the middle of the Hopalong Cassidy telecast, or something equally entrancing.

Neither cajolery nor threat had the faintest effect on them. They sat glued to their magic screen, firmly gripping their rubber daggers and ready to plunge same into Mrs. Haller, their girl friend, if she dared try to drag them off to the telephone.

More recently, the hard-working winner of the family bread stumbled in the front door after an exhausting three-week tour of Miami, Havana and Atlanta bars. He spotted a child he identified tentatively as his son Barry and rushed toward him with open arms. The boy pulled a gun.

"Stick 'em up, y'rat!" the boy ground out through clenched teeth. "You've had this coming to you a long, long time. Shootin's too good for a skunk like you."

From the next room there came the sound of a shot and the thunder of hoofs. The kid wheeled and was off like a flash—to catch the latest episode in a Western starring what turned out to be his new hero in life, Hoot Gibson.

The youngest kid, who apparently has been watching the analytical author-meets-critic telecasts, as well as the Westerns, was in less of a dream world.

"You're a liar, podner," Dennis said, with a gaze so steady that it had me looking furtively from side to side. "You said you were only going to be gone three days and you went three weeks. You keep lying and you'll go up to hell, which is a place."

On this macabre and blasphemous note, I left the room.

Mike, the oldest boy, still regards television with enough awe to want to take the set apart now and then. The younger kids accept it as something as routine as the air. It would never occur to them to turn on the radio. They are creatures of another age, and the radio age is as archaic to them as the horse-and-buggy era is to their elders.

The other night I said to Dennis, "Try to stay awake until 8:30 tonight. I'm on the air." I halfway expected him to ask me to shout his name over the air. But, as I said, he is of another age.

"Don't forget to wave to me," was his only comment.

IN OUR CHILDLESS DAYS, my wife and I used to look with cold eye upon the child who raised Cain in a dining room of a hotel, or a Pullman or any other place beyond the snug haven of the home.

Well, it is difficult to move kids around the country, feed and water them en route, and get them home in one piece. Something is inclined to snap in the juvenile brain the moment it is taken away from familiar surroundings. Our kids can go for weeks without spilling their milk, then pour half a pint of it down the leg of a severe-looking man who just happened to be strolling through the railroad diner.

The smaller ones regard the automobile as an archaic means of travel, a mode hardly able to survive further inroads by swifter methods. The auto ads which stress children always show them staring out of the shatterproof glass in happy wonderment, all presumably purring like that big, sleeve-valved, deep-domed, 150-horsepower, straight-eight, V-shaped teetotaler under the hood. Ours eat a lot, it seems to me, and fight for window space, and keep asking questions.

We bundled Mike and the luggage in the back seat of a car one winter when he was quite small and I headed for Florida. The take-off point was the corner of Seventy-seventh street and Central Park West, in New York. Just south of that, at the corner of Seventy-sixth Street and Central Park West, a good 80 yards along our way, I stopped for a red light.

"This Florida?" Mike asked. "Where are the coconuts?"

He asked it at every stop from that point to Miami. His brothers inherited the trait as soon as they could talk, with elaborations. When Barry was passing through a period which won him the title of "The Terrible-Tempered Master Bangs," he hit what we believed might be a new high in impatience.

by Bob Considine

"Why aren't we there now?" he asked after four minutes of a seven-hour drive to Washington.

"We've got a long, long way to go," his Mother explained.

"I don't care. I want to be there right now. And I will be, doggonit!"

He prefers planes, especially now that he has taken his inaugural hop. From the time he could talk, he demanded a ride in a plane, and kept insisting even after one embarrassing day when I got him as far as the top step of the mobile staircase snuggled against the side of a big ship at LaGuardia. There he let out a yell and fled down the steps. Couldn't get him on, and after a time it seemed like such an omen that I didn't go on either.

But finally he and Dennis did fly to Washington one day to see one of his grandmothers. Their ship was an American Airlines DC-6, Los Angeles bound, with Washington as the first stop. There would be many stops in between, and the weather wasn't too good. But the plane landed with customary aplomb at the National Airport in Washington, and Barry put on his Eton cap and stood in the silent little line of persons waiting for the door to open.

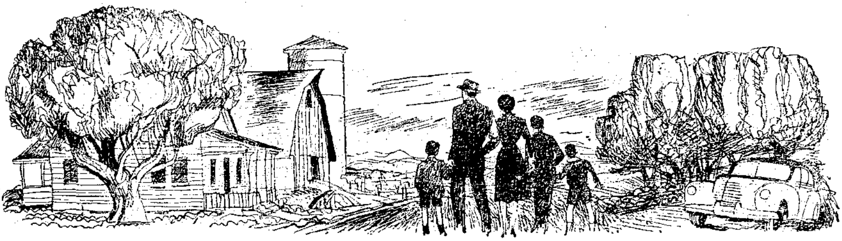
A great majority of the people in the plane were in their seats, preparing to fly on after the Washington stop. Barry put them all at their ease by confiding to his Mother, with a shout that filled the plane, "Well, it didn't crash—this far!"

FROM TIME TO TIME, the Considine family has yearnings for a bit of earth to call their own: yearnings strong enough to send the parents off into the dirt roads once again, to prove to the children that it isn't easy to find "the farm" they describe so vividly in their daydreams.

Not long ago, the carbon monoxide had been pretty heavy around our shanty for several weeks. So in due time, prompted by 4,000 questions beginning "Why don't we get the farm, like other kids?" and other incentives, Dear Mother rushed to the nearest real-estate section of her favorite newspaper.

There she made some familiar rediscoveries. She rediscovered that there are many $10,000 country places for rent or sale around New York, but the price is always $62,500. She also rediscovered that most of the people who have achieved that lucky goal of all New Yorkers—a place in the country—were offering almost anything (except a bargain) to get out of the woods and return to the macadam.

So, recently, we've been looking at some country places. The ones we like cost too much. The ones we



can afford don't have bathrooms. The ones near the station are too near the station. The others aren't near the R. R.; in fact, they are so far away that the only way they'll ever live up to their notices of being 45 minutes from Broadway is for the New York, New Haven & Hartford to install F-86 jet planes.

We've uncovered places that should be in Ford's Dearborn village or the Smithsonian Institution. We've seen some pretty charming ones, too, including two in which George Washington slept—one of which had been scrubbed once since.

But whatever we've found, the kids have loved. They pour out of the car with banshee yells and begin a series of 30,000 somersaults on the lawn and through the poison ivy. Mike picks a site for the barn and maps out his riding trails.

I tell you it's a bad thing to look at the utter consternation in their eyes when you say to them, after suddenly sinking up to your pelvis in the rotten boards of the kitchen, "I'm afraid this won't do."

Our rides back are silent excursions. The little boys bear home sticks, and Mike turns on "The Lone Ranger." My wife and I look around the warm apartment and say, "This is nice, isn't it?"

We settle down for a bit, then fresh word comes in from outlying territory. A rich old family has been wiped out by hemophilia, the curse of the Hapsburgs, and their place can be had for a song.

"Can't sing a note," I snarl.

But off we go, take a look, wince, get berated by the kids, and slink back to town.

Some day, as the old lady has said several thousand times, we'll see a place that will open its arms to us. We'll know immediately that it is ours and take it. That will come as quite a shock to our spawn, who beef mightily every time we drag them away from a property.

In fact, they squawk so much about a place in the country that my wife has already picked out an appropriate name for our estate, when found. We are going to call it "Belly Acres."

WHEN BARRY was crowding eight, he seemed to be paying less attention than ever to Father, who was crowding 40. This did not alarm Father, who is accustomed to being ignored in the humble little cottage he hewed from the wilderness of pulp-magazine writing. But Mother worried.

So Barry ended up in a tiny hospital room with a nurse, an earphone, and enough instruments to land a B-29, blind, on Broadway at noon without hitting a bookmaker. The verdict was that his hearing was a bit off, the result of a brush with measles the year before. The man in the white coat tapped a pencil on his glass-topped desk, and announced that he would begin what might be years of treatment of Barry's slight deafness by taking out the boy's tonsils.

I had to give my consent before he could move, he said. It is a bum feeling to play God. You curse yourself secretly and openly, and you swear that if anything goes wrong with the cutting you glibly okayed, you'll never know peace.

The decision to have Barry operated on left his younger brother out in the clinical cold. Barry was inordinately proud of his impending ordeal, and after a time we feared that Dennis might become a tortured bed of neuroses if he didn't get into the act. So another man in a white coat looked down the gullet of the perfectly healthy boy, shrugged, and said, "He'll have to have them out one of these days anyhow, so why not now? Besides, he can keep his brother company in the hospital."

Seemed reasonable, though twice as expensive. So the arrangements were made and the boys moved into their room.

For 48 hours, during which time they were under penicillin treatment, they had the time of their young lives. They rode wheel chairs up and down the corridor at approximately the speed of sound. Mrs. Haller brought along their small phonograph and a new batch of records by their favorite conductor, Spike Jones.

For a hospital present, Barry asked for a violin, on which he accompanied Spike. Dennis, who is slightly odd at times, asked for a small electric vacuum cleaner, with which he scoured the room each day.

Just before they were wheeled out, groggy with the anesthetic, Barry asked, "What's a tinsel?"

"A what? . . . Oh. It's tonsil. Tonsils. They're something in your throat that have to come out. They . . . ah . . . don't work right."

"Then why did God put 'em in there?" he asked, and went to sleep.

We didn't see them again until they were back in bed and coming out of the fog into the world that had betrayed them. Dennis opened one cloudy blue eye very slowly, and after a time it focused on me.

"Get 'im outta here!" he yelled, and passed out again.

The next day was worse. Barry got a half nelson on a nice, elderly nurse who wouldn't let him get up and go home. Dennis lay there and moaned over man's inhumanity to child. I stayed out of sight.

The man in the white coat sent up vanilla ice cream for their breakfast on that morning after. Both are pretty fair hands at keeping the ice-cream manufacturer in the upper tax brackets. But on this day they rejected it sternly. Barry was even a little stuffy.

"Ice cream is for dessert after lunch or supper," he croaked stiffly.

They went through that entire day without eating, repeating now and then that refrain which has hurt parents ever since the medical profession discovered tonsils: "My throat . . . it hurts so much . . . I can't swallow."

But after a time they broke down and had some gelatine, and finally some mashed potatoes, and then got around to talking about what they'd eat once they were back home. Their great listlessness was a worry to us, however, until Barry reached for his violin again and scraped a melody resembling that caused by a slate pencil being worked between clenched teeth.

OF ALL THE HABITS nurtured by parents, none is more deeply ingrained than the penchant for showing pictures of their kids to (a) people not interested in children, or (b) strangers.

The snapshot of the cunning little

tots usually looks as if it had been snapped under milk or taken by St. Vitus. If it is clear (which, of course, is a preposterous bit of theorizing), the camera hound obviously spent two hours tormenting the kids into glaring spitefully at him. One day not long ago my wife, a Mrs. Considine, came caterwauling to the master's den and with tear-stained face cried, "Let's have a family photo taken before it's too late. The kids are growing like weeds."

"Growing like weeds, eh? Probably from smoking the old man's weeds," I said with razor-edged wit.

The day of the picture-taking was pretty much like any other quiet day around our upholstered cave. The smaller boys played tag with baling hooks and the oldest continued work on the atomic bomb he is brewing with his Christmas chemistry set.

The photographer arrived, ensnarled in his tripod, stepping on his rubber bulb, and wincing from the dandy set of ulcers he had obtained from 50 years of taking pictures of family groups.

In a number of jiffies, totaling several hours, he was ready to shoot—preferably with the camera. It was a large, ominous-looking box, with a heavy black shroud snood, and may have been the instrument that led directly to Daguerre's invention of photography.

The blinding lights came on and we all thought it was our homemade atomic bomb exploding, so we ducked. That was the first picture. The second one revealed us as a sullen, ill-tempered division of the Jeeter Lesters. The third shot showed four of us beating our three-year-old for asking, "When's da movie start?"

The following ten shots show four of us, looking like well-scrubbed angels, staring beatifically at the lens, but with one kid thumbing his nose. After about an hour, something akin to a 20th-century miracle took place. All five of us were looking at the camera. Each child's face would have been a joy to Raphael himself. Mater looked the very embodiment of genteel motherhood. Pater was the strong, benevolent sire and protector.

"Squoosh!" went the photographer's bulb, and the ordeal appeared to be at an end. But just then the old gentleman cackled and said, "Dang-bladdit, I forgot to put in a plate."

The next dozen or so shots show us all glaring at him and Dear Mater telling him off. Then we have a series in which the legs of the younger kids are a blur. Seems they are swinging them.

Plainly, something had to be done. So the photographer began his tricks. He'd run past us, howling, "Kitchy-kitchy-koo," dive back across the room to snap a picture of us with hands clutched at our throats. Once he whipped out a Mickey Mouse, brandished it from beneath the folds of the shroud, kept bellowing (in a muffled way), "Drate big mans say boo!" and got a shot.

It turned out to be a shot of our youngest boy belly-aching, "Gimme it!" the middle boy saying, "It's mine, I'm bigger," the oldest boy saying, "Shut up, you little jerks," Mater on the point of tears, and Dear Pater reaching for a gun.

And so it went until we were all groggy, including the suffering artist, and his films were all used. Though he is not even distantly related to an Arab, he silently folded his tripod and stole away at a brisk gallop. My wife visited me the other day and said, "The proofs will be ready soon." I told her I didn't want to see them; that I already had plenty of proof that a guy has to be daffy to become a party to a family portrait.

NEXT MONTH:

The Crucial Years for Women

A frank discussion that allays the old fears about "Change of Life."

What Keeps Gable Clicking?

The inside story of the man who, at 49, is still big at the box-office.

It's hard to see the children grow away, cut the apron string, drop the hand you thrilled to envelop in your own, walk alone. The cadet suit that once held Mike is made tight-seamed by Barry. Dennis feels he is well enough along in years to need a tie rack of his own. The birthdays gather momentum . . . and the holidays taunt one with memories.

Last Christmas Day, when the boys had fallen exhausted in their beds, we sat in the living room together—my wife and I—surveying the wreckage and repeating that we were lucky. After a while the only sound in the house was the sullen hiss of the eggnog. And we thought of them as babies again, and wished they were.

But they had not been, really, since we came home from Europe in 1948 and found the apartment populated by two vaguely familiar strangers. Barry and Dennis had grown a foot or two, were a different color (brown) and had formed a wealth of new interests and friends foreign to us. Barry had lost his front teeth, giving him a somewhat startling appearance. They spoke with considerable worldliness of new friends made at camp, and seemed astounded we did not know these friends. Mike, the oldest, had spent part of the summer on an uncle's farm in the Ozarks, and we looked forward eagerly to his return because, being the eldest of the kids, he was certain to have remained about the same.

My wife met him at LaGuardia. As he got off the plane she embraced him, led him to the car, and babbled about how happy he must be to be back in New York, far from the rigors of the farm.

"I just came home to get my laundry done," he said very earnestly. "I want to go back to the country school, milk cows, collect eggs, shoot squirrels."

We heard a lot of this during the following few days. We heard of a young friend on the next farm who milks nine cows before breakfast, and of the country school's seven pupils, and his dream of the day when Uncle Raymond would let him have his own .22.

"I guess you told the farm kids all about New York," I once boomed, trying to outsteer him.

"I never told them where I was

from," he said surprisingly. "If it had leaked out that I was from New York, they might have thought I was a tenderfoot . . . When can I go back?"

It's a hard thing to face, these first great restless stirrings within kids you instinctively still consider babies. We talked it over, wondering, and then decided to put him back in the school in which he was registered and see how things went the first term.

So one day we packed everything in a car, including the excess baggage of Mike's younger brothers, and off we went to Mike's school. He found his old friends without delay and, being an oldster, ignored the hesitant new kids.

The younger brothers looked around in wide-eyed wonder and held hands for mutual protection during the confusion of dozens of boys unpacking their trunks and bags, rounding up their dining-hall companions, locating their beds and new teachers. In the din they heard Mike talking to another old-timer. " . . . Milks nine cows before breakfast," he was saying.

Somehow, Dennis decided that there is no future in the school system, rural or urban, at least for him. That day had seen him deprived of the companionship of his gun-toting hero from the farm belt, Mike, and soon, he noted, his only other brother would be venturing forth into the cruel, cold world of the first grade.

"Mom," Dennis said that night thoughtfully, "I'm not going to school—ever."

"But all little boys go to school, dear," she said tucking him in.

"I'm not," he yawned. "Don't like it," he decided, and went to sleep without further argument.

I guess it was one hot afternoon at Grand Central Terminal that Barry left babyhood. He was going off to camp alone, for the first time. He did not seem especially pleased that we had come down to kiss him good-bye. While we told him how much we were going to miss him, and what a good big boy he was going to be, he tried to change the topic—so that the other kids standing around wouldn't hear.

When Frank Moeschen, a good fellow who runs the camp, blew his whistle and ordered the kids to march through the gates, we followed the busy little group of vacationers right into the train. Barry sat stiffly between two other little lads in a single Pullman seat as we hovered over him fondly. He didn't answer us, and obviously hoped we'd go away before he had to introduce us to his new and equally hostile young friends.

Undeterred, my wife, worried over how her pride and joy was making out in the Spartan fastness of the New Hampshire jungle, took the long and difficult ride up to that place next day, and if I had not been forced to go somewhere else on an assignment, I probably would have gone along.

Madam C. traveled for 14 hours by day coach, hand-pump car, canoe, cowpath and funicular—without food or water—and, like a lady Phidippides staggering home after running 26 miles with a hot flash from Marathon, plunged into camp, exhausted but happy.

Madam had envisioned a re-union with Barry which, if filmed, would bring out every handkerchief in the audience. Barry was sawing a piece of wood in the craft shoppe, surrounded by a group of admiring colleagues of his age.

"Barry!" Madam C. murmured, beaming through her tears. For Barry, there was no unloading the old lady, so he had to separate himself from his fans and say hello to her. That's all he said for a long time, but did manage to mumble something in answer to 3,416 rapid questions concerning his trip to the camp, what he had had to eat, how he was enjoying it, and so forth.

After a bit a bugle sounded, and off he raced with the others, but he did stick his head back in the door briefly, when he was sure the others were out of earshot, and said, "Bye."

So Madam C. made the long trip back to New York, feeling low. But I said it was great—that the kid was now independent and didn't want us hanging around in front of his friends. And I also said I hoped I'd remember my fine words.

And so they go, step by step. A friend recently sent us a book containing the facts of life, for teenagers, and we gave it to Mike. He riffled the pages for a few minutes.

"Pop, I helped breed and deliver a litter of pigs at Uncle Raymond's last summer," he said, handing back the book. He was silent for a time. Then he went into my bathroom and reached into the medicine cabinet and brought out my hair tonic. He doused some on his hair—which for years has been growing like a brown shingle from his forehead—and painstakingly combed it without being urged.

"The new school is okay," he said. "There are a lot of interesting things to do down there. I think I want to learn how to dance."

And Barry: "Well, I won't be around here much any more."

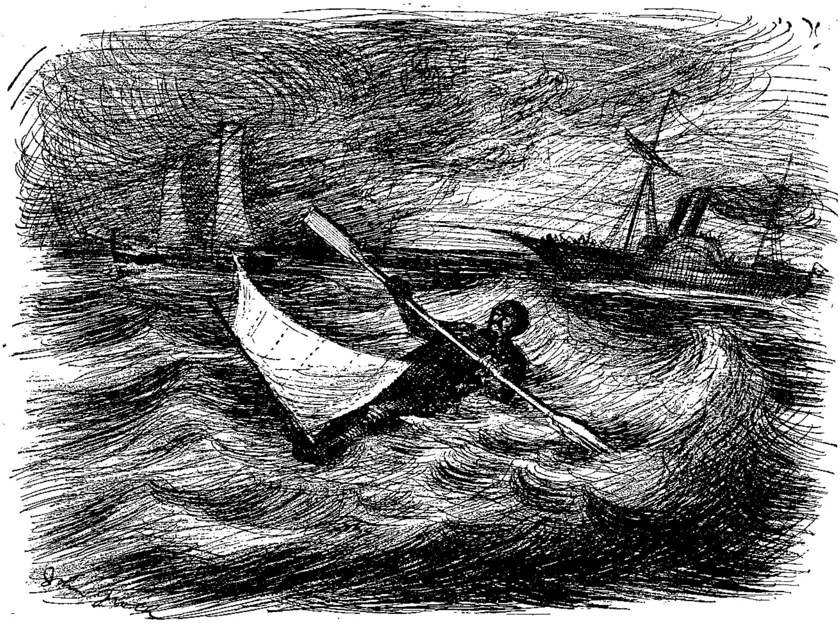
"Really? Where're you going?"

"Didn't you know the second grade's got afternoon school, too? Eat lunch right there with the other big kids."

And even Dennis, running to his mother and wailing—after hitting himself on the thumb with a hammer. And wailing . . . and wailing. But there were no tears, and after a time he, too, sensed that this was but habit, this howling. And then he laughed as if it were a joke—this last, half-understood yearning to hold on to the status of babyhood. And he laughed and laughed, his dear voice calling good-bye to the precious years.

Big Money (Answers to quiz on page 109)

1.—William Henry Harrison, 32 days; 2.—Oscar Wilde; 3.—"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"; 4.—Andrew Jackson; 5.—Mary Howitt; 6.—The Graf Spee; 7.—Delaware (December 7, 1787); 8.—1927; 9.—Oliver Wendell Holmes; 10.—Venezuela; 11.—St. Peter's in Rome; 12.—Freedom; 13.—John Jay; 14.—Ulysses S. Grant; 15.—Madison, Monroe, Polk, Buchanan, Garfield.



The Floating Man Who Cheated Death

by HENRY LEE

No aquatic feat was too hazardous for Paul Boyton, daring American adventurer

IN THE BUOYANT rubber suit that made him look like some grotesque marine monster, Paul Boyton—the incredible "floating man"—was bobbing rapidly down the River Rhone toward unseen death one day in the middle 1870s. On the shore, crowds shouted desperate warnings, but Boyton mistook them for cheers.

Lying on his back, propelled feet-first by powerful strokes of his six-foot double-bladed paddle and the surge of a spring flood, he couldn't see the bristling river-wide chain of hooks and spikes dead ahead. The chain was used by French customs guards to impale smuggled goods floated downstream from Switzerland, and Boyton was being swept irresistibly toward it.

Finally, sensing danger, he reared upright and saw his peril. He tried to back-paddle but the fast-running river sucked him closer and closer. On both banks, customs guards racing against the current frantically cranked the chain above water level. At the last moment, Boyton threw himself flat and scraped underneath the ugly spikes with a fraction of an inch to spare.

In his black, 35-pound vulcanized suit which floated on five air chambers, Boyton risked his life on the waters of the world until 1892. This remarkable American adventurer shot waterfalls 80 feet high; was dashed against millwheels, hidden rocks and river snags; dared quicksand, swamp fever and snakes; and braved death by storm and exposure.

Italians warned him almost tearfully against the Straits of Messina, infested with sharks and guarded by Scylla and Charybdis, the rock and whirlpool feared by seafarers since ancient times. Boyton laughed at the classical perils. But high winds and the tide hurled him almost onto Scylla, then on towards Charybdis. A shark attacked him and he drew his knife. As he slashed the monster to death, the flailing tail battered his head and body. Finally he struggled to shore, and fainted. The shark had broken three of his ribs.

Boyton had two secrets of success: he was plucky and he was stubborn. For two years he quietly experimented with the lifesaving possibilities of the rubber suit, invented by an Iowan, and planned to introduce it dramatically to the public in the fall of 1874.

Newspapers ridiculed him. Ship captains refused to let him make the demonstration from their vessels. Nevertheless, on October 10, he sneaked aboard a Liverpool-bound steamer, *The Queen*. The second night out of New York, he was preparing to jump and paddle the 250 miles to shore when a sailor grabbed him and brought him to Captain Bragg, the master.

Despite Boyton's protests, Bragg insisted he would have to continue on to Liverpool. But as *The Queen* neared the Irish Coast, the captain weakened. The old salt didn't have it in him to disappoint the cocky, crazy 26-year-old.

On the night of the 21st, with seas crashing furiously against a solid wall of Irish cliffs, Boyton slipped into the water for the wildest 30-mile paddle of his life. As he bobbed like a cork he lost his fix on the Cape Clear light, and all he could see landward was the dull white of spray as waves beat against the cliffs.

Then, one after another, three tremendous waves swept him in. As he grasped at a rock, a fourth wave hurled him providentially into a fresh-water creek. He stumbled ashore at the little town of Trefaska Bight, Ireland.

EVEN TODAY BOYTON'S feats are impressive: across the English Channel in 23½ hours; 520 miles in a 70-hour run on the Rhone; 200 miles nonstop on the Mississippi; 72 consecutive hours in the River Po until fever prostrated him; 64 days and 3,580 miles on the Yellowstone and Big Muddy—from Glendive, Montana, to St. Louis—in 36-hour runs on alternating nights through the wildest territory of the old Wild West.

Probably the floating man's most heartfelt reception occurred one March night in 1878, when he staggered ashore at Tangier after an exhausting 17½-hour trip across the Straits of Gibraltar. Appalled at the apparition waddling up the beach toward him, a Moorish sentry roused the city with the fearsome cry: "Awake! Awake! The Devil has landed in Tangier!"

Mosque bells rang the alarm and soldiers fired wildly. Boyton prudently took refuge in the hull of an old wreck until the U. S. Consulate explained things.

Even before Boyton began his series of daring aquatic feats, his life was crammed with adventure. Dublin-born, he was brought to the U. S. as a child and grew up near Pittsburgh. He enlisted in the Navy at 16 and saw action during the Civil War. Later he fought as a guerrilla in the Franco-Prussian conflict and bushwacked through a Mexican revolution.

The most hazardous episode of his career developed from a chance meeting in Paris with Don Nicolas de Pierola, exiled ex-President of Peru. It was 1878, year of the Paris Exposition and peak of Boyton's glory as the floating man, and Don Nicolas was one of many celebrities feted on Boyton's yacht.

Next year, in New York, a South American tapped Boyton's shoulder and whispered an address in his ear. The address proved to be Peru's secret headquarters in New York; there Boyton learned that Don Nicolas was back in power.

Involved in a war with Chile, he needed the peculiar talents of a man who could handle a rubber suit—and torpedoes with live warheads. Three Chilean warships were harassing the coast of Peru and Boyton was offered $100,000 for the first one he sank, $125,000 for the second, $150,000 for the third.

When he accepted the commission the Peruvians gave him a small sloop, 1,000 pounds of dynamite, an unenthusiastic crew—and left him to wipe out the Chilean Navy.

One setback after another harassed the floating man. The enemy, having been tipped off, paid him the compliment of withdrawing their vessels to sea every night.

Nevertheless, he made abortive sorties in his rubber suit and by day hid from Chilean marines who hunted him along the rugged coast.

The war ended disastrously for Peru, and Boyton was thrown in jail. For weeks, as execution squads marched up to the prison daily, he expected death. Finally, American friends arranged his escape.

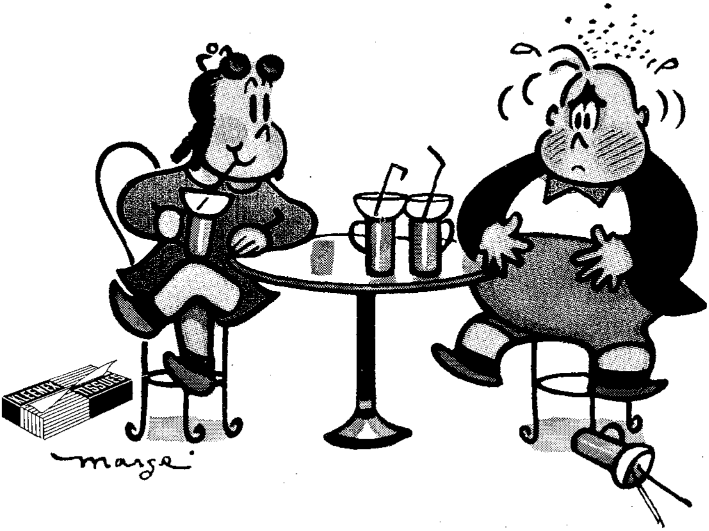
Boyton returned to his river explorations, later went into show business, and for the last 20 years of his life collected rare tropical birds. Despite his career of danger, he was hearty and vigorous almost up to the time when he died at his home in Brooklyn, in 1924.

It is a quarter-century since his death, but every summer, tens of thousands of children pay Paul Boyton unknowing homage with their shrieks of delight. For among his lesser accomplishments was the invention of "Shoot the Chutes."

One Good Turn—

A NEGRO WITH a child in his arms entered a crowded New York subway train not long ago, and the first to get up and give him a seat was a white man. When the white man left the train, a Negro shoe-shine boy followed him out and said shyly: "Shine, please? For free." —PAUL DENIS

LITTLE LULU



They're better one at a time - like Kleenex*!

Little Lulu says: SICK OF FUMBLING FOR TISSUES?
ONLY SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX TISSUES
SERVE YOU ONE AT A TIME, NOT A HANDFUL!
ENDS WASTE, SAVES TROUBLE, SAVES MONEY.
YOUR BEST BUY IN TISSUES.

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

*T.M.REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

Just for Sport

VETERAN UMPIRE Bill Summers was behind the plate in a ballgame scene being photographed by Hollywood cameras for one of those baseball epics.

The umpire's hand went up and he yelled, "Strike!"

"Hey, you're not following the script," the director called out. "That was supposed to be a ball!"

"Tell the pitcher to follow the script," declared the old-time umpire staunchly. "I call 'em as I see 'em." —HAROLD HELFER

BACK IN 1889, Jake Kilrain fought a great battle with the one and only John L. Sullivan. It was the last bare-knuckle fight for the heavyweight title, and went 75 rounds. When it was over, John L. sent his wife this telegram: WON EASY IN 75 ROUNDS. —*Penn Mutual News Letter*

ON THE DOOR of a small Phoenicia, N.Y., café appeared this sign: "Closed for week. Fishing-pox."

HARPO MARX went on a hunting trip with some friends, and a game warden, in reciting the hunting rules, showed them a regulation forbidding the shooting of any boar under one year old.

A member of the hunting party asked: "But how can I tell if a boar is over one year old?"

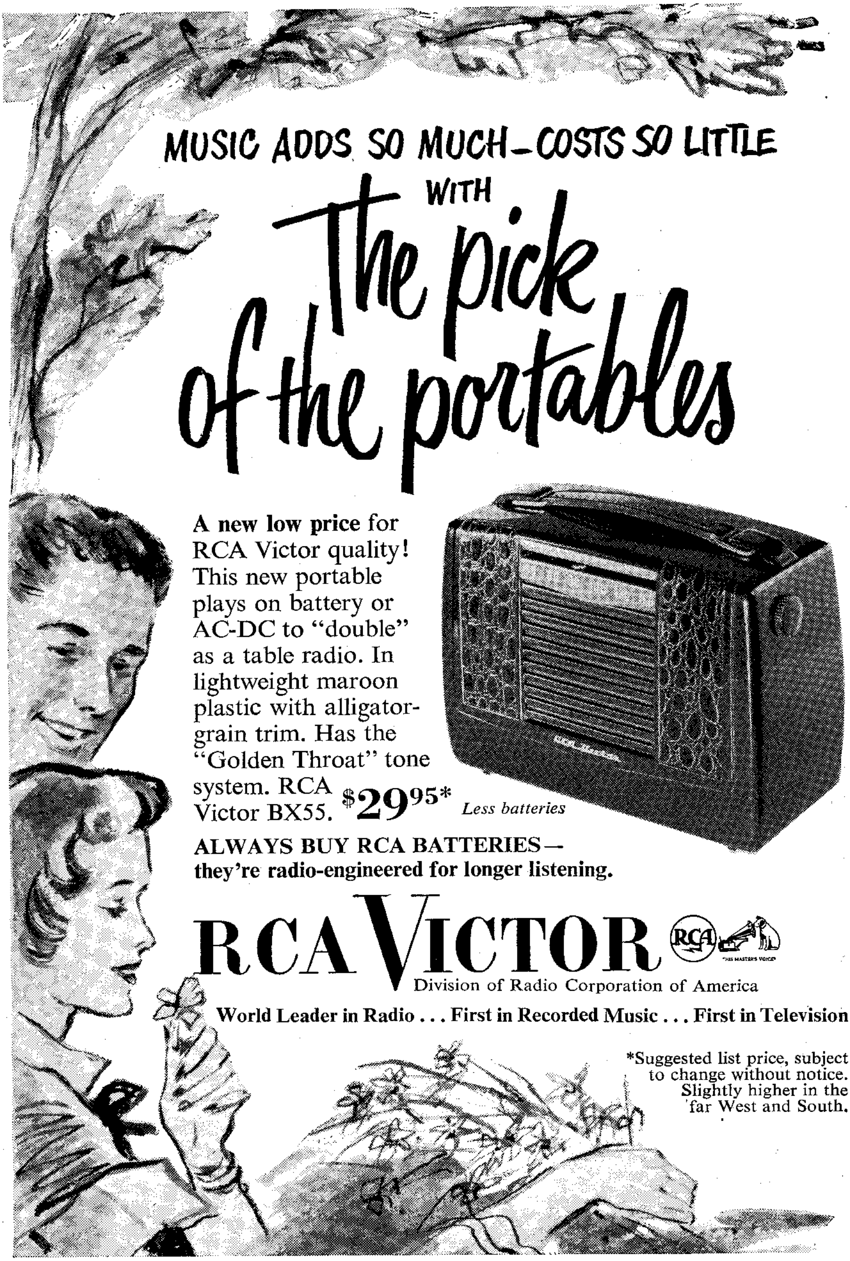
"Easy," Harpo suggested. "Just sing *Happy Birthday* to him, and if the song is familiar to the boar—shoot." —LEONARD LYONS

BY THE END of the second round, one fighter was badly battered while his opponent showed scarcely a mark. As the battered one slumped dejectedly in his corner, his manager bent over him.

"I've got a great idea," he said loudly. "The next time *he* hits *you*, you hit him back." —LESTER A. BACH

AN ATLANTA WOMAN was chagrined when a radio quiz show asked her in what year Babe Ruth set his record of 60 home runs. When she complained she'd never seen a ball game, the announcer asked her to take a guess. "1927," she said—and won $60. —*Quick*

THE RULES COMMITTEE of an Australian golf club, after debating whether women should be allowed to wear trousers on the links, placed the following notice on the bulletin board: "Trousers may be worn by women golfers on the course, but must be taken off on entering the clubhouse." —*Victoria Colonist*


MUSIC ADDS SO MUCH—COSTS SO LITTLE
WITH
The pick of the portables

A new low price for RCA Victor quality! This new portable plays on battery or AC-DC to "double" as a table radio. In lightweight maroon plastic with alligator-grain trim. Has the "Golden Throat" tone system. RCA Victor BX55. $29.95* *Less batteries*

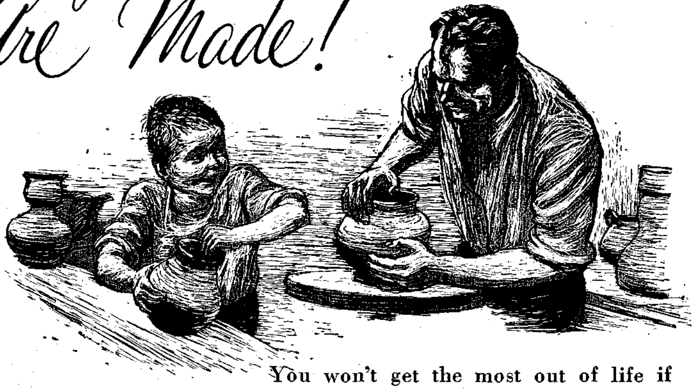
ALWAYS BUY RCA BATTERIES—
they're radio-engineered for longer listening.

RCA VICTOR
Division of Radio Corporation of America

World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . . First in Television

*Suggested list price, subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in the far West and South.

"Good Days" Are Made!



You won't get the most out of life if you leave its greatest joys to chance

by **ELIS GRAY**

THIRTY YEARS AGO, a chance remark by my ten-year-old son showed me how to have more good days each year than I had ever known before. We had put in a full afternoon at the zoo and, as we turned homeward, he said, "We made a good day, didn't we, Dad?"

His mother laughed when I told her about it, but as the weeks went by I found Tommie's grave remark haunting me. Why did I leave all my good days so much to accident? Why not, instead, set a goal of doing at least one thing every day to *make* it "good"?

That gave me an idea. On my desk calendar I decided to mark each date with a star when I made a good day. It meant beginning every day with something definite in mind that would add another star to my calendar.

Suppose I jump across the intervening years. In 1949, of 365 days, 311 were definitely good.

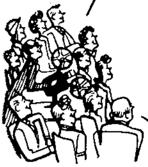
My plan works so well that I would like to recommend it to others. I know that it may easily double or treble the good days for anyone. Better still, each year finds you with higher standards—and living up to them.

For a beginning, we can often make a dull day into an exceptionally good one by giving in to those kind impulses which too often are allowed to evaporate.

This came home to me rather sharply one noon when I was hurrying back to work. A dog, hit by a car, limped pathetically, perhaps with a broken leg. As usual, everyone stopped, stared sympathetically, felt like "doing something"—but walked on.

I looked up the nearest policeman and reported the accident. He

"... Only an *informed* America
is TRULY a free America!"



Two Views
ON
Socialism

Produced to bring about a greater understanding—and appreciation—of the conflicting economic ideologies of our day.

See **what socialists demand in place of free enterprise!**

See **capitalism's answer—in action!**

A program *must* for—civic rallies—schools—club meetings—churches—social groups. Produced by CORONET FILMS—a winner of 1949 Freedoms Foundation medal for its 16mm sound motion picture contribution to the American Way of Life. *Two Views on Socialism*—a 15-minute film, in color or black-and-white—available from any leading film rental library. Plan now to see this challenging motion picture.

Also—for all thinking Americans—these other new Coronet films—*The President's Cabinet, Our Living Declaration of Independence, Our Living Constitution.*

For full information, write *today* to:

Coronet Films
CORONET BUILDING
CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS

promised help right away, and rewarded me by saying, "If more people would do as you've done, this would be a better world to live in!"

In only ten minutes I had made a starred day.

So I began to heed these impulses. Where formerly I might argue that I hadn't time or energy to call on a sick friend, write a long letter to my aunt who did so much for me when I was a boy, or take a crippled friend for a ride into the country, I began to push aside excuses and act. This has given me many stars on my calendar.

Days of self-discovery and self-projection can stand out brightly in our memories. Most of us know ourselves only superficially. I began to give more time to self-exploration. Sometimes I sit down at night for an hour with pad and pencil. I ask myself what I really think about some local, national or international problem, my success as father or husband, my work, modern art or music.

First come the surface thoughts, which I brush aside to dig deeper. At times I come up with surprising discoveries. I learn that I actually don't believe what I thought I believed, and have ideas I didn't know were in me. Understanding myself better, I can live and act more genuinely in all my relationships.

We also become better acquainted with ourselves when we place ourselves in unfamiliar situations or among people whose ideas are very different from our own. So now and then I go to public meetings where I'm sure to be rubbed the wrong way. It broadens my outlook, and helps me to keep an open mind.

Having convictions contrary to others' opinions can be costly, but whenever you stand up for some person or idea without fear of consequences, you make another good day. When I defended a high-school teacher my neighbors wanted discharged, and when I have refused to be a mere "yes-man" in my office, it has caused temporary discomfort. But that has always been far outweighed by the satisfaction of being genuinely myself.

GOETHE FELT that we ought, every day, to read a poem, look at a fine picture or listen to immortal music for emotional enrichment. Even 15 minutes with an inspired writer or spent in meditation on the Twenty-third or Ninety-first Psalm can turn a gloomy day into one of brilliance.

Of course, there are other ways to experience constructive emotionalism—as when you put aside all reserve and tell your wife, children, and friends how much they mean to you. Expressions of affection make good days.

We are realizing at last that in a world full of automatic machinery we need some outlet for creative expressions. You may have such a small gift for painting that you put it aside as not worth while, or as something to practice during vacations or when you retire. That's how it was with my sketching, until I decided to make every Friday a good day by going to an evening drawing class.

If you cannot paint or sing, remember that nearly every hour of the day you can put your personal "plus" into what you do—whether it is in seasoning a beef stew, han-

With Good Reason...
World's Most Wanted Portable
TRANS-OCEANIC
ZENITH

New Zenith® "TRANS-OCEANIC"

Standard and Short-Wave Portable Radio

Now more powerful, more sensitive than ever. Brings you Standard Broadcast coast-to-coast, plus international Short Wave on 5 separate bands. Plays superbly where other portables fail—in trains, planes, remote areas 'round the world.

Specially "Humidity-proofed" to guard against conditions which cause ordinary radios to lose their sensitivity—this newest "Trans-Oceanic" is amazingly lighter, easier to carry, and far lower in price than ever before! Works on Long-Life Battery Pack and on AC or DC. See it today at your nearby Zenith dealer's.

Only $99.95*

Less Batteries

ZENITH REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

**West Coast and far South price slightly higher.*
Price subject to change without notice. © 1950

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Ill. • Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively

dling a new customer, planning a party, or gardening.

Days when I feel my oneness with Nature are always good. No, I cannot often enjoy a mountaintop view or walk for miles along some ocean beach, but in little ways I can have Nature with me. I began to do this in the city, when I rerouted my walk to the office so I would pass through a park and see trees, birds, and plants. Into my small apartment I brought nature prints, books, an aquarium, potted plants.

We all have days of feeling unusually happy without knowing why. We may think it was only because the weather was fine or that our health was at high tide. But examine these accidental good days and you will often find they were days of well-balanced activity of mind, body, and spirit. It takes very little planning or time to make more of the same kind.

Acquiring a brand-new interest can mark a red-letter day. With the old Greek, Aeschylus, you exult: "Learning is ever young, even in old age!" Becoming interested in astronomy, philosophy, French cooking, archery or clay modeling makes a three-star day because you know so many good days will follow. It is something special to consider as you grow older.

These, obviously, are only a few ways to make good days. Ask yourself questions like: "What past pleasures have I given up for lack of time?" and "What important pleasure am I looking forward to which might be enjoyed right now on a smaller scale?"

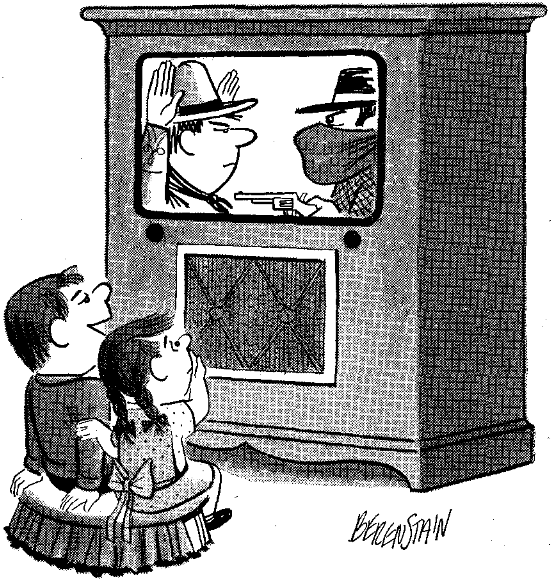
You may be planning an auto trip around the United States "some day." You can make good days by getting travel books, folders, and pamphlets, and reading them. A big map over your desk may be strung with pins, showing the route you'll take. Why wait for simple pleasures like that?

"Outdoor" men and women may need to take on indoor interests and hobbies to turn rainy days into good ones, and "indoor" people should cultivate outdoor interests to make richer days. We need to learn how to enjoy ourselves when alone, for we cannot always have congenial people around us.

The bugle call for making better days was sounded hundreds of years ago when these words were written: "Do not act as though you had a thousand years to live!" A good life is one in which the good years predominate. And the sure way to make a good year is to set out systematically to make more good days for yourself. It's as simple as that!

PHOTO CREDITS: Page 6, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, R-K-O-Radio Pictures, 20th Century-Fox; 8, Lou Jacobs, Jr., from Pix, Inc.; 10-11, Clemens Kalischer; 12, Ylla from Rapho-Guillumette; pages 77, 78, 79 (bottom), Roy Pinney from Monkmeyer Press Photo Service; 79 (top), Morris Gordon; 80 (top), Eric Herman from Black Star; 80 (bottom), 83, 84, Florida Cypress Gardens Association; 81, Victor de Palma from Free Lance Photographers Guild; 82, Tony Linck; 85 (top), Free Lance Photographers Guild; 85 (bottom), 88, 89 (top), Pix, Incorporated; 86, 87, 89 (bottom), Morris Rosenfeld; 90 (top-bottom), 92, John Kabel Photo from Harland Sutherland; 91, Bob Towers from Free Lance Photographers Guild; 117, The Byron Collection from the Museum of the City of New York; 118, 126, 131, Brown Brothers; 119, 128 (top), 132, International News Photos; 120, Underwood and Underwood; 121, 122, 130, Culver Service; 123, Wide World Photos; 124-125, Percy Byron; 127 (top-bottom), Mora; 128 (bottom), 129 (top-bottom), European Picture Service.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by Coronet for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.



"Don't worry, Sis. They won't get Jump-a-Long Jones's money. He always carries American Express Travelers Cheques."

Smart travelers know that the surest, safest way to protect travel cash is to carry American Express Travelers Cheques. If they're lost or stolen, you get a quick refund. And because American Express Travelers Cheques are the most widely accepted cheques in the world . . . you can spend them in more than a million places.

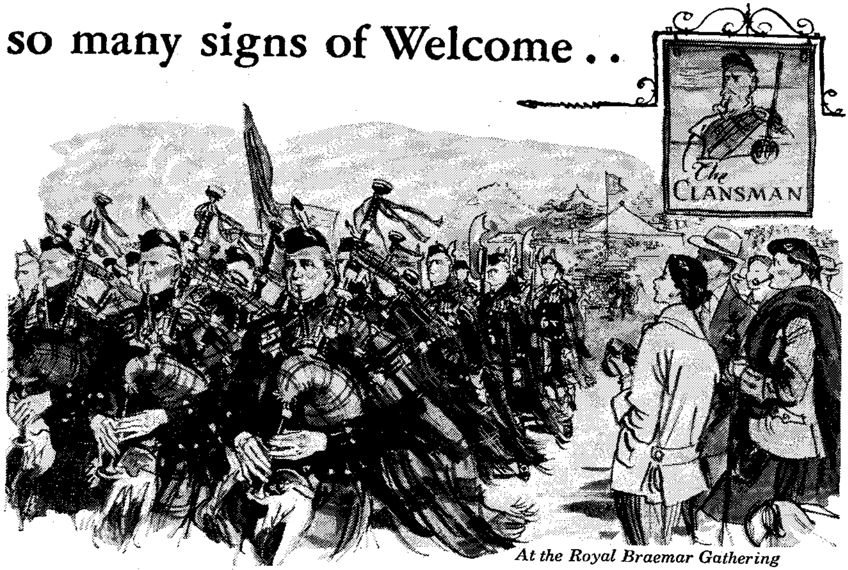
Ask for *American Express* Travelers Cheques by name at BANKS, Railway Express, and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

CONVENIENT AS CASH—100% SAFE

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

MOST WIDELY ACCEPTED CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!

so many signs of Welcome . .



At the Royal Braemar Gathering

so much to do and see in Britain in the Fall!

Enjoy a Fall vacation . . . where Summer lingers late! By coming in mellow September or October, you'll miss the mid-season's tourist rush for ships, planes and hotels.

Unhampered by crowds, you'll thrill to the colorful pageantry of Britain's gay Fall program. You'll visit her historic places under ideal conditions, and enjoy a front-row view of exciting sports events.

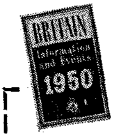
Travel in this 600-mile-long land is quick and inexpensive. With the rate of the pound in your favor, you can do more and stay longer . . . at less cost. And you'll be in closer touch with Britain's friendly people . . . by coming in the Fall!

PLAN YOUR TRIP NOW... for this Fall, or for 1951, FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN YEAR. Your travel agent will give you detailed information and help you plan your tour. Remember — his services are free!

Come to Britain

where no journey is far

. . . and your dollar goes farther



— FREE! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY —

To British Travel Centre (Dept. C), 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please send me a Free Copy of "Calendar of Events" and folder, "Autumn in Britain."

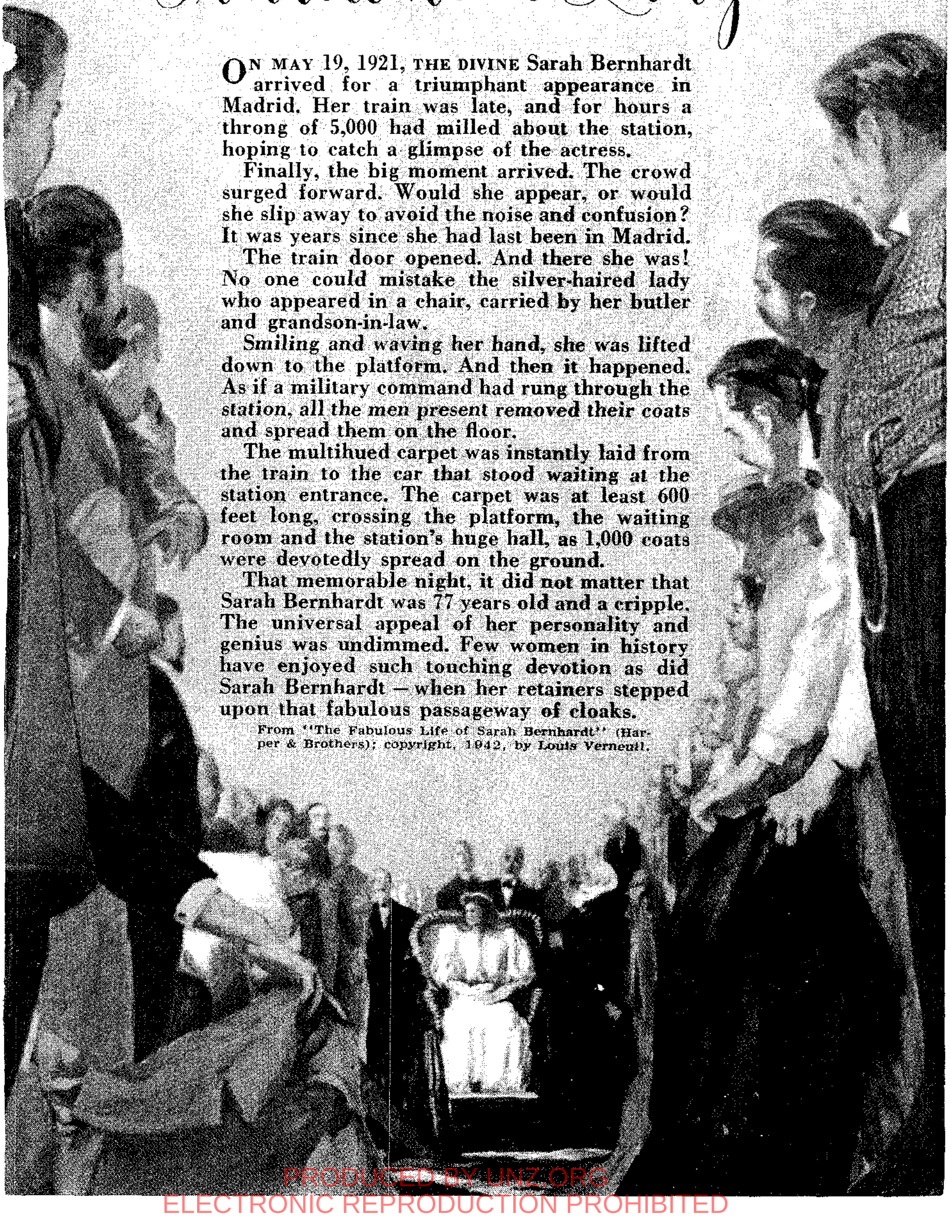
NAME________________________________

ADDRESS________________________________

CITY____________________STATE____________

A Gem from the
Coronet Story Teller

Tribute to a Lady



ON MAY 19, 1921, THE DIVINE Sarah Bernhardt arrived for a triumphant appearance in Madrid. Her train was late, and for hours a throng of 5,000 had milled about the station, hoping to catch a glimpse of the actress.

Finally, the big moment arrived. The crowd surged forward. Would she appear, or would she slip away to avoid the noise and confusion? It was years since she had last been in Madrid.

The train door opened. And there she was! No one could mistake the silver-haired lady who appeared in a chair, carried by her butler and grandson-in-law.

Smiling and waving her hand, she was lifted down to the platform. And then it happened. As if a military command had rung through the station, all the men present removed their coats and spread them on the floor.

The multihued carpet was instantly laid from the train to the car that stood waiting at the station entrance. The carpet was at least 600 feet long, crossing the platform, the waiting room and the station's huge hall, as 1,000 coats were devotedly spread on the ground.

That memorable night, it did not matter that Sarah Bernhardt was 77 years old and a cripple. The universal appeal of her personality and genius was undimmed. Few women in history have enjoyed such touching devotion as did Sarah Bernhardt — when her retainers stepped upon that fabulous passageway of cloaks.

From "The Fabulous Life of Sarah Bernhardt" (Harper & Brothers); copyright, 1942, by Louis Verneuil.

EVERY CUP'S A FRESH CUP!

(EVERY GLASS, TOO)

Iced or hot, NESCAFÉ hits the spot with coffee lovers

"It's roaster-fresh every time!" *says Mrs. H. Thornley Martin Forest Hills, Long Island, N. Y.*

That's because the Nescafé* *process* protects the pure coffee goodness. You get all the flavor and "lift," without the muss and fuss of brewing. Just add hot water (preferably boiling) to one teaspoonful of Nescafé and stir. Makes wonderful iced coffee, too!

Now—4-oz. jar

SAVES at least 20¢ a LB.

compared with ordinary coffee

NESCAFÉ
SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
NESTLÉ
THAT'S WHY MORE PEOPLE DRINK
Nescafé for Pure Coffee Enjoyment
THAN ALL OTHER INSTANT COFFEES

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product which is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added pure carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.